

Bibliographical Note

AN UNRECORDED REISSUE OF FANSHAWE'S TRANSLATION OF THE *LUSIADS* (1664)

PORUGAL's great epic poem *Os Lusíadas* by Luís Vaz de Camões was first published in Lisbon in 1572. By 1600 there were at least five Portuguese editions (1572, two editions; 1584, 1591, and 1597, one edition each), and by 1700 the epic had been published in Spanish, Latin, Italian, and English. The first English translation of the *Lusiads* appeared in 1655, the work of Sir Richard Fanshawe who several years later became England's ambassador to Portugal (1662-3) and Spain (1664-6). This translation is significant in that the poem is one of the few Portuguese works to be rendered into English during the seventeenth century. In his 'Epistle Dedicatore' to the Earl of Strafford which precedes the poem, Fanshawe revealed both his admiration for Camões and his cognizance of the fact that Portuguese was being little cultivated. 'My good Lord,' he commenced, 'I can not tell how your lordship may take it, that in so uncourted a language as that of Portugall, should be found extant a Poet to rival your beloved Tasso.'

That Portuguese was 'uncourted' in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries can be seen both from Henry Thomas's article 'English translations of Portuguese books before 1640' (*The Library*, IV, ii (1927), 1-30) and from an examination of the entries made in the *Stationers' register* during the sixteenth century as well as up to and after 1640. In the *Register* we note a preponderance of works translated or to be so from the French, a goodly number from Latin and Italian, and a smaller number from Spanish (though larger than from Portuguese). Of the Portuguese books translated before 1640 Thomas mentioned a scant forty among which only a few were translated from the original.

One of the more notable translations made after 1640, however, was of Camões's *Lusíadas*, which was entered in the *Stationers' register* by Humphrey Moseley on 16 August 1655. While no second edition of this English verse translation by Fanshawe appeared until almost three centuries later, a reissue of it was published in 1664 by Moseley's wife Anne. No record of the reissue has been found in any of the standard bibliographies and catalogues examined, which is not the case with Fanshawe's English version of Guarini's *Il pastor fido*, published by Mrs. Moseley in a second edition that same year. A copy of this unrecorded seventeenth-century reissue of the *Lusiads* has recently been discovered in the University of Illinois Library, Urbana.¹ The book was acquired by them on 21 October 1940 from an English bookseller named Brown, and bears the entry 'E libris Rev. Ricarde Smith, Edenson,

¹ Credit for this discovery goes to Professor Francis M. Rogers of Harvard University, who brought this copy to my attention while I was teaching at Illinois.

Chatsworth, Derbyshire'. I have compared this second issue with seven copies of the first edition of 1655: two at the Library of Harvard University, and one each at the Boston Public Library, the New York Public Library, the University of Illinois at Urbana, the Newberry Library, and the Hispanic Society of America. The method of procedure followed was to make a page-for-page and line-for-line collation of the second issue with the two copies of the first edition at Harvard. The differences were recorded and then checked against the remaining five copies. The results are noted below. The variant readings among the preliminaries occur only in the Latin text of leaf A3^v, and are as follows:

<i>Line</i>	<i>1655</i>	<i>1664</i>
10	<i>partum</i>	<i>partam</i>
10-11	<i>Effugien- dum</i>	<i>Effugien- endum</i>
11	<i>utilitate</i>	<i>vilitate</i>
16	<i>versum</i>	<i>visam</i>
16	<i>belli</i>	<i>billi</i>
22	<i>ultimam</i>	<i>ultimum</i>

The next list comprises the variations noted between the reading of the 1655 text of the *Lusiads* and that bearing the 1664 title-page. The asterisks in the far right column below designate the same reading in another copy—one for the Boston Public Library and two for the Hispanic Society of America.

<i>Page</i>	<i>Lusiads</i>	<i>1655</i>	<i>1664</i>
3	I. 9. 3	such,	such
3	I. 11. 8	true.	true
6	I. 24. 4	Lutus	Lusus
6	I. 25. 5	Castilian-warrior	Castilian-warrior
38	II. 75. 8	command	commands
82	IV. 35. 2	he art	heart
102	V. 34. 2	Forthwith	Forth with
102	V. 34. 5	nought	nough t
113	V. 86. 2	despr'ate	desprate
113	V. 88. 7	slaves;	slaves
113	V. 89. 3	Harpies	Harpis
120	VI. 23. 6	cockles	cackles
126	VI. 50. 6	Knight	Kheight
145	VII. 45. 8	Tow'r	Tower*
145	VII. 47. 7	God-Man	God Man*
145	VII. 48. 1	paire	payre*
164	VIII. 52. 8	Grandees	Grandes**

In the preliminaries of the reissue the variants *partam*, *Effugien- | endum*, *billi*, and *ultimum*, and in the *Lusiads* the variants *such*, *true*, *commands*, *Forth with*, *nough t*, *desprate*, *slaves*, *Harpis*, *cackles*, *Kheight*, *God Man*, and *Grandes* were not those intended. This would suggest that they represent earlier states and that the 1655 readings given in the lists above are actually press

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corrections of them. This explanation would also apply to v. 89. 2 where the *l* of *Calypsoes*, in the reissue only, was replaced by the foot of an em quad, itself presumably replaced later by the missing *l*. Aside from *vilitate*

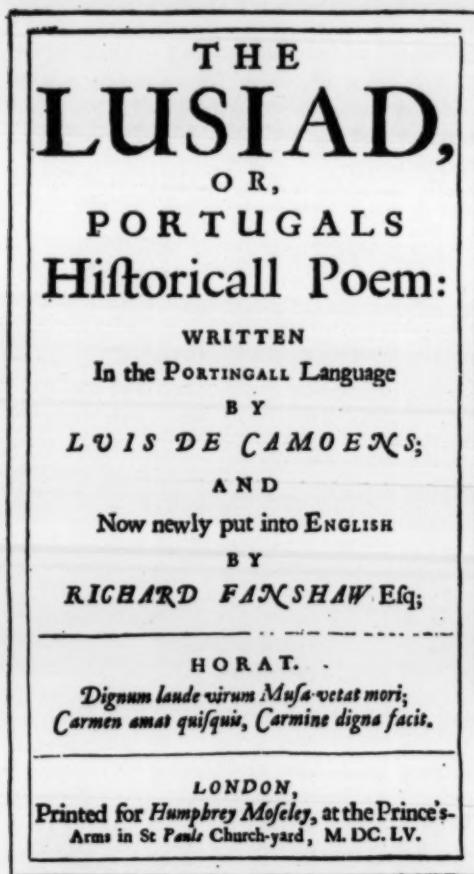


FIG. 1. By courtesy of the University of Illinois Library, Urbana.
Size of original (within outer rules): 254 x 135 mm.

and *visam* in the preliminaries, and *Lusus* and *heart* in the epic, there is no further evidence to show that the reissue may have taken place to correct the numerous typographical errors found in the first edition that Fanshawe himself had complained about. On the contrary, the reissue contains most of the misprints and raised, lowered, and broken letters observed in the first edition of 1655. Obvious errors taken at random such as *nmsfalc* (II. 36. 2), *benmms* (IV. 84. 6), *Alexanedrs* (V. 95. 2), and *rnn* (IX. 74. 6), for example, are

found in all eight copies. In II. 86. 8 *hour* is found in the reissue and in the copies at the Boston Public Library, the Hispanic Society of America, and in those at Harvard. The reissue of the *Lusiads* most likely occurred while

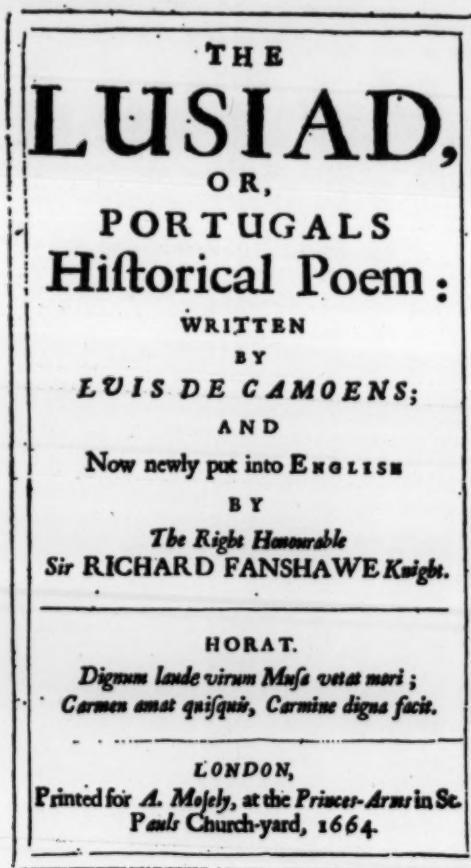


FIG. 2. By courtesy of the University of Illinois Library, Urbana.
Size of original (within outer rules): 251 x 130 mm.

Fanshawe was out of the country. He had left England for Spain on 31 January 1664 and arrived at Cadiz towards the end of February. His absence could have conveniently afforded Mrs. Moseley the opportunity to reissue with a new title-page the old 1655 sheets she still had on hand.

In any event all that was new was the title-page. In comparing it with that of the first edition (Figs. 1 and 2) we note several contrasts in spelling and punctuation—*Historicall/Historical, Fanshaw/Fanshawe, Prince's-Arms/*

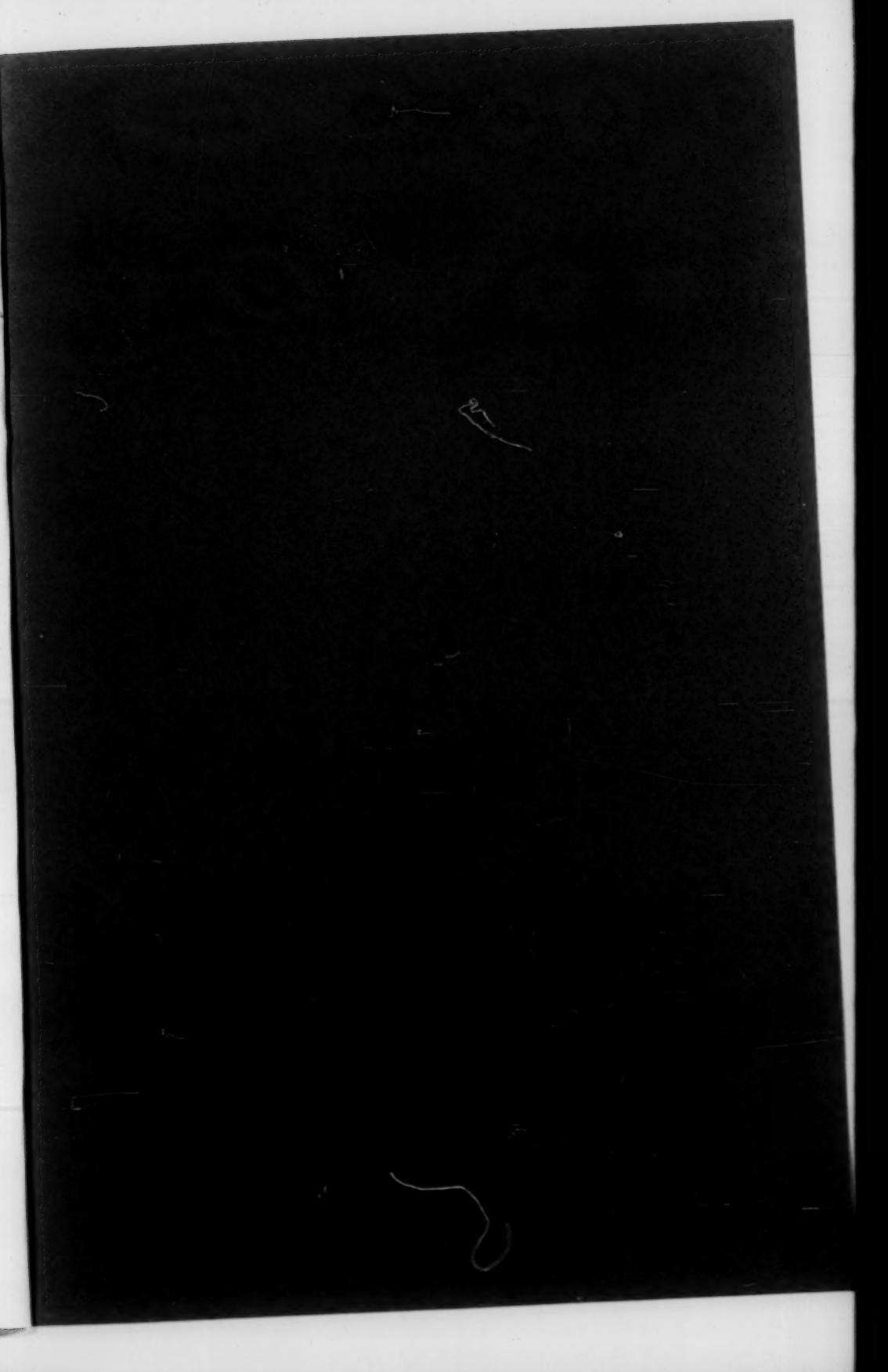
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Princes-Arms, and *St/St.*. Further alterations in the 1664 title-page include the omissions of *In the PORTINGALL Language* and of all save one of the several swash letters found in the title-page of the first edition. There is also a difference in the titles used with Fanshawe's name and a change in publisher from Humphrey Moseley to his wife Anne who had taken over her husband's business after his death in 1661. With regard to the titles, that of *Right Honourable* pays due respect to Fanshawe's appointment in 1662 as Privy Councillor of Ireland, and in 1663, of England. In 1650 he was made a baronet, hence the *Sir* prefixed to his name, although it was not included on the earlier title-page. The title of *knight* is the result of Fanshawe's having been knighted by Charles II in 1660, even though he had already received the higher rank of baronet.

Although the 1664 reissue of the first edition of the *Lusiads* is not included in Wing, the largest number of books entered in Wing that bear Anne Moseley's imprint is for that year. These books, six in all, were also published previously by her husband and were put out by her either as a reissue or in the form of a new edition.

Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

MILDRED E. VIEIRA



THE
LUSIAD,
OR,
PORTUGALS
Historical Poem :
WRITTEN
BY
LUIS DE CAMOENS;
AND
Now newly put into ENGLISH
BY
The Right Honourable
Sir RICHARD FANSHAWE Knight.

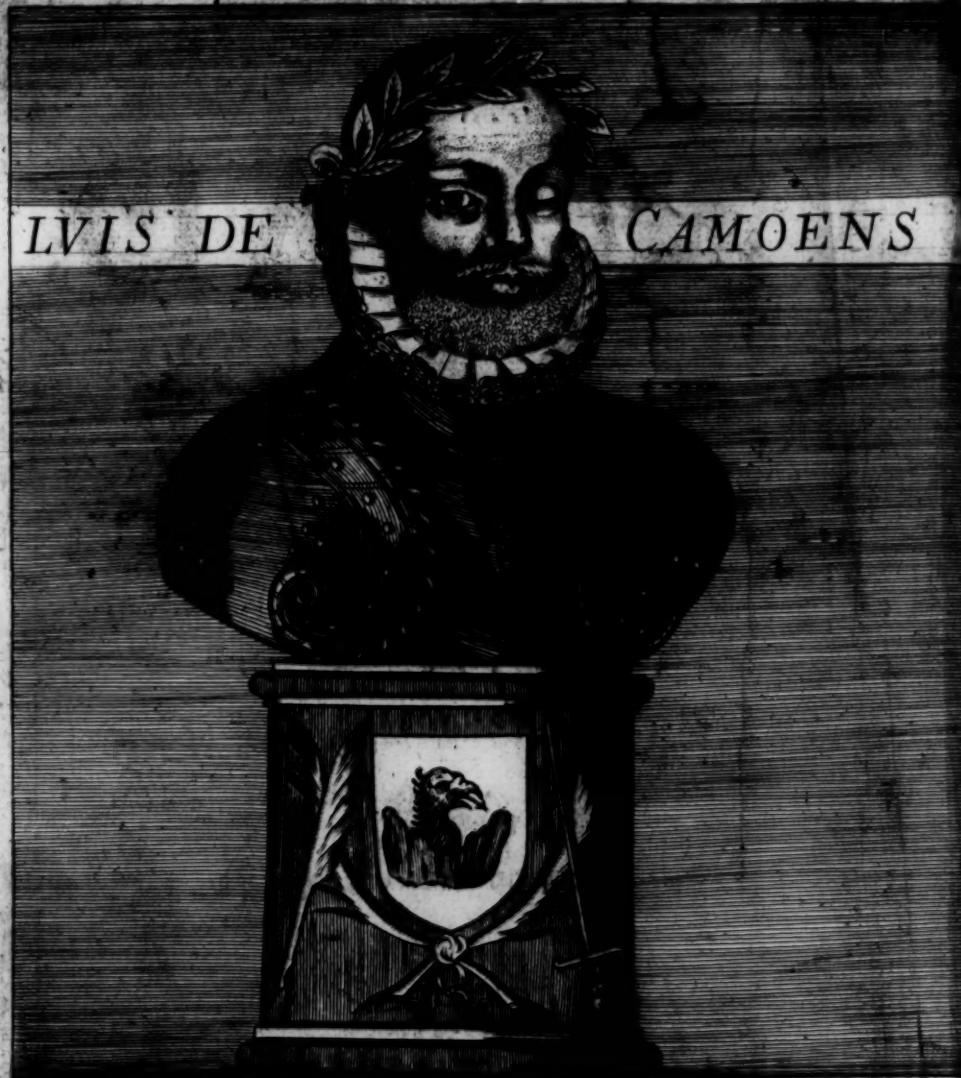
HORAT.

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori ;
Carmen amat quisquis, Carmine digna facit.*

LONDON,

Printed for A. Moseley, at the Princes-Arms in St.
Pauls Church-yard, 1664.

LVIS DE CAMOENS



SPAIN gave me noble Birth: Coimbra, Arts:
LISBON, a high-plac't loue, and Courtly parts:
AFFRICK, a Refuge when the Court did frown:
WARRE, at an Eye's expence, a faire renowne
TRAVAYLE, experience, with noe short sight
Of INDIA, and the World; both which I write
INDIA a life, which I gave there for lost
On Mecons waues (a wreck and Exile) lost
To boot, this POEM, held up in one hand
Whilst with the other I swam safe to land.
TASSO, a sonet; and (what's greater yit)
The honour to give Hints to such a witt
PHILIP a Cordiall, (the ill Fortune see!)
To cure my Wants when those had new kill'd mee
My Country (Nothing — yes) Immortall Prayse
(so did I, Her) Beasts cannot brawze on Bayes.

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PUBLISHER A. M. LEWIS, ST. LIEUE, PARIS, FRANCE

PARIS CHURCH-YARD, 1864.



To the Right Honorable

WILLIAM EARL of STRAFFORD, &c.

My good Lord;



Can not tell how your Lordship may take it, that in so uncourted a language, as that of PORTUGALL, should be found extant a Poet to rival your beloved TASSO. How himself took it, I can; for he was heard to say (his great JERUSALEM being then an Embrio) HE FEARED NO MAN BUT

CAMOENS: Notwithstanding which, he bestow'd a Sonet in his praise. But, admitting the TUSCAN Superior; yet, as He (with some anger) of GUARINI, when he saw, by the unquestionable Verdict of all ITALY, so famous a LAUREATE as himself by that man's PASTOR FIDO outstript in the Dramatick way of Poetry; SE NON HAVUTO VISTO IL MIO AMINTA --- (because indeed the younger, for a List in this kind, was beholding to the Elder): So, and for the same

The Epistle DEDICATORIE.

cause, might my PORTINGALL have retorted upon Him with reference to his own *Epick* way; IF HE HAD NOT SEEN MY LUSIAD, HE HAD NOT EXCELL'D IT.

Since then I find, HORACE, in the days of old, held himself accountable to his potent friend LOLLIUS for the profits of those vacant hours, which he past in his proper Villa, whilst LOLLIUS lay *Ledger* in ROME about that which was the great *Domestick* glory of the ROMAN NOBILITIE of those Times;

Hor. lib. 3.
Epift. 2.

*Trojani belli Scriptorem, maxime Lollis,
Dum Tu declamas Romæ, Prænestē relegi :*

Whilst thou (Great LOLLIUS) in ROME dost plead,
I, in PRÆNESTE, have all HOMER Read:

How much more obliged am I to bring unto your Lordship this TREASURE-TROVE, which (as to the second life, or rather Being, it hath from me in the English-Tongue) is so truly a Native of YORKSHIRE, and holding of your Lordship, that, from the hour I began it, to the end thereof, I slept not once out of these Walls?

And, if the same HORACE proceed;

*Quis, quid sit pulchrum, quid Turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chryippo & Crantore, dicit :*

Who, what is Right, what not, what brave, what base,
Clearer and better then the STOICKS, says:)

Whether this Poet also (however dis-figur'd in the translating, yet still retaining the old materials, both Politicall and Moral, on a truer and more Modern Frame of Story and Geography then that of HOMER

*— Et, quamvis plebeio tecus Amictu,
Indocilis privata loqui)*

Shall

The Epistle DEDICATORIE.

shall not be valuable upon the like account, I appeal to your Lordship, whose *devoted* (since he turn'd *Englishman*) he is, by the *title* I have already mentioned, and by as many more, as I am

MY LORD,

*From your Lordships
Park of Tankersley
May 1. 1655.*

Your Lordships

humble servant

RICHARD FANSHAW.

Petronii

et Iesque l' amicta solida quoque natus est in illa



Petronii Arbitri SATYRICON: pag. 48.



Ultos, inquit *Eumolpus*; O juvenes, cārmē decepit.
Nam ut quisque versum pedibus instruxit, sensum-
que teneriorem verborum ambitu intexit, putavit
se continuò in *Helliconem* venisse. Sic forensibus
Ministeriis excercitati, frequenter ad carminis tran-
quillitatē, tanquam ad portum faciliorem refuge-
runt: credentes facilis Poema extrui posse, quam
controversiam sententiolis vibrantibus pictam. Cæ-

terum neque generosior spiritus vanitatem amat, neque concipere aut ede-
re partam mens potest, nisi ingenti flumine literarum inundata. Effugien-
endum est ab omni verborum (ut ita dicam) vilitate, & sumendae voces à
plebe summotæ, ut fiat, *Odi profanum vulgus & areo*. Præterea curandum
est, ne sententiæ emineant extra corpus rationis expressæ, sed intexto
Vestibus colore niteant. *HOMERUS* testis, & *Lyrici*, Romanisque *VIR-
GILIUS*, & *HORATII* curiosa fælicitas. Cæteri enim aut non vi-
derunt viam quâ iretur ad carmen, aut visam timuerunt calcare. Ecce *belli
civilis* ingens opus! quisquis attigerit, nisi plenus literis, sub onere labet-
tur. Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt (quod longè
melius historici faciunt) sed per ambages Deorumque ministeria, & fabu-
losum sententiarum tormentum præcipitandus est liber spiritus: ut poti-
us furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis sub testi-
bus fides: Tanquam si placet hic impetus et si nondum recepit ultimum
manum.

Orbem jam totum victor Romanus habebat:
Qua mare, qua terræ, qua fidus currit utrumque:
Nec satiatus erat. Gravidis freta pulsæ carinis
Jam peragabantur. Siquis Sinus abditus ultra,
Siqua foret tellus quæ fulvum mitteret aurum,
Hostis erat: fatisque in tristia bella paratis
Quærebantur opes. Non vulgo nota placebant
Gaudia: non usu plebeio trita voluptas.
Æs Ephyraeum laudabat miles: in udâ
Quæsusitus tellure nitor certaverat ostro:
Hinc Numidæ lapides, illinc nova vellera seres,
Atque Arabum populus sua despolaraverat arva.
Ecce aliae clades, & læsa vulnera pacis.
Quæritur in Sylvis Mauris fera: & ultimus Hammon
Afrorum excutitur: ne desit bellua dente
Ad mortes pretiosâ: famæ premit advena classes:



Out of the Satyr of Petronius Arbiter, pag 48.

Young men, young men, (said Eumolpus) this same thing called Poetry hath deceived many : for if a man have but set a Verse upon it's feet , and swathed his weaker matter with a winding about of words , he thinks himself presently over head and ears in Helicon . Therefore, those who have got the practice of pleading or declaiming in publike , have frequently fled to the tranquility of versifying , as to a gentler port : believing it easier to compile a Poem , than an Argument embellish'd with little sparkling Sentences . But neither doth a more generous spirit affect a tympany , nor a mind conceive , or can be delivered of this birth , that overflows not with a mighty torrent of learning : There must be a flying all cheapness (as I may say) of words , and such language cull'd out as is above the common people . This is to hate the lay vulgar , and to make them know their distance . Moreover there must be a Care that the Sentences do not hang out like tassels from the body of the matter , but shine woven thereinto like gold into a silken-garment ; witness HOMER , and the Lyricks , and Roman VIRGIL , and HORACE his curious felicity . For others either saw not the way of Poetry , or (seeing) feared to tread it . Behold a great Task , THE CIVIL WAR . Whoever will touch that burthen (unless abounding with letters) shall sink under it . For not things done should be comprehended in verse , (which is much better performed by Historians) but the free spirit must throw it self headlong in digressions , and in personatings of Gods , and in fabulous ornaments upon the rack of invention : that it may seem rather an ebullition of some prophetick truths , amidst a world of pleasant extravagancies , from a breast inflamed with fury ; than a deposition , as of sworn witnesses to tell the truth , all the truth , and nothing but the truth : As for example , this rapture , though it have not received the last hand .

Now conquering Rome did all the world controle,
From East to West , from one to th'other pole :
Yet was not satisfied . The plough'd-up Sea
With brazen keels , was made her commom way .
If any nook were hid , if any Land
(Which yellow Gold affordead) lay beyond ;
It was a toe , and covetous anger seiz'd
Whatever wealth . No vulgar pleasure pleas'd :
No worn plebeian joy . The Soldiers dight
Their meat in Silver : and (from Rivers fift)
The Purple of the Land rivall'd the Sea's .
Here Lybian stones , there silks (the new disease)
And their perfumed fields , ARABIAN : fleece .
Lo other spoils and wounds of injur'd Peace !
In woods is sought the Mauritanian beast ,
And AFRICKE farthest Hammon bunted , least

That

Furor Petroniensis.

Tigris, & auratâ gradiens vectatur in aulâ,
Ut bibat humanum (populo plaudente) cruentem.
Heu pudet effari, perituraque prodere fata !
Persarum ritu male pubescentibus annis
Sun ipuere viros, exectaque viscera ferro
In venerem fregere : atque ut fuga mobilis ævi
Circumscripta mora properantes differat annos :
Quærit se natura, nec invenit : omnibus ergo
Scorta placent, fractique enervi corpore gressus
Et laxi crines, & tot nova nomina vestis,
Quæque virum quærunt. Ecce Afris eruta terris
Citrea mensa, greges servorum, ostrumque renidens
Ponitur, ac maculis imitatur vilibus aurum :
Quæ turbant censem, hostile, ac male nobile lignum
Turba sepulta mero circumvenit, omniaque orbis
Præmia correptis miles vagus extruit armis.
Ingeniosa gula est : Siculo scarus æquore mersus
Ad mensam vivus perducitur : inde Lucrinis
Eruta littoribus condunt conchylia cænas :
Ut removent per damna fastem : jam Phasidos unda
Orbata est avibus, multoque in littore cantum
Solæ desertis aspirant frondibus auræ.
Nec minor in campo furor est : emptique Quirites
Ad prædam strepitumque lucri suffragia vertunt.
Venalis populus : venalis curia Patrum :
Est favor in pretio : senibus quoque libera virtus
Exciderat : sparsisque opibus conversa potestas :
Ipsaque majestas auro corrupta jacebat.
Pellitur à populo victus Cato : tristior ille est
Qui vicit, fascesque pudet rapuisse Catoni.
Namque hoc dedecus est populi, morumque ruina.
Non homo pulsus erat, sed in uno victa potestas,
Romanumque decus : quare tam perdita Roma
Ipsa sui merces erat, & sine vindice præda.
Præterea gemino deprensam guigite prædam,
Fænoris ingluvies, ususque excederat æris.
Nulla est certa domus : nullum sine pignore corpus :
Sed veluti tabes tacitis concepta medullis,
Intra membra furens, hiris latrantibus errat.
Arma placent miseris ; detritaque commodo luxu
Vulneribus reparantur : inops audacia tuta est.
Hoc mersam cæno Romanæ, somnoque jacentem
Quæ poterant artes sanâ ratione movere,
Ni furor, & bellum, furore excita libido ?
Tres tulerat fortuna duces, quos obruit omnes
Armorum stræ diversâ feralis Enyo.
Crassum Parthus habet : Libyco jacet æquore Magnus :
Julius ingratam perfudit sanguine Romanæ.
Et, quasi non posset tot Tellus ferre Sepulchra,
Divicit cineres : hos gloria reddit honores,

Petronius his Rapture.

That Monster should be wanting, which is slain
Because his tooth sells deare, instead of Graine.
Armenian Tigers our Corn-fleets import,
To be led stalking in a gilded Court :
And quaffe (the people clapping) humane blood.
I blush to speake, and broach Fates violent flood.
In Persian guize (yeares ripening to their harm)
They grub man up, and with a knife disarme
The apt for Venus wars : and, whiles this checks
Time's horse in his full speed, lost nature seeks
And cannot find her self : so all approve
Male Concubines, and which, like Geldings move
Broke to a pace : Love-locks and Cloaths which speak
All Countreys, and no man. Behold they break
Numidian ground : a Citrian board comes out
On painted Carpets plac'd, and round about
A Troop of waiters stand : and, drown'd in wine,
Upon the floore wallows an herd of Swine.
A Tree which did a Patrimony cost,
Fetcht (for the ruine of a Land) to boast
A new Nobility, did counterfeit
With spots the cheaper gold : On which were set
By the Earth-rounding-Soldier (that now hurl'd
His Arms aside) the spoyls of all the world.
His throat had wit. A Terbot, that did dive
In Corfick Seas, rose at his Board alive;
There Oysters pull'd out of the Lucrine lake,
Only for Sawce to lure his hunger back.
Now Phasian waves are of their birds bereft :
And the dumb banks (save winds) have nothing left
To sing amongst the widowed leaves. As dire
Is the field's fury: The base Romans hire
Their votes out for the chime, and touch of Gold.
A venal people : venal Senate sold
Favour : even Age let her free vertue fall,
And right by bribes was jostled to the wall :
And Majesty lay flat, with gold sought out;
Cato himself repuls'd was by the rout.
He that o'recame more sad, who blusht to see
That Cato should have fewer votes than he.
For 'twas the people's, and the time's disgrace :
'Twas not a man, but virtue lost the place,
And the old Roman honor : here then lies
Rome her own Merchant, and own merchandise.
Besides now use on use, mens principals
So swell'd, it overwhelm'd them. No man calls
His house his own. None uningag'd : but debt
Like to a lingering disease, doth fret
Into their barking bowels, being pain'd
They cry to Arms : and wealth with ryot drayn'd
Must heal with wounds : safe W A N T lets on fire.

Furor Petroniensis.

Est locus exciso penitus demersus hiatu,
Parthenopen inter, magna que Dicharchidos arva,
Cocytus perfusus aqua, nam spiritus extra
Qui furit effusus funesto spargitur æstu.

Non hæc Autumno tellus viret, aut alit herbas
Cespite latus ager: non verno persona cantu
Mollia discordi strepitu virgulta loquuntur:
Sed chaos, & nigro squalentia pumice saxa
Gaudent ferali circumtumulata cupressi;
Has inter sedes Ditis pater extulit ora,
Bustorum flammis & cana sparsa favillæ:
Ac tali volucrem Fortunam voce lacepsit.

Rerum humanarum, divinarumque potestas,
Fors cui nulla placet nimium secura potestas,
Quæ nova semper amas & mox possessa relinquis:
Ecquid Romano sentis te pondere victam?
Nec posse ulterius peritura extollere molem?
Ipsa tuas vires odit Romana juventus,
Et quas struxit opes, male sustinet, aspice latè
Luxuriam spoliorum & censum in dasma furentem.
Ædificant aero sedesque ad sydera mittunt.
Expelluntur aquæ saxis: mare nascitur arvis,
Et peritutatæ rerum statione rebellant.
En etiam mea regna petunt, professæ dehiscit
Molibus insanis tellus, jam montibus haustis
Antra gemunt: & dum varios lapis invenit usus,
Infernî manes coelum sperare jubentur.
Quare age, Fors, muta pacatum in prælia vulnus
Romanosque cie, ac nostris da funera regnis.
Jampridem nullo perfundimus ora cruce,
Nec mea Tisiphone fitientes perluit artus,
Ex quo sullanus babit ensis & horrida tellus
Extulit in lucem nutritas sanguine fruges.

Hæc ubi dicta dedit dextræ conjungere dextram
Conatus, rupto tellurem solvit hiatu.

Tunc Fortuna levi defudit pectore voces:

O genitor, cui Cocytus penetralia parent
Si modo vera mihi fas est impune profari,
Vota tibi cedent, nec enim minor ira rebellat
Pectore in hoc, leviorque exurit flamama medullæ.
Omnia quæ tribui Romaais arcibus, odi;
Muneribusque meis irascor: destruet istas
Idem, qui posuit moles Deus, & mihi cordi
Quippe tremare viros, & sanguine pascere luxum.
Cerno equidem geminâ jam stratos morte Philippos,
Thessaliamque rogos, & funera gentis liberæ.
Jam fragor armorum trepidantes personat aures.
Et Libyæ cerno tua Nile gementia claustra
Actiacosque Sinus, & Apollonis arma frementis.
Pande age terrarum sitientia regna tuorum;

Atque

Petronius his Rapture.

Cast in this sleep, and rousing in this misery
What reasons can make Rome, by war and blood,
Which till th'are felt, are never understood.

Fortune had rais'd three Captains, all which feed
In several ways Enyo's mortal steel.
In Asia Craesus; Affrick Pompey Spain,
Ungrateful Rome great Julius blood did stain
And Earth, to poize her load by portions just,
(Greatness found this respect) divides their dust.

A wide-mouth'd vault descends to Hell's black-ball,
'Twixt great Dicarchis fields, and Naples mall,
Lav'd with Cocytus streams, whence all the beast
About is blasted with a Sulph'rous breath:
Where Autumn is the mother of no fruits,
Out of the Summers Turf no glad herb sheats,
No tender sprigs, inspir'd by vernal songs,
Are heard to warble with melodious tongues:
But Chaos, and rocks swaying with black dew,
Delight in Canopies of fatal hue.
Here Pluto rose in funeral flames and smoke,
And with these words light Fortune did provoke,

Divine-and-humane-things-commanding-Power,
Fortune, that likest no height that's too secure,
I hat lov'st new things, and (gain'd) discard'st them straight,
Shrink'st thou not yet beneath the Roman weight,
Unable longer to support the Tower
Of Romes recyling Greatness? Their own Power
The Roman youth abhor, nor bear the piles
Of wealth they rais'd. See their vast Lux of spoyles,
And riches curs'd into a punishment!
They build in Gold, and to the Firmament
Exalt their seats. Here Seas with stones expel,
There let them in with Sluces, and rebel
Against inverted Nature. Not I'sape:
The earth delv'd through for their wild Heaps dost gape;
The Mountains shovell'd down: the caves now groan
There, whil'st for several uses they dig stone.
Th' Infernal Ghosts are bid to hope for day:
Then Fortune turn thy smiles to dreadful fray:
Possess with rage the Roman breasts, and throng
Our Realms with funerals. Methinks sic long
Since these black jaws have been with Gore imbrew'd;
Since my Tisiphone hath bath'd in blood
Her thirsty limbs: since Sylla's sword was drunke,
And horrid Earth nurs'd fruits from humane trunke,

This said, and striving to give her his hand,
With reaching up he brake the cleaving Land:
Then Fortune thus from fickle bosome says,

O Sire, whom all on that side Styx obeys,
If without danger I the earth may tell,
Thy wish is granted thee: nor to rebel

Furor Petronianus

Atque animas arcesce novas. Vix navis Pordimunt
Sufficiet simulacra virum traducere cimbri.
Classe opus est. Tuque ingenti fidate ruina
Pallida Tisiphone, confusaque Vulnera manet.
Ad Stygios manes laceratus ducitur orbis.

Vix dum finierat, quum fulgere super certos
Intremuit nubes, elosque abiecit ignes.
Subsedit pater umbrarum, gemitique seductus
Telluris, pavitans fraternos palluit ictus.
Continuo clades hōttitum venturaque satura
Auspiciis patuere Deum, namque ora cruent
Deformis Titan vultus effigite fecit.
Civiles acies jam tum spirare putares,
Parte alia plenos extinxit Cynthia vulnus,
Et lucem sceleri subduxit. rupta consilium
Verticibus lassis montis jugo, nec vagâ passim
Flumina per notas ibant morientia ripas.
Armorum strepitu coelum fuit & tuta Martem
Sideribus transmissa ciet, jamque Aetna voratur
Ignibus insolitis, & in æthera felinata micta.
Ecce inter tumulos atque ossa carentia blutis
Vmbrarum facies dirè stolidè minatur.
Fax stellis comitata novis incendia ducit;
Sanguineoque tecens descendit Juppiter imbre.
Hæc ostenta brevi solvit Dæsus. Exiit omnes
Quippe moras Cæsar, vindictaque actus amore
Gallica projectit, civilia sustulit armis.

Alpibus aeriis, ubi Graio nomine palse
Descendent rupes, & se patiuntur adiri,
Est locus Herculeis aris facer, hunc nive dura
Claudit hiems, canoque ad sydera vertice tollit:
Coelum illinc cecidisse putes. non solis adulei
Mansuecit radiis, non verni temporis aura:
Sed glacie concreta rigens, hiemisque pratinis
Totum ferre potest humeris thalictantibus orbem.
Hæc ubi calcavit Cæsar juga militæ Iæto,
Optavitque locum, summo de vertice montis
Hesperiae campos late prospexit, & ambas
Intentans cum voce manus ad sidera, dixit:

Juppiter omnipotens, & tu Saturnia Tellus
Armis læta meis, olimque onerata triumphis:
Testor ad has acies invitanti arcessere Martem,
Invitas me ferre manus, sed vulnera cogor,
Pulsus ab urbe mea, dum Rhenum sanguine vino,
Dum Gallos iterum Capitolia nostra petentes
Alpibus excludo: vincendo, certior exul:
Sanguine Germano, sexagintaque triumphis,
Esse nocens coepi, quamquam quod gloria terret,
Aut qui sunt, qui bella volunt: mercibus empte,
Ac viles operæ; quorum est mea Roma novera,

Petronius his Rapture.

Have I less mind then thou : or bogles my womb
With a less rage. All I bestow'd on Rome
I hate, and am fallen out with my delight :
The God that rais'd these walls, the same shall slight.
The sweet of burning Towns, of sucking blood,
Is by me also fully understood.
I see Philippi with two Chiefs there slain :
Thestalian tombs : and funerals of Spain.
The clash of Arms now strikes my trembling ear :
The groans of Libya : and her Nile I hear :
And Actian waves : and S o t cry, on. Expand
The thirsty Kingdoms of thy silent Land :
And get more Furys help. A boat's too small
For Charon to waft o're his souls withal :
It asks a F L E T : and pale Tisiphone
With the great ruine do thou gorge'd be :
With ragged tusks chaw the tender wounds :
The mangled world desounds to Stygian sounds.
Scarce had she spoke, when (eleft with lightning sheen)
Trembles a cloud, and darts squeez'd, fire between.
The King of Shades into earth's bosome sunk :
And from his Brother's thunder frightened, shrank.
Forthwith the fates of men, and ills to come
Heaven shows by signes : for the deformed Sun
Veils with a mist his blushing face, as far
From giving count'nce to a civil war.
The Moon at full (to leave them grasping) pops
Her light out too. The palsey'd Mountain-tops
(Supported with weak necks) come thundring down.
Nor wand'ring Rivers run in channels known,
To dye a natural death. Armies appear
In th'Ayre, and Trumpets (even in his own sphere)
Alarm Mars. Now hotter Atna burnes,
And thunderbolts for thunderbolts returns.
Lo ! 'Mongst the Tombs and disinterred bones,
The Gasty shadows send up baleful groans !
A blazing-Star draws an unusual train :
And a new Jove descends in bloody rain :
Heav'n soon these signes expounds : for Cæsar drove
With his own speed, and sweet revenges love,
Threw down the Gallick, Civil Arms took up.
On cloudy Alps, where, winding to the top,
The rocks made passable by Græcian hands,
A Temple sacred to Alcides stands.
'Tis thatch'd with crusted Snow, and blends its gray
Head to the Stars : how like the milky way !
It thaws not with the Sun's Meridian rays,
Nor with the Spring's warm breath : but pav'd with lyes
Of Ice and feathered Rain, the Heaven it bears :
For it both threatens and supports the spheres.
When He (the Soldier glad) these cliffs did tread,

And

Ut reor, haud impune; nec hanc sine viudice dextram
Vinciet ignavus. victores ite ferentes,
Ite mei comites, & causam dicite ferro.
Namque omnes unum crimen vocat, omnibus una
Impeadet clades. reddenda est gratia vobis;
Non solus vici. quare, quia poena trophyis
Imminet, & sordes meruit victoria nostra.
Judice fortuna cadat alea sumite bellum,
Et tentate manus, certe mea causa peracta est.
Inter tot fortis armatus nescio vincet.

Hæc ubi personauit, de cœlo Delphicus aks
Omnia læta dedit, pepulitque meatibus aras.
Nec non horrendi nemoris de parte sinistra
Insolita voces flamma sonuere sequenti.
Ipse nitor Phœbæ vulgato lætior orbe
Crevit, & aurato præcinxit fulgere vultus,
Fortior omnibus movit Mavortia signa
Cæsar; & insolito gressu, prior occupat haustus.
Prima quidem glacies, & cana juncta pruina
Non pugnavit humus, mitique horrore quievit:
Sed postquam turmæ nimbos fregere ligatos,
Et pavidus quadrupes undaram vincula rupit,
Incaluere nives, mox flumina montibus altis
Vndabant modo nata: sed hæc quoque jussa putares.
Stabant & vincita fluctus stupuere pruina:
Et paulo ante lues jam concidenda jacebat.
Tum vero malefida prius vestigia lusit,
Decepitque pedes. passim turmæque virique,
Armaque congesta strue deplorata jacebant.
Ecce etiam rigido concussæ flamme nubes
Exonerabantur, nec rupti turbine venti
Deerant aut tumida contractum grandine cœlum:
Ipsæ jam nubes ruptæ super' arma cadebant,
Et concreta gelu Ponti velut unda ruebat.
Victa erat ingenti Tellus nive, victaque cœli
Sidera, victa suis hærentia flumina ripis:
Nondum Cæsar erat: sed magnam nixu\$ in hastam
Horrida securis frangebat gressibus arva:
Qualis Caucasea decurrens arduus arce
Amphytrioniades, aut torvo Juppiter ore,
Quum se verticibus magni demisit Olympi,
Et periturorum disjecti tela Gigantum.
Dum Cæsar tumidas iratus deprimit arcis:
Interæa volucer motis conterræa pennis
Fama volat, summique petit juga celsa Palati:
Atque hoc Romano attonito fert omnia signa:
Jam clasæs fluitare mari, totasque per Alpes
Fervore Germano perfusas sanguine turmas.
Arma cruor, cædes, incendia, totaque bella
Ante oculos volitant, ergo pulsata tumultu

Petronius his Rapture.

And touch'd his wishes, from the Mountains head
stretching his voice, (the Latian fields survey'd)
And both his hands to Heav'n, thus Cæsar said.

All powerful Jove, and thou Saturnian Land
Triumphant oft, safe always by my hand,
Witness I come unwilling to this warre,
Unwilling Clash : but such my praud wrongs are,
Expuls'd my Country, whilst I paint with blood
The Rhine, whilst I the Galls the Alps exclude,
Threat'ning again the Capitoll. Exil'd
Farther by conquering more : the Germanes foyl'd,
And sixty triumphs are my crime. But who
Denounce this war ? Blind with our beams a crew
Of trading Soules step-children to my Rome,
But they (I think) shall know too upon whom
Nor shall mechanick hands bind these with cords.
Go mine : Govictors : plead the Cause with Swords.
We all are in one fault : one shame threatens all :
You conquer'd too. If punishment must fall
On them that beat, if this our triumph be,
Let the Dye fall, and Fortune judge for me.
Take up the war they throw you : try your force :
If overcome, my case can be no worse.
But arm'd, and with such men, that ne're can hap.

This said, the Delphick bird her wings did flap,
(An Omen good) and in a wood beside
A Bay-tree crackling in strange fire was spy'd.
A P O L L O's self shone brighter then he'd,
And had a golden glory circumfus'd.
Stronger then Omens, Cæsar did advance,
And with unwonted pace first snatch'd a Lance.
First bound with ice, and candied with the drifte
The earth was quiet with dull horror stiffe :
But when the Troops the clouds gives off, did take,
And trembling horses the waves fatters broke,
The heat swallows melted; straight new rivers burst
Out of the hills : these also straight were forc'd
To make a stand : whilst (lo) new ice appears,
And liquid late make work for Pioneers.
Then first deceiv'd the feet the slippery ground,
And tript them up, Men, Arms, and whole Ranks, (round,) and so it went on
In heaps deplor'd : big clouds with tempest's stroke,
Their burthenous threw. Nor blasts with whirl-winds broke,
Were wanting there, or volleys of gross haile.
The concrete raine fell rattling on the Mapple, rainbow Mapple English word
Like showres of Arrows from a Parthian bow : the right hand is a diagram
The Earth was overcome with a deep snow snow
The Lamps of heaven o'recome ; with Christal bits
The Rivers overcome ; Cæsar not yet : some time
But leaping on his speare, that would not yield, running : but still he runneth
With fury steps he brake the horrifid field :

Furor Petroniensis.

Pectora per dubias scinduntur territa causas.
Huic fuga per terras illi magis unda probatur.
Et patria est Pontus, jam tutior est magis arma
Qui tentata velit: fatisque jubentibus actus.
Quantum quisque timet, tantum fugit: ocyor ipse
Hos inter motus populus, miserabile visu,
Quo mens ita jubet, desertâ dicitur urbe.
Gaudet Roma fugâ, debillatique Quirites
Rumoris sonitu marentia tecta relinquunt
Ille manu trepidâ natos tenet, ille penates
Occultat gremio, deploratumque relinquit.
Limen, & absentem votis interficit hostem.
Sunt qui conjugibus marentia pectora jungant,
Grandevosque parres: onerisque ignara juventus
Id pro quo metuit tantum trahit omnia secum
Hic vehit imprudens, prædamque in prælia dicit.

Ac velut ex alto quum magnus inhorruit Auster,
Et pulsas evertit aquas non arma ministris,
Non regimen prodest: ligat alter pondera pinus,
Alter tuta sinu tranquillaque littora querit:
Hic dat vela fugæ Fortunæque omnia credit.
Quid tam parva queror? Geminò cum consule Magnus
Ille tremor Ponti, saevi quoque terror Hydaspis
Et piratarum scopulus: modo quem ter ovantem
Juppiter horruerat; quem fracto ingurgite Pontus,
Et veneratus erat submissâ Bosphorus undâ.
Proh pudor! Imperii deserto nomine fugit,
Ut Fortuna levis Magni quoque terga videret.

Tergo tanta lues Divum quoque numina vidit;
Consensitque fugæ cœli timor. Ecce per orbem
Mitis turba Deum, terras exosa furentes
Deserit; atque hominum damnatum avertitur agmen
Pax prima ante alias niveos pulsata lacertos
Abscondit galeâ victum caput, atque relicto.
Orbe fugax Ditis petit implacabile regnum.
Huic comes it sincera Fides, & crine soluto
Justitia, & mærens lacera Concordia palla.
At contra, sedes Erebi quâ rupta dehiscit,
Emergit latè Ditis chorus horrida Erynnys,
Et Bellona minax, facibusque armata Megæra:
Læthumque Infidaque, & lurida mortis imago.
Quas inter Furor, abruptis cœli liber habenis:
Sanguineum latè tollit caput, oraque mille
Vulneribus confossa cruentâ casside velat.
Hæret detritus lœvâ Mavortius umbo,
Innumerabilibus telis gravis: atque flagranti
Stipite dextra minax terris incendia portat:
Sentit terra Deos, mirataque sydera pondus
Quæfivere suum, namque omnis regia cœli
In partes diducta ruit: primumque Dione

Petronius his Rapture.

As when Alcmena's son marched apace,
Down Caucasus : or with an angry face
When Jove descended the Olympian hill,
With Giants blood Phlegrean plains to fill.
Meanwhile swift Fame is born with frighted wings,
And perching on the Capitol, sad things
Tells the affrighted Romans : that the Maine
Is swarm'd with ships : The Alps of a light flame
With Troops, yet reeking with Sicambrian gore,
Arms, Blood, Death, Fire, and War is drawn before
Their eyes from head to foot : which makes them erre,
And see their danger double through their feare.
This flyes by land, this by, and that to Sea,
So for no land his native changes he.

He's safest now, the Chance of war that tryes,
And follows fates instinct : He farthest flyes
Whose feare is longest winged : (A grief to say !)
The people led by wild amazement, stray
They know not whither : Rome delights in flight,
And scar'd Quirites their sad mansions quite,
At the bare rumour of approaching Arms,
Those clasp with trembling hand their tender barnes :
These in their bosomes hold their Houshould-Gods :
And hurry from their desolate aboads :
And in their prayers kill the absent Foe :
There are that to their wives sad bosomes grow,
And bedrid parents : youths impatient heat
Takes onely her, on whom his soul is set.
Some all, and to the war unwisely sweep
The prey, for which'tis made. —

— As when the deep
Is plough'd up by Northwinds, and her roul'd hills
Are knock'd together : And the Seamen's skills
Avail not now, one binds the splitting mast,
Another to the quiet shore doth hast,
A third to sea and Fortune trusts with all.
What talk I of small things ? the Generall
With both the Consuls The great Pompey, He
Terror of dire Hydaspes, and the Sea,
The Pyrates rock, whom (thrice triumphing late)
Jove trembled at, lest he should shake his state :
Whom Pontus (having crush'd it's watry braves)
And Bosphorus ador'd with crouching waves :
(Oh shame) deserting the State's rudder, fled :
That fickle Fortune might t'have seen be sed
Ev'n Pompey's back. A flight autoriz'd so,
Involv'd the Gods, and Heaven his back did shew :
See a mild troop of Gods (loathing the rage
That reigns in mortals) take a pilgrimage,
From a damn'd crew of Earthlings : And first Peace
(Beating her snowy Arms) her vanquish'd face

Furor Petroniensis.

Cæfaris acta sui ducit. comes additur illi
Pallas, & ingentem quatiens Mavortius hastam:
Magnaque cum Phœbo foror, & Cyllenia proles
Excipit, ac totis similis Tyrinthius actis.
Infremuere tubæ, ac scisso Discordia crine
Extulit ad superos Stygium caput. hujus in ore
Concretus sanguis, contusaque lumina fiebant.
Stabant ærati scabra rubigine dentes;
Tabo lingua fluens, obseffa draconibus ora
Atque intorto laceratam pectore yestem
Sanguineam tremula quatiebat lampada dextra.
Hæc ut Cocyti tenebras, & Tartara liquit,
Alta petit gradiens juga nobilis Apennini,
Unde omnes terras, atque omnia littora posset
Aspicere, ac toto fluitantes orbe catervas:
Atque has erumpit furibundo pectore voces:
Sumite nunc gentes accensis mentibus arma,
Sumite, & in medias immittite lampadas urbes.
Vincetur quicunque latet; non foemina cesset,
Non puer, aut ævo jam desolata senectus.
Ipfa tremat Tellus lacerataque tecta rebellent.
Tu legem Marcellæ tene: tu concute plebem
Curio, tu fortem ne supprime Lentule Martem.
Quid porro tu Dive tuis cunctaris in armis?
Non frangis portas? non muris oppida solvis,
Theſtaurosque rapis? nescis tu Magne tueri
Romanas acies? Epidauria moenia quare,
Theſſalicosque finus humano sanguine tingue.
Factum est in terris, quicquid Discordia jussit.

Petronius his Rapture.

Hides with a cask, and flying from the light,
Seeks the hust mansions of eternal Night :
With Her pure FAITH, and JUSTICE, (her sword broke)
And CONCORD in a rent and mourning Cloak.
On th'other side where Hell's wide jaws respire,
Grim Pluto's train springs rise : Erinnys dire,
And fierce Bellona, and flame-girt Megeare,
And Death, and Fraud, and multiplying Feare.
Amongst whom Rage, like Bacchus (his reines broke)
Runs headlong, and with bloody helm doth Cloake
A thousand ugly faces digg'd with wounds
With heavy shafts : a Martial Target sounds
Worn with his left, and from his right hand hurl'd
A blazing fire-brand terrifies the world.
The stars are pos'd : light-headed Atlas reels,
Wond'ring to miss the weight that pos'd heaven's wheels.
The factions Gods come down on earth to side.
And Venus first her Cæsar justify'd,
Pallas with her, and Mars that shakes a whole
Oak for a speare ; and with his Sister, SOL :
And ATLAS GRANDSON and Alcides (found
Like him in all his acts) The trumpets sound,
And DISCORD with torn hair, her Stygian head
Advances from a dell, her dim eyes shed
Instead of tears a blotted shew'r of blood :
Two tire of brazen grinders rusty stood :
Her tongue o'reflows with gore : her snaky locks
Hang down over her face : and through her Frocks
Wide-gaping Rent; thrusting a bloody hand
Abont her head she tost a flaming brand.
She leaving Hell, and where sad rivers joyne,
Touch'd the high top of noble Appennine :
From whence each realm and sea she might command,
And view the Troops that roul on every Land :
Then burst into these words, with fury warm,
Arm all the world with fell intentions : arm :
Shoot flames in midst of Towns (who e're he be
That stands a Newter, is the Victor's fee.)
Fight Boys, fight Maids, fight Old men necr your end.
Quake Earth, and shattered stones rebel. — Defend
The laws Marcellus. — Do thou Curio preach
Up tumults. — Lentulus do not impeach
Thy Martial spirits working. — What mak'st thou
Julius the while freezing in Armour ? now
Enter the gates, or scale the walls , and break
The Roman Fisk. — Pompey art thou too weak
To keep Rome's Towers & to EPIDAMNUM pass
The Ominous Scene, and dye Theffalian grass
With Roman blood. To all that DISCORD said,
EARTH cry'd 'Tis done : and her command obey'd.



The Translator's POSTSCRIPT.

HEre PETRONIUS breaks off abruptly, thereby as well as in many imperfect places of his own Copy, proving as good as his word, that he had not added thereto the last hand. In which thing alone I have translated him to the life, for neither have I added mine to the English: only making so much use thereof, as to shew the Rule and Model, which (*indubitably*) guided our CAMOENS in the raising his GREAT BUILDING, and which (except himself) that I know of, no POET ever followed that wrought in great, whether ancient, or modern. For (to name no more) the Greek HOMER, the Latin VIRGIL, our SPENSER, and even the Italian TASSO (who had a true, a great, and no obsolete story, to work upon) are in effect wholly fabulous: and LUCAN (though worthily admired) is as much censured by some on the other side, for sticking too close to truth. As FABIUS for one; — LUCAN full of flame and vigour, and most perspicuous in his Sentences: yet (that I may speak what I think) rather to be reckoned amongst the ORATORS then the POETS. And SERVIUS for another, with less manners in his expression; That which I said, that the Art of Poetry is forbidden to set down a naked story, is certain: for LUCAN deserved not to be in the number of POETS, because he seems to have compiled a HISTORY, rather then a POEM. Amounting to the same which is objected above in the Introduction to this Essay (which glanceth particularly at LUCAN) and minded (as the Author thereof conceived) by the Essay it self, which is of a mixt nature between Fable and History.



TORQUATO TASSO. in his 6 Part.
fol. 47.

Vasco, te cui felici ardite Antenne
Incontro al Sol, che ne riporta il giorno,
Spiegar le vele, e fer colà Ritorno,
Dove egli par che di cadere accenne :
Non piu di Te per aspro mar sosterne
Quel, che fece a CICLOPE oltraggio, & scorno:
Ne chi turbo l'Arpie nel suo soggiorno,
Ne diè piu bel Subjetto. a Colte penne.
Et hor quella del colto, e buon LUGI
Tant' oltre stende il glorioso volo
Che j tuoi spalmati Legni andar men lunge.
Ond' a quelli, a cui S'alza il nostro polo,
Et a chi ferina incontra j suoi vestigi,
Per lui del corso tuo la fama aggiunge.

Vasco, whose bold and happy ships against
The Rising Sun (who fraights them home with day)
Display'd their wings, and back again advanc't
To where in Seas all Night be steepes his Ray:
Not more then Thou on rugged Billows felt,
He that bor'd out the Eye of POLYPHEME;
Nor He that spoyl'd the HARPIES where they dwelt,
Afforded Learned Pens a fairer Theam.
And this of Learn'd and honest CAMOENS
So far beyond now takes it's glorious flight,
That thy breath'd Sails went a less Journey, Whence
To Those on whom the Northern Pole shines bright,
And Those who set their feet to ours, The boast
Of thy Long Voyage Travails at his Cost.

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THE
L V S I A D
O F
Lewis Camoens.

First Canto.

STANZA. I.



Rmes, and the Men above the vulgar File,
Who from the Western Lusitanian shore
Past ev'n beyond the Trapobanian-Isle,
Through Seas which never Ship had sayld before ;
Who (brave in action, patient in long Toyle,
Beyond what strength of humane nature bore.)
'Mongst Nations, under other Stars, acquir'd
A modern Scepter which to Heaven aspir'd.

2.

Likewise those Kings of glorious memory,
Who sow'd and propagated where they past
The Faith with the new Empire (making dry
The Breasts of ASIA, and laying waste
Black AFFRICK's vicious Glebe ; And Those who by
Their deeds at home left not their names defac't,
My Song shall spread where ever there are Men,
If Wit and Art will so much guide my Pen.

B

Ceafe

3.

Cease man of T R O Y , and cease thou Sage of G R E E C E ,
 To boast the Navigations great ye made ;
 Let the high Fame of A L E X A N D E R cease ,
 And T R A I A N ' S Banners in the E A S T display'd :
 For to a Man recorded in this P e e c e
 N E P T U N E his Trident yielded , M A R S his B l a d e .
 Cease A l l , whose Actions ancient Bards exprest :
 A brighter Valour rises in the W e s t .

4.

And you (my T A G U S ' s N y m p h s) since ye did raise
 My Wit t'a more then ordinary flame ;
 If I in low , yet t a n e f u l Verse , the praise
 Of your sweet River always did proclaim :
 Inspire me now with high and thund'ring lays ;
 Give me them clear and flowing like his stream :
 That to your Waters P H E B U S may ordaine
 They do not envy those of H Y P P O C R E N E .

5.

Give me a mighty Fury , Nor rude Reeds
 Or rustick Bag-Pipes sound , But such as War's
 Lowd Instrument (the noble Trumpet) breeds ,
 Which fires the Breast , and stirs the blood to jars .
 Give me a Poem equal to the deeds
 Of your brave Servitors (Rivals of M A R S)
 That I may sing them through the U N I V E R S E ,
 If , whom That held not , can be held in Verse .

6.

And you , a present Pawn to P O R T U G A L E
 Of the old L u s i t a n i a n - L i b e r t i e ;
 Nor the less certain Hope t'extend the Pale
 One day , of narrow C H R I S T I A N I T I E :
 New T e r r o r of the moorish Arsenale :
 The foretold Wonder of our Centurie :
 Giv'n to the World by G o d , the World to win ,
 To give to G o d much of the World agin .

7.

You , fair and tender B l o s s o m of that Tree
 Belov'd by H i m , who dy'd on One for M a n ,
 More then whatever Western M a i e s t i e
 Is styl'd M o s t C H R I S T I A N , or C E S A R E A N .
 Behold it in your S h i e l d ! where you may see
 O R I Q U E ' S Battaille , which A L P H O N S O wan ,
 In which C H R I S T gave for Arms , for you tembois ,
 The same which He himself bore on the Crofs .

8.

You (pow'rful King), whose Empire vast the Sun
 Visits the first as soon as he is born,
 And eyes it when his Race is half-way run,
 And leaves it loath when his tyr'd Steeds adjourn.
 You, who we look should clap a yoak upon
 The bruitish ISHMAELITE, become your scorn ;
 On th' Eastern TURK, and GENTIL who still lies.
 Sucking the stream which water'd PARADISE.

9.

That Majestie which in this Brow appears
 (This tender one) suspend for a small time,
 Already such as in your perfect years
 When FAME's immortal Temple you shall climbe
 Those milder eys, with which you banish Feares,
 Bend to the ground : on which, by num'rous Ryme,
 You'll see in me a Passion overgrown,
 To make the Portugal-Atchievemenes known.

10.

You'll see a strange love to my Native-foyle,
 Not mov'd with Vile but high immortal Meed :
 For, to be compted is a Meed, not vile
 The Trumpet of the Nest where I was bred.
 By That, their names drawn great, and laid in oyl
 You'll see, of whom you are the Sov'reign Head :
 And judge, which is the greater Honour Then
 To be King of the World, or of such Men.

11.

Hear me, I say, for not for Actions vaine,
 Fastaflick, Fabulous, shall you behold
 Yours prais'd, though forraigne Muses (to obtaine
 Name to themselves) have ev'n feign'd names extold.
 Your Subjects true Acts are so great, they staine
 And credit all the Lyes of others told.
 Stern RHODOMONT, that puffe ROGERO too,
 And MAD ORLANDO, grant their deeds were true

12.

For These, I give you a fierce NUNNIO
 Who King and Country propt, almost alone.
 An EGAS, a DON FUAS, whose worths to show
 I wish my Voice could reach great HOMER'S tone.
 For the twelve Peers, I other twelve bestow
 That past to ENGLAND, and MAGRIZZO one.
 Th'illustrious GANIA in the Reare I name,
 Who rob'd the wandring Trojan of his Fame.

13.

Then (if to Match with C H A R L S T H E G R E A T of F R A N C E,
 Or one you seek to rival C A S A R S name)
 The first A L P H O N S O see, who with his *Lance*
 Eclipses whatsoe're *outlandish* Fame !
 And *Him*, who by successful Valiance
 Rescu'd and snatched his *Realm* from *civil Flame* !
 The second J O H N, unconquer'd by the sword !
 The Fourth and Fifth A L P H O N S O, and the Third !

14.

Nor shall my Verses in Oblivion leave
 Those C H I E F S, who, in the *Kingdoms* of the *Morn*,
 Their name in *Armes* unto the *starres* did heave,
 By whom your ever-conqu'ring *Flag* was born :
 Matchless P A C H E C O : Two A L M E Y D A S brave,
 Whom weeping T A G U S will for ever mourn :
 Terrible A L B U R Q U E R Q U E : C A S T R O bold :
 And more, whom *death* had not the pow'r to hold.

15.

And whilst I *These* do sing, and dare not *you*,
 Great *King* (for I aspire not to that height)
 Take *you* your *Kingdomes* reynes your Hand into,
 And furnish matter for a loftier flight,
 Whilst your new *worth* may meet a *Vein* as new.
 Your num'rous *Fleets*, and *Armies* pond'rous weight,
 Let the *World* groan with, and their *terrour* seize
 The A F F R I C K - *Land's*, and O R I E N T A L - *Seas*.

16.

on you with fixed eys looks the cold M O O R E,
 In *whom* he reads his ruine prophecy'd :
 The barb'rous G E N T I L E (viewing *you*) is sure
 You'l yoak his neck, and bows it to be ty'de.
 The silver T H E T Y S offers you in dow're
 All her *blew Realm*, and doth the same provide.
 Took with your *Face* (where *love* is mixt with *Awe*)
 She seeks to buy you for her *Son-in-Law*.

17.

In you, out of their Blissful Bow'r's *Above*
 Your Grandfires souls (both famous in their way,
 The one in golden *peace*, which *Angels* love,
 T'other in bloody *War*) themselves survay.
In you they hope their *glories* shall improve,
 Their *Vertues* be recoynd with les *Allay* :
 And wide they sit, to keep for *you* a roome
 In *Heav'n's* eternal *Temple* 'gainst you come.

But

18.

But now, because your time creeps slowly an
To rule your People, who much wish it so;
Play with the new Attempt of a bold man,
That up with *you* this Infant-muse may grow;
And you shall spye ploughing the Ocean
Your ARGONAUTS, that they may also know
You see them tost upon the angry Brine:
And use your self to be invok'd betime.

19.

They now went sayling in the OCEAN vast,
Parting the snarling Waves with crooked Bills:
The whispring Zephyre breath'd a gentle Blast,
Which stealingly the spreading CANVAS fills:
With a white foam the Seas were overcast,
The dancing Vessels cutting with their Keels
The Waters of the Consecrated DEEP,
Where PROTHEUS's Flocks their Rendezvous keep.

20.

When in the HEAV'N OF HEAV'NS the Deities,
That have of humane things the Government,
Convene in glorious COUNCIL, to advise
On future matters of the ORIENT.
Treading in Clusters the Diaphane skyes
Thorough the Milky way their course they bent,
Assembled at the THUNDERER'S command
By Him That bears the Caduceian Wand.

21.

They leave the patronage of the Seav'n spheres
Which by the HIGHEST POWR to them was giv'n:
The HIGHEST POWR, who with an eye-brow steers
The Earth, the raging Ocean, and the Heav'n.
There, in a moment, every one appears;
Those, where BOOTES's waine is slowly driv'n;
Those, who inhabit South, and where the Sun
Is born, and where his golden Race is done.

22.

With an austere and high Majestick grace
Upon a Chrystal Throne, with stars imbold,
Sublime THE FATHER late (worthy that place)
By whom the Bolts, dire VULCAN forg'd, are tost.
An Oderiferous Ayre blew from his face,
Able to breathe new life in a pale Ghost:
A Scepter in his Hand, and his Head crown'd
With one stone, brighter then a Diamond.

On

23.

On glitt'ring chairs (imbroyd'red richly o're
 With infinite of *Pearles* and finest *Gould*)
 The other *Deities* were placed low'r,
As Reason and the Herald *order* would:
 The *Seniours* first, to honor them the more,
 And after *them* those who were not so ould:

When thus the most high J O V E the silence brake,
 With such a voice as made O L Y M P U S shake.

24

Eternal dwellers of the *Tow'r divine*,
 And *Impirean-Hall* with *starred Vault* ;
 If the much *Virtue* of the valiant *Line*,
 Of *Lusus* be not worn out of your *Thought* ;
 You needs must know what the *great F A T E S* design
 To crown the former Wonders *Those* have wrought,
 That they shall darken with their *evening-Glory*
Th' Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman story.

25.

Your selves were witnesses, with what a poor
 And naked Army it was giv'n to *Them*
 To take from the well-fixt, and num'rous *Moor*
 All that sweet *Tagus* waters with his stream.
 Then 'gainst the stout *Castillian-Warrour*
 Heav'n still beheld them with a fav'ring beam:
 And still in fine with glory and Renown
 The *hanging Trophies* did their *Churches* crown.

26.

I speak not (*Gods*) of that more ancient name
 Which with the *Queen of Nations* they did get
 When (led by *VIRIATUS*) so great fame
 They wan, whilst They and *hostile ROME* were met:
 I pass their other *Clash* with that proud *Dame*
 (Which 'tis impossible you should forget)
 When a *Bandito* did their *Truncheon* bear,
 Who feign'd himself *inspir'd* by a tame *Deare*:

27.

See now, how by trusting to uncertain Waves
 In a fraile Barke, through ways untrod before
 (Fearless of horrid *Boreas*, and the Braves
 Of the fierce *Southern wind*) they throw at more!
 How (having yoak't before that *Sea* which laves
A F F R I C K's *North-side*, and yoakt her *Southern-shore*)
 They bend their purpose and their forces turn
 To win the *Cradle* of the budding *MORN*.

28.

To *Them* is promis'd by eternal FATE
 (Whose high decrees no Power can ere revoke)
 To be perpetual *Porters* of that Gate
 Through which the Sun first guides his silver spoke.
 They've spent at Sea the bitter-Winter's date;
 The men are harast, and with Travail broke.
 'Tis now high time (as it appears to me)
 To shew them that new Land where they would be.

29.

And therefore, since they have (as you have seen)
 So many dangers in this Voyage past;
 Tost through so many Seas and Clymates been;
 Of so sharp adverse Winds felt many a Blast;
 I purpose now they shall as friends be in
 The AFFRICK-Land refresh't with some Repast;
 And, having victual'd there their wearied Fleet,
 Proceed in their long course as it is meet.

30.

Thus JOVE: when in their course of Parliament
 The Gods reply'd in order as they Sate,
 And to and fro by way of Argument
 Upon the matter calmly did debate.
 Then FATHER BACCHUS stiffly did dissent
 From what great JOVE propos'd; As knowing, that
 His Fam'ith' EASt must suffer an eclipse
 Should there arive the *Insitanian-ships*.

31.

He of the FATES had understood, from SPAIN
 How that a warlike People was to come
 Thorough the middle of the OCEAN,
 Which all the Indian-Coast should overcome;
 And which, with modern Victories, should stain
 All old ones, whether forraign, or their own.
 It griev'd him sore, thofe Actions should be drown'd
 Which still in NYSSA made his name resound.

32.

He looks on INDIA as his old Acquest,
 From whom nor Time, nor deeds by others don,
 Had rob'd the stile of CONQUOUR OF THE EAST,
 By All That taste the streams of Helicon.
 But now he fears that Glorie's neer it's West,
 In the black Water of oblivion

To set, should their desired Port obtain

The valiant POTTINGAZZS That Plough the Main.

Faire

33.

Fair VENUS holds up the contrary Theam
 Affected to the *Lusitanian-Nation*,
 For the much likeness she observ'd in Them
 To her old ROME, for which she had such passion,
 In their great hearts, in the propitious beam
 Of their to-AFRICK-fatal constellation,
 And in the charming musick of their Tongue,
 Which she thinks *Latine* with small dress among.

34.

These things did CYTHEREA move: But more
 Because from FATE of truth she heard it sed
 That at those LANDS her Altars should adore
 Where this Victorious People should be spred.
 So one, to keep what was his own before,
 T'other, to gain new honors to her head,
 Contest and stickle for their sever'al ends,
 And Both are backt and favour'd by their Frends.

35.

As when the fierce South-wind, and fiercer North,
 Have got into the thickest of a WOOD,
 Breaking the Boughs to force a passage forth
 Through matted shades, impetuous and wood;
 The Air that yells, and all the mountain roar'th,
 The Leaves are scattered, and the strong Rocks mov'd:
 Such was the tumult which amongst the GODS
 Was raised then in the Supream Aboads.

36.

But MARS, who, with more cordialnes did take
 Then any of the rest, the GODDESS's part;
 Whether it were for old Affection-sake,
 Or for this valiant People's own desart
 (His look confess him vext before he spake)
 Amongst the GODS upon his feet did start.
 His heavy Target, at his shoulder hung,
 (Displeas'd, and dreadful) he behind him flung.

37:

Lifting a little up his Helmet-sight
 (Twas Adamant) with confidence enough
 To give his Vote himself he placed right
 Before the Throne of JOVE, arm'd, valiant, tough:
 And (giving with the butt end of his Pyke
 A great thump on the floor of purest stufte).
 The Heav'ns did tremble, and APOLLO's light
 It went, and came, like colour in a fright.

And

38.

And thus he said; O Sire, whose will (whate're)
 All which thou hast created must obey:
 If These, who seek another Hemisphere,
 Thou wouldest not have to perish in the way,
 Whose deeds and Valour once thou heldst so deare,
 And did'st of old ordain what they assay:

Then hear no more (since thou'rt a Judge upright)
 Reasons, from one who sees by a false light.

39.

For if sound Reason did not plainly show
 It self here vanquisht by excess of Feare,
 'Twere properr Bacchus should his pains bestow
 For Lusus's Race, who was his Minion deare.
 But let this spleen of his at present goe;
 "Tis an ill stomach rising at good cheare:
 "And envy never found the way in fine
 "To do Man right, or what the God's designe.

40.

And Thou (the Father of great Constancy)
 From the determination thou hast tooke
 Recoyle not. "It is imbecility
 "When once a Thing's begun, then back to looke.
 But since in speed the winged Mercury
 Outstrips the Winds, a Shaft, the swiftest Brooke.
 Let Him now shew them to some Country, where
 They may refresh, and news of INDIA heare.

41.

The pow'rful Father having said the same,
 Gave with a nod the SOVERAIGN Assent
 To that which MARS said here with greater flame,
 And over ALL his holy Nectar sprent.
 Streight through the milky way, by which they came,
 The GODS to their respective Stations went,
 Making a low obeysance to the Throne
 As they past by in Order one by one.

42.

Whilst this in the HIGH-COURT is passing now
 And beautiful OF HEAV'N Omnipotent;
 The warlike People the salt Ocean plough
 Leaving the South, and face the Orient,
 'Twixt MADAGASCAR'S Isle, where all things flow,
 And ETHIOPIA's barren Continent.
 'Twas in that month, when SOL the Fishes fryes
 To which fear'd BRONTE sturn'd two DEITIES.

43

So pleasantly they went before a Wind
 As those That now had got the *Heav'n* to frend.
 Serene the Ayre was, and the Weather kind :
 No Cloud, nor ought that danger might portend.
 The PROMONTORY PRASSUS left behind,
 Which antient ETHIOPIA doth defend,
 NEPTUNE disclos'd new Isles which he did play
 About, and with his billows danc't the Hay.

44:

VASCO DE GAMA (a most valiant Guide,
 Born and pickt out for that great Enterprise,
 Of a high Soul, and strongly fortify'd,
 Who FORTUNE to him by his Boldness tyes)
 Stands off, to leave this Land upon one side,
 Thinking, that uninhabited it lies ;
 And on his course determines to proceed :
 But otherwise the matter did succeed.

45.

For streight, out of that Isle which seem'd most neer
 Unto the Continent, Behold a number
 Of little Boats in companie appeer,
 Which (clapping all wings on) the long Sea sunder !
 The men are rapt with joy, and; with the meer
 Excess of it, can onely look, and wonder.

What Nation's this (within themselves they say) ?
What Rites ? what Laws ? what King do they obey ?

46.

Their coming, thus : in Boats, with finns, nor flat,
 But apt t'o're-set (as being pincht and long)
 And then they'd swim like Rats. The Sayles, of Mat
 Made of Palm-leaves, wove curiously and strong.
 The Mens Complexion, the self-same with that
 HEB gave the Earth's burnt parts (from Heaven flung),
 Who was more brave, then wise ; That this is True
 The Po doth know, and LAMPETUS agree.

47

The Cloaths, they came in, were a Cotton-Plad
 With divers Colours strip'd, and white the ground ;
 Which some cast queintly under one arm, had ;
 others, about their Middles streatly bound ;
 All else from the waste up remain'd unclad :
 Their weapons, Skeyns, and crooked Faulchions : Round
 Terbants upon their heads ; and, as they row'd,
 Resounded Timbrels in an antick Mode.

Waving

48.

Waving their hands and kerchers, *These* made signe
 To those of Lusitania to stay :
 But the swift *Prows* already did incline
 To come to Anchor in the *Island's Bay*.
Land-men, and *Sea-men* in this work *All* joyne,
 As all their labours should have end that day.
 They haule the Roapes ; *strike, strike*, the crew resounds :
 The salt Sea (stricken with the Anchor) bounds.

49.

They were not Anchor'd , when the uncouth Folke
 Already by the Cordage did ascend.
 Their jovial countenances *wellcome* spoke,
 To whom the Lordly *Chief* did (courteous) bend.
 Bids streight the Boards be spread , the Bottles smoke,
 With that rich juice which is the *Poet's* frend.
ours pow'r it into Bowles , and All *They* fill
 The burnt by P H A E T H O N spare not to swill.

50.

They ask (and still the cheerie Bowle goes round)
 In the *Arabick-language*, W H E N C E T H E F L E E T ?
 Who , and of whence , the men ; and W H I T H E R B O U N D ,
 And through what Seas It came where now they see't ?
 Hereto the valiant LUSITANIANS found
 Such answers as were proper , and discreet :

We are the P O R T U G H E S E S of the W E S T ,
 We go to seek the Countreys of the E A s t .

51.

All the great O C E A N have we sail'd , and crost ,
 To the *Antartick* from the *Artick Strand*
 Gone all the Round of A F F R I C K 's spacious Coast ;
 We have felt many a *Clyme* , seen many a *Land* .
 We serve a potent King , who hath ingrost
 His *Peoples* loves so , that , at his command ,
 With cheerful faces , not vast Seas alone ,
 But we would pass the Lake of A C H B R O N .

52.

And 'tis by *that* comand we travel now
 To seek the *Eastern Land* which I N D I E S laves :
 By *that* this distant Ocean-sea we plough ,
 Where none but Monsters fayl'd the horrid Waves .
 But now 'tis reason , We should likewise know
 (If *Truth* have found a Harbour in your Caves)
 Who you are ? what this *Land* in which you dwell ?
 Or , if of I N D I A you can Tydings tell ?

53.

We are (one of the Isle replying said)
 Strangers unto this People, Law, and Place;
 The Natives being such, as Heav'n hath made
 Without the light of Reason, or of Grace.
 We have a Law of TRUTH, which was convey'd
 To us from that New-light of ABRAM'S Race,
 Who houlds the World now in subjection due,
 By Father, GENTILE; and, by Mother, JEW.

54.

This little Isle (a barren healthless Nook)
 Of all these Parts is the most noted Scale
 For such as at QUILOA's Traffick look,
 Or to MOMBASSA, and SOFALA, sayle.
 Which makes Us here some inconvenience brook,
 To gather, for a mortal life, and frayle:
 And (to inform you in one word of All)
 This little Isle Men MOZAMBIQUE call.

55.

And now (since you come seeking through long toyle
 INDIAN-HYDASPEs, and the Spicy Strand)
 You shall have such a Pilot from this Isle,
 As through the waves the way doth understand.
 'Twere also good, you here repos'd a while,
 And took in fresh provisions from the Land;
 And that our Goverour did come Aboard,
 To see what else may need for Him t'afford.

56.

This the Barbarian, and retreated then
 Into his Boates with all his companie,
 Departing from the Captaine, and his Men,
 With demonstrations of due Courtefie.
 Mean time APOLLO in the Sea did pen
 The golden day, and down to sleep doth lye
 Leaving his Sister so much Torch to burn
 As may suffice the World till he return.

57.

With unexpected joy their hearts on floate,
 Blithely they pass the Night in the tyr'd Fleet;
 To think that in a Country so remote
 The news so long desired they should meet.
 Within themselves they ruminante, and noate
 The mens odd fashion, and admire to see't,
 Or how a People of their damned way
 Could take such root, and bear so vast a sway.

58.

The silver *Moon's* reverberated Ray
 Trembled upon the *Chrystral Element* ;
 Like *Flow'rs* in a great *Meade*, at middle *May*,
 The *stars* were in the azure *Firmament*.
 The furious *Winds* all husht and sleeping lay
 In drowsy *Hyperborean Caves* dark-pent
 Yet those of the *Armada* do not sleep,
 But in their turns accustom'd watches keep.

59.

And when *AURORA* left her Spicy Bed,
 Shaking her dewy locks the Earth upon ;
 And drawing, with a lilly-hand, the red
 Transparent Curtains of the waking *Sun*,
 To work go *All*; over the Decks to spred
 The shadowing *Sailes*, and all their Streamers d'on,
 To entertain with feasting and with joy
 (Advancing in his Barge) the *Isle's VICE-ROY*.

60.

Merrily sayling he advanc't, to see
 The *Lusitanian-Frigates* in the Road,
 With fresh provisions from the Land: For *Hee*
 Still hopes, they are of that inhumane Brood,
 Which, from their *mountains* neir the *CASPIAN SEA*,
 The fruitful *Lands* of *ASIA* overflow'd ;
 And, by permission of the *Pow'r DIVINE*,
 Usurpt the *Empire* of *GREAT CONSTANTINE*.

61:

The *Captaine*, with a meen benevolent,
 Receives the *Moore*, and all his company.
 Things of great price he doth to *Him* present,
 For such Occasions carryed purposely :
 Gives him *Preserves*, and gives him of that queint
 Unusual liquor which gives jollity.

The *Moore* receives it *all* in courteous part,
 But what he *Eats* and *Drinks* most glads his heart.

62.

The nimble *Lusitanian* Mariners
 Upon the shrowds in admiration hung,
 To see a *mode* so different from theirs,
 And barb'rous gibbriish of that *broken Tongue*.
 No les confus'd the subtle *Moore* appears,
 Eying their colour, habit, and ships strong.
 Then, asking all things; This, amongst the rest,
 If happily they came from *TURKE*, prest.

Moreover,

63.

Moreover, to behold desireth Hee
 The Books of their Religion, Law, and Faith :
 To see, if with his own the same agree
 Or that of C H R I S T (as he suspects) he faith.
 And (that he All may note, and All may see)
 He prays the Captain, shew him what he hath
 Of Armes, which by his Nation used are
 When with their Enemies they go to War.

64.

To whom the valiant Captaine made reply
 By one well verfed in that Bastard-Tongue :
 Illustrious Lord, I shall to thee descry
 My Self, my Faith, and th' Armes I bring along.
 Neither of Turkish-blood nor breed, am I ;
 Nor of a Countrey that delights in wrong.
 In fair and warlike E U R O P E was I born,
 I seek the famous Kingdoms of the M o r n .

65.

We worship H I M , who is by every Nature,
 (Invisible, and visible) obey'd,
 H I M , who the Hemispheres, and every Creature,
 (Insensible, and sensible) hath made :
 Who gave Us his, and took on Him our feature :
 Whom to a shameful death his own betray'd :
 And who from H E A V ' N to Earth came down in fine,
 That Man, by H I M from Earth to H E A V ' N might climbe.

66.

Of this G o d - M a n sublime, and infinit,
 The Books which thou desir'st I have not brought,
 For that in Books we need not bring that Writ,
 Which (written in our Hearts) we have by rote.
 For th' Arms, whereof thou hast desir'd to git
 A fight, with all my heart I do allow't,
 To see them as a Friend, For well I know,
 Thou ne're wilt wish to see them as a Foe.

67.

This having said, the ready-Officers
 He doth command to shew the Magazeen.
 Out come the Backs, and Breasts, glitt'ring and terse ;
 Fine Mayles, safe Coats, with quilted plates between ;
 Bucklers, where various Imagerie appeares ;
 Ball, Lead, and Iron, Muskets of Steel sheen ;
 Strong Bows, and Quivers with barbd Arrows wedg'd ;
 Sharp Partefans, and Halberts double edg'd.

The

68.

The morter-pieces come ; and with them came
 (Confounding where they light) Gransdoes dire ;
 Yet would he not permit the sons of Flame
 Unto the dreadful Cannon to give fire.
 For valiant spirits (which are still the same
 With generous) to boast their utmost ire,
 To few, and timid soules, cannot endure
 "To be a Lyon among sheep, 'tis poor.

69.

But now the M o o r e from what he heard and view'd,
 (All which he did observe attentively)
 Conceiv'd within his Breast a certain feud,
 A root of Envy, and Malignity ;
 Yet no such thing his outward gestures shew'd :
 But, with a smiling hollow Courtesie,
 He with himself resolves to treat them faire,
 Till he his purpose may by deeds declare.

70.

Pilots the Captain at his hands doth pray,
 His Ships as far as I N D I A to guide :
 Assuring him they shall with ample pay
 For all their pains therein be satisfy'd.
 The M o o r e consents ; but still the poysen lay
 Close, where it was, invenoming his side :
 For, had he pow'r of blasting with his breath,
 Instead of Pilots, he would give him death.

71.

So great the hate was, and so great the spight,
 Which to the strangers sudainly he took ;
 Knowing they follow that unerring light,
 The S O N O F D A V I D holds out in his Book.
 "O the deep secrets of that I N F I N I T E
 "Into the which no mortal eye can look !
 "That They, whom T h o u to be thy friends hast chose
 "Should never be without perfidious Foes.

72.

The trech'rous M o o r e , when he his fill had seen,
 Departeth from the Frigates with his Crew
 (As false in heart, as flatt'ring in his meen)
 And feign'd Regards on all the Sea-men threw.
 Through the short Traverse of the humid Green
 The Boats had quickly cut, when, welcom'd to
 The shore, and met by an obsequious Train,
 To his known House they wait him back again.

The

73.

The famous TH E B B A N from th' *athereal Hall*
 (He, in his Thigh, whom J O V E his Father bore)
 Seeing this meeting with the P O R T I N G A L L
 Is an abomination to the M O R E ;
 Hath in his Brain a *Stratagem*, which shall
 (He hopes) destroy him quite upon that score.
 Now whilst this plot is forging in his head,
 Unto himself these angry words he sed ;

74.

Is it already then by F A T E ordain'd,
 That so great *Victories*, and so renown'd,
 Shall by the men of P O R T U G A L be gain'd
 On *warlike* People, and on *Indian* Ground ?
 And I (son of the H I G H E S T, unprofan'd
 With *carnal* mixture, and in whom are found
 Such rare *Indowments*) must I suffer F A T E
 To a meer man *my* honors to translate ?

75.

Unto the son of P H I L I P it is true
 Such pow're the G O D S did in those parts afford,
 'Twas one with *Him*, to See, and to *subdue*,
 And M A R S himself did homage to his *Sword*.
 But can it beindur'd, that to so Few
 F A T E such stupendious puissance should accord,
 That *that* of M A C E D O N , of R O M E , and M I N E ,
 The L u s i t a n i a n G L O R Y should *out-shine* ?

76.

It must not, nor it shall not. For before
 This *Swabber* shall arrive the wished Land,
 I'l spin him such a Webb on yonder shore,
 That he shall never see the *Eastern*-strand.
 I'l down to *Earth*, and spur th'inraged M O R E :
 " The Iron coolcs that suffer'd is to stand.
 " And who so means a busines sure to make,
 " He by the foretop must occasion take.

77.

Thus saying (vext, and little less then mad)
 Upon the *Affrick*-shore he did descend,
 Where, in a humane shape and visage clad,
 To neighb'ring P R A S S U S the his course doth bend.
 The shape he took on him (thereby his bad
 And false *designe* the better to commend)

Was of a M O O R E in M O Z A M B I Q U E known,
 Old, wise, and with the G O V E R N O U R all one.

And

78.

And (entering to his *Patron* when he spy'de
 The fittest season to infuse his guile)
 He tells him ; *These*, who in the Harbour ride,
 Are men That live by robberie and spoyle :
 That *Fame*, from *Nations* rang'd on the Sea side,
 With *hue and crye* pursu'd them to their *Isle*,
 Of whom these *Vagabonds* a *Bootie* made
 When they had anchor'd with pretence of *Trade*.

79.

Moreover I would have thee know (quoth Hee)
 These bloody **C H R I S T I A N S** (as I understand)
 With *Flames* and *Pyracies* have fill'd the *Sea*,
 As well as with their *Robberies* the *Land* ;
 And that they have it in designe, how *Wee*
 May be reduc't too to their proud command :
 How they may rob *us* of our *goods*, and *lives*,
 And take for *Slaves* our *children*, and our *Wives*.

80.

And *this I know*, to morrow by day-breake
 To come on shore for water they intend,
Arm'd, with their *Captaine* : Can Men plainer speake ?
 "They mischief mean, to feare it, who pretend.
Thou, arm'd with *thine*, the same advantage take ;
 Them in close *ambush* quietly attend :
 Who, thinking to catch thee at unawares,
 Will come with ease to fall into thy snares.

81.

And, shold it so fall out, that by this feat
 They shold not wholly be destroy'd, and slain ;
 Another *Plot* (the which will give thee great
 Content, I'm sure) I have within this Brain.
 Send them a *Pilot*, skill'd so in deceit,
 And how to lay an undiscerned Train,
 That he may lead them blinded, where they may
 Be kill'd, wreckt, sever'd, or quite lose their way.

82.

This said by *Him*, who plaid so well the **M O O R E**
 Whom *years* and *Fraud* made wise to obviate Harmes ;
 Thanking him much for his advice mature,
 About his Neck the **Z B Q U E** throws his armes.
 And from that instant bids his *Bands* be sure
 To be all ready for the *Morn's Allarmes*.
 That so, when land the **L U S I T A N I A N** shou'd,
 He may convert their *water* into *blood*.

82.

Farther (t'effect that other false device)
A Moorish Pilot he did ready git,
 Subtle, dissembling, and in mischief wise,
 To whom so great a Trust he might commit.
Him, through such *Seas*, where such and such *Coast* lies,
 He bids to guide the *Lusitanian Fleet*,
 That, should the danger in one place be past,
 It may be sure to perish at the last.

84

Now visited th' *Apollinean Ray*.
 The *Nabathēan* mountains with a smile,
 When *G A M A* with his *men* themselves aray
 To go and fetch *fresh-water* from the *Isle*.
 Plac't with good order in the Boates are They,
 As he had known of the intended guile ;
 And in a sort he did so : " For the *Wife*
 " Have a divining soul that never lies.

85.

Moreover for the *Pilot* he had sent
 To land before, in need whereof he stood ;
 To which the sound of *Warlike Instrument*
 Was all the answ're he had understood.
 For this, As likewise, to be confident
 Of a false *Nation* being never good,
 He went as well provided as he could
 With no more people then three Boats could hold.

86.

But the keen *Moores* (pickeering on the Strand
 To keep them from the Fountain's thirsted draught,
 With Buckler on one *Arm*, and dart in *hand*,
 Another with bent *Bow*, and poysn'd *Shaft*)
 Stay for the valiant *PORTINGALLS* to land,
 In secret Ambush others hid with craft :
 And send (to make them think the business sure)
 A small *Forlorn*, as *Faulkners* throw their *Lure*.

87.

On the white Beaches the black *Warriours* prance,
 Waving and vap'ring all the *Levell o're* ;
 And with heav'd *Target*, and with threat'ned *Lance*,
 Dare the bold *PORTINGALLS* to come on shore.
 The noble people have not patience
 To see the *doggs* grin at them any more.
 But spring in *Covey*, with such equal hast
 One could not say which landed first, or last.

88.

So a brisk *Lover* in the bloody **P L A C E**
 (His beauteous Mistress by in a *Balcon*)
 Seeks out the *Bull*, and (planted face to face)
 Curvets, runs, whistles, waves, and toles him on ;
 But the stern *Braize*, ev'n in a moment's space
 (His horned Brow low'd to the Earth) doth run
 Bellowing about like mad ; and (his eys shut)
 Dismounts, strikes, kills, and tramples underfoot.

89.

Loe, from the *ships* the *Flames* out of the hard
 And furious *Cannon* roll'd, to Heaven rise !
 The *Bullets* murther, whom the *Sound* but scar'd :
 The hissing Aire, struck, bandies back the noise.
 The *Moor*'s hearts melt in them, they are so fear'd ;
 And the same passion chills their blood to Ice.
 Now *He*, That lay in hidden ambush, flies :
 And *He*, That ventur'd the Incounter, dyes.

90.

The *Lusitanian* People rest not here :
 But, following their success, destroy and slay.
 The *Wall-less-Town*, and *timber-Houses* there,
 They waste with fire, and flat with *Cannon* lay.
 His *sally* now the *Moor* repents full deer,
 For which he thought a cheaper price to pay.
 Now he blasphemes the *War*, curses ill luck,
 Th'old *devil*, and the dam that gave him suck.

91.

The flying *Moor*'s their Javelins backward threw
 Faintly, through feare, and haste of their Retreat.
 The Flint, the Stake, the Stone *in folio* flew.
 "Anger makes all things weapons, when 'tis heat."
 Now, to the *Victor* leaving the *Isle* too,
 Unto the *Continent* they frightened get.
 The *Sea's* small Arm, that doth their *Isle* imbrace,
 They cut and traverse in a little space.

92.

Some leap with their best goods into the Boats ;
 Some with their natural Oars swim to the shore ;
 This sinks into the crooked waves, then floats ;
 That puffs the Sea out, he new drank before.
 The showred Bullets from the Cannon-Throats
 The bruitish peoples brittle *Vessels* tore.
 Thus did the *PORTINGALLS* in fine chastise
 The falsehood of malicious Enemies.

93.

To the *Armada* Victors they return
 With the rich spoils and booty of the War.
 Water they may have now to serve their turn
 At their own time without controle, or bar.
 The *M o o r s* (fresh smarting with their losses) burn
 With greater malice then before by far:

And, seeing so much unrevenged shame,
 Set their whole *Rest* upon the *After-game*.

94.

The *Gouvernor* of that infamous Land
 To sue for Peace (as if repenting) sent.
 Nor do the *Lusitanians* understand
 That, under shew of peace, worse war is meant :
 For the desired *Pilot* (underhand
 Instructed in his trecherous intent)

In token of the Peace which he did crave
 He sends to be their *Pilot* to the *Grave*.

95.

The *Captaine* (who already understood
 'Twas time to go his discontinued way,
 And that the weather and the wind are good
 To carry him for wished *I N D I A*)
 Receives the *Pilot* with a cheerful mood :
 And th' *Envoyé*, who did his answer stay,
 Dispatcht in haste (his minde is in the skye)
 To the large Wind lets all the *Canvas* flye.

96.

Departed in this wise, the azure Waters
 Of *A M P H I T R I T E* cuts the warlike Fleet,
 Attended by a Troop of *N E R U S*'s daughters
 (sweet Friends, and no les constant, then th'are sweet)
 The *Captain* (thought-less of those devilish matters
 Which in his Brain the subtle *M o o r* doth knit)
 Touching all *I N D I A*, and the Coasts they past,
 Informs himself by *Him* from first to last.

97.

But the *M o o r* well instructed in deceit
 (To whom his lesson spightful *B A C C H U S* gave)
 Prepares for Him, e're he to *I N D I A* get,
 New Ills, either of *T h r a l d o m*, or a *Grave*.
 Giving accomp't of *Indian* Harbours yet,
 He shews him All that ever he did crave ;
 That (judging Truth what he in that confess'd)
 The valiant People may not doubt the rest.

And

98.

And then he tells him (with the same intent
 With which false S Y N O N witcht the men of T R O Y)
 There is an Isle, not far from where they went,
 Which ancient C H R I S T I A N S from all times injoy.
 The Captain (who to all he told him lent
 Attentive Eare) at this so sprang with joy,
 That he conjur'd him with a golden spell
 To guide him speedy where those C H R I S T I A N S dwell.

99.

This very thing the trech'rous M O O R design'd
 Which the deluded C H R I S T I A N doth intreat,
 Those, who possest this Isle, being the blind
 Disciples of the filthy M A H O M E T.
 Here death, and certain Ruine, he shall finde
 (As he believes) for a far more strong and great,
 Then M O Z A M B I Q U E, is this Isle; by name
 Q u i l o a: frequent in the mouth of F a m e.

100.

To it the joyful Fleet he did incline.
 But Shee, whose Altars in C Y T H E R A steam,
 (Seeing him go astray from his right line,
 To meet a death of which he doth not dream)
 Permits not those in so remote a Clyme
 To perish, whom she doth so much esteem:
 And puts them, with contrary winds, besides
 The Place to which the trayt rous Pilot guides.

101.

Then the base M o o r, when he did plainly finde
 He could not work the Villany he meant;
 Spawning another mischief in his minde,
 And always constant to his black intent:
 Tells him, that, since the waves are so unkinde
 To put them by the Port to which they bent,
 There lies another Island hard before,
 Where mixed live the C H R I S T I A N, and the M O O R.

102.

Likewise in this the shameless Villain ly'de
 (As his Instructions were in fine to do)
 For not a Christian-Soul did there reside
 But All of M A H O M E T's detested Crew.
 The Captain (who in all believ'd his Guide)
 Made a short task to bring his ships thereto:
 But (his protecting Angel saying, nay)
 Past not the Bar, and anchors in the Bay.

This

103.

This Isle lay to the Continent so neer
 That a small Chanel onely ran between:
 In front thereof a City did appeer
 Upon the Margent of the OCEAN green:
 Fair and Majestical the Buildings were,
 At a far distance plainly to be seen:
 Rul'd by an aged King. MOMBASSA, all
 The Isle; the Town too they MOMBASSA call.

104.

And neer the same the Captain being come
 Is much rejoyc't: There looking to behold
 People, That had receiv'd their Christendome,
 As the false Pilot promis'd him he shoud.
 When loe, Boats coming from the King, with some
 Provisions to the ships! For He was tould
 Of such a Fleet by BACCHUS long before
 Taking the figure of another More.

105.

Such the Provisions were, as Friends send Friends,
 But there is poysion hidden in the Baite.
 Of Enemies their thoughts are and their ends,
 As will be too much manifested straight.
 "O the perpetual danger which attends
 "The lot of Mortals! O uncertain State!
 "That, where our trust seems to be anchor'd sure,
 "We are not safe, although we are secure.

106.

"By Sea; how many Storms, how many Harms,
 "Death in how many sev'ral fashions dreft!
 "By Land; how many Frauds, how many Allarms,
 "Under how many wants funk, and opprest!
 "Where may a fraile man hide him? in what Arms
 "May a short life injoy a little Rest?
 "Where Sea, and Land, where Guile, the Sword, and Dearth,
 "Will not all arm 'gainst the least worm o'th Earth?

End of the first Canto.

Second

Second Canto.

S T A N Z A . 1.

Now was the glorious *Guilder* of the *Pole*,
 Who into *hours* distinguishes the *D a y*,
 Come to his temp'rate and desired *Gole*,
 From *Mortals* hiding his *celestial Ray* ;
 And *G o d N o c t u r n u s* to descending *S o l*
 Of *T h e r y s's* private Chamber turn'd the *Kay* :
 When to the *ships* the *faithless People* row'd
 Which were new-anchor'd in *M o m b a s s a's* Road.

2.

Amongst them *one* (who had it in command
 To Sugar o're the *poyson*) thus began.
Undaunted Captain, That with *Keel* hast span'd
 The spaces of the briny *O c e a n* ;
 The noble *King* of this renowned *Land*
 At thy arrival is an o'rejoy'd Man :
 The sum and heighth of whose Ambition is,
 But to behold and serve thee with what's his.

3.

And, for he longs indeed thy Face to see,
 As *one's*, whose name *Fame* glories to repeat ;
 Within the *Barr*, without suspition, *Thee*
 With all thy *ships* to come; he doth intreat.
 Also, because thy Men must wearied bee
 Through so long *Toyle*, and so excessive great,
 He says, thou maist refresh them on the shore
 Which *humane Nature* doth delight in more.

4.

Moreover, if thou seek for *Merchandize*
 Produc't by the Auriferous *L e v a n t* ;
Cloves, *Cinnamon*, and other burning *Spyce* ;
 Or any good or salutiferous *Plant* ;
 Or, if thou seek bright *Stones* of endless price,
 The flaming *Ruby*, and hard *Adamant* :
 Hence thou may'st *All* in such abundance beare,
 That thou may'st bound thy *wish* and *Voyage* Here.

. The

5.

The *Captaine* by the Bearer did return
 His humble thanks unto the *King*, and said ;
 Because the Sun already did adjourn
 His Royal pleasure was not streight obayd :
 But at the first disclosing of the *Morn*,
 Whereby the *Anchors* might be safely weigh'd,
 With all assurance he would Enter, since
 He was oblig'd to more for such a *Prince*.

6.

He askshim afterward , if in the *Isle*
 Are *CHRISTIANS*, as the *Pilot* certify'de ;
 The subtle *Messenger*, (who finel't the *Wile*)
 Most of the *Isle* believe in *CHRIST*, reply'de.
 With this, all jealousie he did exile,
 And wise suggestion of the soul deuide
 In the strange *Captaine* ; Resting now secure,
 In a false *Nation*, and a *Sect* impure.

7.

Yet, out of such as (having been condemn'd
 For faults and horrid mischiefs done at home)
 Had their lives giv'n them onely to the end
 For desp'rate services with *Him* to come,
 Two of the prime and craftiest Heads, to send
 With the deceiptful *MOORES*, he pick't : By whom
 To spye the *Town*, and what their strength might be,
 And note those *CHRISTIANS*, whom he yearns to see.

8.

And *He* by *them* sent presents to the *King*,
 Through which the Friendship to himself pretended
 Might be soft, pure, and without wavering,
 Nothing of which was by the *King* intended.
 Now was the wicked and perfidious *Ging*.
 Gone from the ships, and through the waves contended.
 The two of the *Armada*, with a faign'd
 Alacrity , on shore were entertain'd.

9.

And when they had delivered to the *King*
 The *Presents*, with the *message*, which they brought,
 They walkt the *Town* : But no discovering
 The half of what to have observ'd they thought:
 For the suspitious *Moors*, not every thing
 Would shew to them, which They to see besought.
 "Where malice reigns, there Jealousie doth nest,
 "Which doth suppose it in Another's Brest.

But

10.

But *He*, who hath perpetual *Youth*, and *Mirth*
 In his plump *Cheeks*, ruddy with *blood* and *wine*,
 And from two *mothers* took his wond'rous birth ;
 Who for the *ships* spun all this snare so fine ;
 Disguis'd into a Creature of the *Earth*,
 Was in a House within the *City's line*,
 Feigning himself a man of *Christian* lore,
 And deckt an *Altar* where he did adore.

11.

On *It*, the picture of that *Shape* he plac't
 In which the *HOLY SPIRIT* did alight :
 The picture of the *Dove* (so white, so chaste)
 On the *BLESSED VIRGIN'S* head, so chaste, so white.
 The *SACRED TWELVE* late figur'd all aghast,
 More wondring at *themselves*, then at the *sight* ;
 As *Those*, who knew, what onely did inspire
 Their various *Tongues*, was those *false Tongues* O F FIRE.

12.

The two *Companions* (carried by design
 Where *BACCHUS* was in this deceitful guize)
 Their knees devoutly to the *Earth* incline,
 And raise their hearts to *Him* That's in the skyes.
 Gums of the oderiferous and divine
PANCHAYA; Gums, in which the *PHENIX* dyes,
LYEUS burpt: from whence it doth insue,
 That the *false God* came to adore the *true*.

13.

Here entertained and carest that night,
 With all good Treatment, and Reception fair,
 Were the two *Christians*: heedless of the flight
 By which with *holy* shew deceiv'd they were.
 But when the *Sun* displayd his glorious light
 (Having dispatcht before him through the Ayre
 Old *TYTHON'S* youthful Confort, to proclaim
 With Blushes to the world her *Gallant* came.)

14.

The *MOORS* return, who to the *City* went,
 With Orders from the *King* for entring There:
 With them, the Couple whom the *Captain* sent,
 To whom the *King* appear'd a Friend sincere.
 So that (assur'd there is no Evil meant
 To *PORTINGALLS*, which he should need to feare,
 And that *CHRIST* hath some *Sheep* amongst those *Wolves*)
 To enter the salt River he resolves.

15.

His own ENVOYES say, they saw on shore
 Religious Altars, and a holy Priest;
 That they were nobly treated, and did snore
 Till fair AURORA left her rosie nest,
 Nor ought but joy, and wellcome more, and more,
 By King, or People, could they see exprest:
 So that to doubt a thing so fair, and clear,
 No ground of reason did to them appear.

16.

Therefore the noble GAMA did receive
 With open arms the MOORS That came aboard :
 For wariest minds 'tis easie to deceive
 When words and deeds so seemingly accord.
 His Ship is cram'd with faithles folk, who leave
 The Boats which brought them, ty'de to't with long Cord.
 Blithe they are all, as Those that understand
 They have the Prey as sure as in their hand.

17.

Weapons, and Ammunition of the War,
 They have on Land prepared secretly ;
 That, when the Ships are anchor'd past the Bar,
 They may invade them, bold, and suddenly,
 And, by this treachery, resolv'd they are
 To ruine Those of Lusus totally,
 Making them (unexpected) to pay, so,
 The score which they in MOZAMBIQUE owe.

18.

Hoyfting the holding Anchors, the ships Men
 In the accustom'd Nauick clamour joyn'd.
 To thrid the Barr's Land-marke they bord it then,
 Giving the fore-sails onely to the Wind.
 But fair DIONE (never absent, when
 The gallant Folk need her in any kind)
 Seeing so neer so cruel a surprize,
 From HEAV'N to th'OCean like an Arrow flyes.

19.

She calls together NEREUS's snowy daughters,
 With all the azure Flock That haunts the deeps ;
 (For, being born from the salt-Sea, the Waters
 In her obedience as their Queen she keeps)
 And, telling them the Cause that thither brought her,
 With all in Squadrons to that part she sweeps
 Where the ships are, to warn them come, no nigh,
 Or they shall perish fundamentally.

Now

20.

Now through the *ocean* in great haste they flunder,
 Raising the white foam with their silver Tayles.
CLOTO with bosom breaks the waves in sunder,
 And, with more fury then of custom, sayles;
NISE runs up an end, **N**ERINE (younger)
 Leaps o're them, frizled with her touching Scales:
 The crooked *Billows* (yielding) make a lane
 For the feard **N Y M P H S** to post it through the *Maine*.

21.

Upon a **T**RITON's back, with kindled Face,
 The beauteous **E**RICYNA furious rode.
He, to whose fortune fell so great a grace,
 Feels not the Rider, proud of his fair load.
 Now were they almost come upon the place
 Where a stiff gale the *warlike Navy* blow'd.
 Here they devide, and in an instant cast
 Themselves about the *Ships* advancing fast.

22.

The *Goddess*, with a party of the rest,
 Lays her self plum against the *Am'ral's Prow*,
 Stopping her progres with such main contest
 That the swoln sayl the Wind in vain doth blow.
 To the hard Oak she rivets her soft Breft,
 Forcing the strong *ship* back again to go.
 Others (beleagu ring) lift it from the Wave,
 It from the *Bar* of *Enemies* to save.

23

As to their *Store-House* when the *Houswife Ants*,
 Carrying th'unequal Burthens plact with slighte balldes every side
 To their small shoulders (lest cold *Winter's* wants noone to help them)
 Surprize them helpeles) exercise their might;
This tugs, that shoves, one runs, another pants,
 Strength far above their size, they *All* unite:
 So toyl the *Nymphs*, to snatch and to defend
 The men of *Lusus* from a dismal end.

24.

The *ship* (inforced contre) goes back, back,
 In spight of those she carries, who with *Cries*
 Handle the Sayls. They fume, their wits they lack,
 From side to side the shifted *Rudder* flies.
 The skillful *Master* from the *Poop* doth crack
 His Lungs in vain, for in the Sea he spyes
 A horrid Rock just before the *ship*,
 Threatning a Wreck should the advance a step.

25.

Here the rude stoylers raise a Cry indeed,
As they are busie at their work. The MORE
This hideous clamour strikes with such a dread,
As when in horrid fight the Cannons roar.
From them the cause of all this fury's hid :
Nor whom t' approach know They, or what t'implore.
They think their treacherie is made appeer,
And that for it they must be punisht heer.

26.

Loe ! in the twinkling of an Eye some dart
Themselves into their speedy Boats agin :
Others betake them to their swimming Art,
Making the Sea leap up as they plump in.
They vault o're the ship-sides from ev'ry part,
So mainly are they frighted with the dyn :
Advent'ring rather to the OCEAN, so,
Then to the hands of a provoked FO.

27.

As Froggs (in ancient Ages Lycian-Folkes,
Confin'd to live in Water, they denyde)
If, basking heedless on the Banks, or Rocks,
Some Person on the suddain they have spy'de,
Skip back again, and fill the Pond with croakes,
Flying the danger which they have desyde,
And (scaping to their Sanctuary known)
Shew above Water their black heads alone.

28.

So fly the MOORS. And so the PILOT (who
To this great peril had misled the SHIPS),
Thinking his Treason was discovered too,
Into the briny water, flying, skips,
But that fixt Rock to scape and to excue,
Which the sweet life might drive out of their lipps,
The Admiral threw streight an anchor out,
And close to her the others likewise do't.

29.

Th'observing GAMM, seeing the great fright
And unexpected of the MOORS, withal
The PILOT's suddain and accusing flight,
Found what the brittish Folke hacht in their gallibot
And seeing, how in spight of wind, in spight
Of Tyde (both with him) and in spight of all
Their Art, the Ship would not advance a head
(Holding it for a miracle) thus fed,

30.

O great, undreamt of, strange deliverance !
 O Miracle most clear and evident !
 O fraud discover'd by blind Ignorance !
 O faithless Foes, and Men devilishly bent !
 "What Care, what Wisdom, is of suffisance
 "The stroake of Secret mischief to prevent,
 "Unless the SOV'RAIGN GUARDIAN from on high
 "Supply the strength of frail Humanity ?

31.

Well into Us hath PROVIDENCE infus'd
 What little safety in these Ports is known :
 Well have we found how much we were abus'd
 With shows of Friendship, and Religion.
 But since to humane Prudence is refus'd
 To pierce intents, and where such masks are on ;
 O thou (GUARDIAN DIVINE) to guard Him daigne,
 Who without Thee doth guard himselfe in vain.

32.

And since thy heart is toucht with so great Ruth
 For a poor People wandring on the Seas,
 As of thy goodness (whence alone it doth
 Proceed) to save us from such Wolves as these ;
 Unto some Haven now, where there is Truth,
 Resolve to lead us for a little Ease,
 * Or shew us to the long desired Coast,
 If for thy honour we desire it most.

33.

These pious words the fair Dione heard
 And (to compassion being mov'd thereby)
 Goes from among the Nymphs, who sad appear'd
 That they must lose so soon her company.
 Now doth she pierce the Stars, now in the third
 Sphere, she is entertain'd : whence by and by
 (Having repos'd her) she doth forward move
 Towards the Sixth, where is her Father Jove.

34.

And (ruffled with her motion) now so fair,
 So fresh, so gay, so lovely is her look,
 That Stars, and Heav'n, and circumfused Ayre,
 And All That see her are with passion took.
 Her Eyes (the Nets of Cupid, whom she bare)
 Breath'd such quick Spirits, and such fire they strook ;
 They burn the World again like PHAETON,
 And to the torrid turn the frigid Zone.

And

35:

And (to bewitch her Sov'reign Sire the more,
Whose dearling she was always, and his joy.)
She comes to Jove, as she had done of yore
In the Idean Grove to Him of Troy.
The Huntsman who the Horns (transformed) wore,
For seeing thus that other Goddess coy;
Had he seen this, had ne're been torn asunder
By his own doggs: But di'de of love, and wonder.

36.

The golden Tresses on her shoulders fell,
Whose whiteness smuts the Fleece of nnefalm Snow:
Her Breasts (and those ev'n their own milk excel)
Playd with by unseen CUPID, trembling go:
Her Cestos white doth mounting flames expel,
Which, that Boy kindling, thole white bellows blow?
Of this fair Pyle the Pillars smooth, and round,
Desires, like Ivy, have about them wound.

37.

Those parts, of which Shame is the natural Screen,
In a thin Veile of Sarcenet she doth fold;
Not wholly shewd, nor wholly left unseen;
Not Prodigal, nor niggard, of that Gold.
But this transparent Curtain draws between,
To double the desire, by being control'd.
Now H E A V'N is fill'd with jealousy, and love:
This mov'd in MARS, in VULCAN that did move.

38

And then, discov'ring in her Angels face
A Sadness temper'd with a little smile,
Like some nice Dame, who by the rude embrace
Of heedless Lover got a bruise, or soyl;
She's pleas'd and angry in one instant space,
And one while chides, and laughs another while:
So spake the GODDESSES who admits no Peer,
Less sad, then Minion, to her Father deer.

39.

O pow'rful Father, I had always thought
That, for such things on which my heart were set,
Kinde I should finde thee, affable, and soft,
Though some opposer should the flame regret.
But since I see, without neglect, or fault
Of mine, thy love is bated in the heat,

What remedy? let BACCHUS haye his will:
In fine, his luck was good, and mine is ill.

This

40.

This *People* (who are *mine*, for whom I pore
These tears out, which I see in vain distill)
The more I *love*, I seem to *bate* the more;
Thou being resolv'd to break me of my will.
For *Them* I weep to thee, for *them* implore,
And 'gainst my *Fate* in fine am fighting still.

Well then, because I *love* them they're misus'd,
I *bate* them, then they will be better us'd.

41.

But let them dye by bruitish Peoples hands;
For since I was —— and heer with pearly drops
(As when the *morning's-dew* on *Roses* stands)
Making a salt *Parenthesis*, she stops:
As if her words obey'd not her commands,
Through melting pity of the mens mishaps.

Then (going to proceed where she gave o're)
The mighty *T H U N D'R E R* lets her say no more.

42.

And, mov'd by that dumb *Rhei'rick* (which would move
A *Tygers* flinty Breast) with the same *Face*
Of cheerfulness, with which he doth remove
The Clouds from *that* of *H E A V'N*, and Tempests chace,
He wipes her Tears, and (kindling with nevv love)
Kisses her *Cheek*, her vwhite *Neck* doth embrace.

Who, had he hated *P O R T U G A L* before,
Would novv have lov'd it meerly on *her* score.

43.

And (pressing her *lov'd* face vvith *bis*) *S h* ≈ burst
Into fresh Tears, and faster then before:
As vvhen, a child being beat by mother curst,
The more one moans it, it vvill sob the more.
Novv, to allay this Passiōn, He is forc't
To tell her much vvwhich he till then forbore:
And, vvith these vvords, out of the secret vvomb
Of pregnant *F A T E*, rips many things to come.

44.

Fair *daughter* mine, fear no adversitie
Which to thy *L u s i t a n i a n s* may betide;
Nor *Any*, to have greater povv're vvith *me*
Then the svveet Tears vvwhich from these cleer *Springs* glide
For, let me tell thee (*daughter*) thou shalt see
Both *G R E E K S* and *R O M A N S* (so much magnify'de)
Forfeit their *ancient Honours* by the *New*
Aēs, vvwhich this *People* in the *East* shall do.

For

45.

For if the *Eloquent ULYSSES* fled,
 The *SIRENS* Song, and dire *CALYPSO*'s spell;
 And if *ANTENOR* with his ship did thred
Th' Illyrian-Sleeve, and reacht *TIMAUUS*'s Well;
 And if 'twixt *SCYLIA*, and *CHARIBDIS* dread,
Pious ENEAS with his *Navy* fell:
 How much worse dangers pass *Thine* dayly over,
 Who, sayling round the *world*, new *worlds* discover?

46.

Thou shalt see (*daughter*) *Cities*, and strong *Ports*,
 And lofty *Walls*, which *These* shall build, and found;
 Thou shalt see warlike *TURKS*, and their proud *Forts*,
 By *These* destroy'd and level'd with the ground:
 The *INDIAN KINGS* (*secure in their free Courts*)
 By a more potent *KING* Thou shalt see bound.
He, in conclusion holding *All* in awe,
 Unto that *LAND* shall give a better *Law*.

47.

This very *Man*, who *now*, through so much fright
 And misty *Errorr*, stumbles to the *YND*,
 Thou shalt see *NEPTUNE* tremble at his sight,
 Curling his waves without a breath of wind.
 O wonderful, nor seen by mortal *Wight*,
 The *Winds* lockt up, and yet a *Storm* to find:
 O valiant *People*, and for great things made,
 Who makes the *ELEMENTS* themselves afraide.

48.

That *LAND*, which *water* late to *Him* deny'de,
 Thou shalt behold it a commodious *Port*,
 Where in their way to rest them shall abide
 The *Ships* that (*weary*) from the *WEST* resort.
 All this wyl'd *Coast* in fine (*which now* hath try'de
 By wicked treachery to cut him short)
 Shall pay him *Tribute*, knowing they must down,
 If they withstand the *LUSITANIAN CROWN*.

49.

And Thou shalt see the *ERYTHREAN*, lose
 It's native *red*, and *pale* with *Terrorr* look:
 And see the potent *Kingdom* of *ORMUSE*
 Twice taken, twice subdu'de unto their yoak:
 And see the furious *MOOR* stand in a *Muze*
 With his reverberated *Arrows* strook:
 That he may learn, if against *Thine* he fight;
 His *Treacherie* on his own *pate* shall light.

The

50.

The famous *Fort* of D i o Thou shalt see,
 Being twice besieg'd , thy People *twice* defend:
*T*here will their proweſſ manifested be,
*T*here will their name in *Arms* to H E A V 'N extend,
*T*here will they bring great M A R S under their *Lee*
 With deeds which, told, would set the Hayr on end.
*T*here will the falling M o o r blaspheming ban,
 And dam with his last breath the A L C O R A N.

51.

Thou shalt see G O A taken from the M o o r,
 G O A , That by her losſ atlast shall gain;
 When , on the wings of Conquest made to ſoare,
*S*hee , as the Q U E E N O F A L L T H E E A S T shall reign:
 The stubborn G E N T I L E S (who the *Sun* adore)
 High and triumphant *then*, ſhe shall restrain
 With a rough *Bitt* , and *All* who in that L A N D
 Against *thy* People dare to lift a Hand.

52.

Slenderly mann'd , and in poor order put ;
 Thou shalt see held the *Fort* of C A N A N O W R ;
 And ſhall ſee won the *City*. C A L I C U T ,
 In *People* infinite, boundless in pow'r ;
 And in C O C H I N ſhall ſee ſuch honor got
 By *one* , ſhall ſtand in battail like a Tow'r ,
 That never *Lyre* a *Victor* did reſound ,
 Who ſo deserv'd to be with Lawrel crown'd .

53.

Never was ſo L E U C A T E of a flante
 With ſhocking *Fleets*, when gilding with their Trim
 The *Aetian* waves) Hence young O C T A V I U S came ,
 Bringing *Italian* pow'r along with *Him* ;
 Thence A N T H O N Y (with a fresh *Victor's* name
 Barbarians from the O R I E N T , from N Y L A S brim ,
 And from the fartheſt B A C T R I A ; and (the bane
 Of *All*!) th'Egyptian *Miftress* in the Traine .

54.

As thou ſhalt ſee the *Sea* , and neigb'ring *Shores* ,
 Fire with *thy* Peoples Battails: Who, in bands
 Shall coupled lead I D O L A T R E with *Mores*
 (Triumphing over many *Tongues* and *Lands*)
 And (G O L D E N C H E R S O N E S S)'s pretious ſtores
 To fartheſt C H I N A conquer'd by their hands
 With the E A S T 'S outmoſt Islands, in the end
 Make all the O C E A N to their T A C O U S bend .

55.

In so much (daughter mine) that, at the rate
 This Nation's valour passes humane bound,
 The WORLD hath not to match them in debate,
 From silver GANGES, to th'HERCULAN SOUND;
 Nor, from the Northern ocean, to that straight
 Which the affronted LUSITANIAN found;
 Though all the ancient HERO'S (deified)
 Should rise again to have the maftry try'de.

56.

This having said, his consecrated Poast
 (The son of M A Y) down to the Earth he sends,
 To finde some peaceful Port upon that Coast
 Where the Armada may repose with Frends.
 And (lest the valiant Captain should be lost,
 If longer time he at MOMBASSA spends)
 He gives his Legate farther in command
 To shew him in his sleep that friendly Land.

57.

Now swift CYLLENIUS cuts it through the Ayre:
 Now to the Earth his winged feet declin'd.
 Badge of his office, the black Rod he bare:
 This HELL's sad Pris'ners doth release, and bind:
 This lays asleep the Eye opprest with Care:
 Whisking with this he doth outstrip the Wind:
 His Hat of maintenance upon his Crown:
 And thus he comes into MELINDE'S Town.

58.

With him he carries FAME, that she may tell
 The Lusitanian prowels, and rare parts:
 "For an illustrious Name is a strange Spell
 "To attract Love, and good Report hath darts.
 Thus he prepares their way with a sweet smell,
 And takes up lodgings in the Peoples hearts.
 Now all MELINDE is on fire, to see
 What kind of men these valiant souls should bee.

59.

From thence he parteth to MOMBASSA straight,
 Where, what to do, the ships uncertain stand;
 To bid them, without question or debate,
 Leave that Foes Harbour, and suspected Land.
 "For wicked plottings of infernal hate
 "In vain are Force and Courage to withstand:
 "In vain, to extricate our selves, is Wit,
 "If HAVN do not both prompt, and second, it.

Now

60.

Now sable N I G H T had finisht half her Race,
 And in the Heav'n the Stars with borrow'd light
 Supply'd the Moon's; as She her Brother's, place;
 And sleeping now was Mortals whole delight.
 Th'illustrious Captain (who had all that space
 Been kept awake about the last day's fright)
 Gave then to his ty'rd Eys a little sleep:
 The rest by Quarters did their Watches keep:

61.

When in a Vision he did HERMES see.
 And fly (he bid him) LUSITANIAN fly
 The Ambush of a wicked King, which Hee
 Hath laid, to make thee yet obscurely dye:
 Fly, for the wind and Heav'n Both favour Thee.
 Thou hast the ocean calm, serene the skye,
 And not far of another King, to frend,
 On whose reality thou mayst depend.

62.

Look for no better entertainment here,
 Then what was giv'n by THRACIAN DIOMED;
 Whose Horses (us'd to bloody Provendere)
 He with the Bodies of his strangers fed.
 Th'infamous Altars of BUSIRIS (where
 His Guests inhumane humane offrings bled)
 Unless thou quit it, look for in this place:
 Fly a perfidious and a cruel Race.

63.

Steer straight alongst the Coast, and thou shalt light
 Upon a Countrey where more Truth resides;
 Close there, where burning SOL at constant hight
 The night and day with equal line divides.
 Then shall a King receive with much delight
 Thee, and thy men; and give to you (besides
 Safety, and Treatment worthy of a King)
 One, who the Fleet shall unto INDIA bring.

64.

Thus HERMES; and the Captain (parting) woke
 He, rowz'd out of his Nest in a great fright,
 Perceives the circumfused darkness broke
 With a short Ray and stream of divine light.
 And (seeing it imports Him, and his Folke,
 From that infamous LAND to take their flight)
 Commands the Master, with a spirit new,
 To hoyle the sayles unto the Wind that blew.

65.

'e) set *sail* to the large Wind:
wide, and *G o d* our course directs.
The *Express*, he was so kind
is high *Court* to guard our steps:
Mariners before, behind,
the motion spring upon the Decks.
towe the Anchors in to the ship-side
that rude strength which is the *Sea-mans* pride.

66.

The time they did their Anchors weigh,
mask of night) the trech'rous M O R E
their Cables husht and silent lay,
destroy them being run ashore.

CHRISTIANS (though there shone not the least Ray,
et) in their heads the Eyes of *Lynxes* wore.
The other, finding how they were awake,
With *Wings*, and not with *oars*, away did make.

67.

But now did the sharp *Keels* go cutting through
The liquid Element of silver pure:
The *Wind* ('twas a *side-wind*) gently it blew
With motion calm, and steddy, and secure.
Discoursing, on their dangers past they chew
As they sayl on: for 'tis not easie sure.

To pals in silence a *deliverance*
So great, and brought about as 'twere by chance.

68.

The burning *Sun* had finisht one Career,
Began another, of his annual Race;
When, as far off as they could ken, appear
Two *Vessels* creeping on the Water's face.
Knowing they must be M o o r s, who coast it there,
Forthwith ours *veer* their *Sayles* to give those chace.
One (as more nimble, or as frightened more)
To save her *People* ran herself ashore.

69.

Her *Fellow* (not so light to make away)
Into the hands of those of L u s u s falls,
Without or M A R S to board her; or, to play
On her bruiz'd sides black V u l c a n s horrid Balls:
For (she being weakly man'd, nor built for Fray)
At fight of his own Men the *Master* falls.
His *courage*, and his *sayles* (His wisest course)
Had he refisted, he had far'd the vorse.

Then

70

Then *G A M A* (who did this but to procure
A Pilot for the *INDIES* so long sought)
 Amongst those *MOORS* thought to have found one sure,
 But found he was deceived in that thought.
 There's not a man of *them*, That can assure
 Under what part 'tis of the *heav'nly Vault*.

This *All* can tell him; That *M E L I N D E*'s nigh,
 Where he may finde a *Pilot* certainly.

71.

The *goodness* of that *KING* the *MOORS* extol,
 His *bounteous* nature, and his *Breast sincere*,
 The *greatness* like the *goodness* of his *Soul*,
 With other *parts*, which win him *love*, and *feare*.
 The *Captain* easily believes the whole,
 Concurring with that very *Charaktere*.

H E R M E S had given in his sleep before:
 So goes, bid by the *dream*, and by the *M O R E*.

72.

That gladsome season 'twas, in which returns
 Into *EUROPA*'s *Ravisher* the *Sun*;
 Putting new lights in both his gilded Horns
 Whilst *FLORA* pours out *AMALTHEA*'s *one*.
 And now that glorious *Planet* turn'd the *Morn*'s
 Red finger, to that *moving Feast*; whereon

H E, who was *dead* the soul-sick *world* to heal,
 To it's *Redemption* rose to put the *Seal*:

73:

When, to that distance from the which their *Eys*
 Might reach *M E L I N D E*, the *Armada* came;
 Adorn'd with *Tapistrie* triumphant-wise,
 As that day's *holiness* it well became.
 The *Standart* trembles, and the *Streamer* flyes,
 The *Scarlet-Waft-cloaths* at a distance flame,
 The *Drums* and *Timbrels* sound. Thus they that *B A R*,
 Like *CHRISTIANS* enter, and like *M E N O F W A R*.

74.

With *People* hid is the *Melindian* shore,
 That come to see the joyful *Fleet*. More kind
 Are *These*, more *humane*, and of *truth* have more,
 Then *Those* of all the *Countrys* left behind.
 The *Lusitanian Navy* drops, before,
 The heavy *Anchors*, which fast rooting find.
 One, of the *MOORS* they took, is sent on *Land*:
 To let the *KING* their coming understand.

The

75.

The KING (who was already by report
Of those of Lusus's gallantry possest)
The Captain's so frank entrie in his Port
Takes as a favour from so brave a Guest:
And with true heart, and in most courteous sort
(Both individual from a noble Breft)
Bids the man pray them much to come on Land,
Where they shall have his Realms at their commands.

76.

Th'offer as real is as it appears,
The words full of unfeign'd Sinceritie,
Which the KING sent the noble Cavaleers,
Who had past so much Land, and so much Sea.
He sends them more, Live-sheep aboard, fat Steers,
And Poultry cram'd by Houswifes industrie,
With all such Fruit as then in season was:
And the good will the Present did surpass.

77.

The well-pleas'd Moor, who with this Errand went,
The Captain pleas'd receiv'd, with what he brought;
And instantly another Present sent
Unto the KING, far fetcht, and dearly bought:
Illustrious Scarlet (colour of content)
Brancht Coral fine, for Nobles greatly sought:
Of double nature under water soft
And velvet-horn'd, hard-pen'd when 'tis aloft.

78

Sends more, one dext'rous in th' Arabick-Tongue,
To treat a firm League with the ROYAL MORE,
Excusing him he did not leave his strong
And lofty Ships, to kits his hand on shore.
Unto the noble KING, led through a Throng
Presents himself the fit Ambassadore;
And with these words (which PALLAS herself dips
In her own Nectar) disunites his lips.

79.

Most high and mighty King, to whom the pure
And incorrupt J U S T I C E from Above
Gave, to restrain the rough and haughty MOOR;
Nor more to force his FEAR, then win his love:
As to the strongest Port, and most secure
Of all the EAST, Hither we flye, to prove
What FAME reports, and find in IT and THEE,
A certain Port in our necessitie.

We

80.

We are not Men, who, spying a weak Town
 Or careles, as we pass along the shore,
 Murther the Folks, and burn the Houses down,
 To make a booty of their thirsted store:
 But (by a KING we have, of high renown,
 Sent from fair EUROPE, never to give o're
 Our compassing the World, till we have found
 The wealthy INDIA) thither are we bound.

81.

How stony yet some Race of People was !
 What bar'rous guize ! what stile of a Man-Hater !
 To bar not their Ports onely (let that pass)
 But the cold Hospitalitie of Water !
 To whom have we done wrong ? wherein (alas !)
 Have we discover'd such a savage nature,
 To make so many of so few afraid ?
 That Traps and Pitfalls should for us be made.

82.

But Thou (O gracious KING) from whom, to have
 True dealing we are sure ; and hope, we may
 That certain help too, which ALCINOUS gave
 Unto the wandring Prince of ITHACAE
 To Thee secure we come, as boldly crave
 Of Thee, conducted by the Son of MAY :
 For, since Jovas Harbinger was ours ; 'tis cleare,
 Thy Heart is large, is humane, is sincere.

83.

Nor think (O KING) our noble Chief declin'd
 Coming, to see and serve thee personally,
 For any thing he scrupled of unkind ;
 Or hollow dealing possible in Thee :
 But the true reaon, why he stayd behind,
 Was, that in all he might obedient be
 Unto his KING ; who gave him this command
 In Port, or Roade, never to go on Land.

84.

And, because subjects ate the self-same Thing
 With Members governed by the Head, or Crown ;
 Thou, bearing here the Office of a KING,
 Wouldst not that ANY disobey'd his own.
 But, he doth promise an acknowledging
 Of thy great Grace and favours now bestowen,
 With all That can by Him and HU be done,
 So long as Rivers to the Sea shall run.

Thus

85.

Thus He *harangu'd*: And, with one Voice, the whole
Presence (comparing notes there where they stand)
The matchless courage of the *men extol*,
Who traverse so much *Sea* and so much *Land*.
But the wise KING (revolving in his Soul:
The PORTINGALL's obedience to command)
In Scales of *wonder* and of *rev'rence* weigh'd
A KING, who so far off could be obey'd.

86.

Then answers (gracious) with a Brow serene
Th *Ambassador*, to whom inclin'd he seem'd:
Wipe all suspition from your Bosoms cleane;
Let no cold Fear be harbour'd there, or teem'd:
For such your *worths* are, and your *deeds* have been,
To make you over all the *world* esteem'd.
And They who injur'd you, We will be bold,
Know not what price *Virtue* and *Honor* hold.

87.

That all your People do not come on shore
Observing the respect due to our *Port*,
Though in our *own* regard it grieve us sore,
Yet our esteem of them is greater for't.
For if your *Rules* permit it not, no more
Shall we permit, that (only to comport
With our *desires*) such loyal excellence
Should lose it self, or suffer Violence.

88.

But when to mornows light shall come, to greet
And shew, the *World*, with our own *Barges*, Wee
Shall go in person to the warlike *Fleet*,
Which we so many days have long'd to see.
And, if it need any convenience meet,
Through shatt'ring storms, and keeping long at *Sea*,
A Pilot it may have, and *Vittals* here,
And *Ammunition*, with intention cleere.

89.

This was his language, And LATONA's Boy
Into the *Ocean* div'd. The *Messenger*
(Returning with this *Embassie* of joy)
To the *Armada* rows with merry cheer.
Out of all Breasts is bauisht black *Annoy*,
Seeing the proper remedie is here
To find the *Land* whereof they sayl in quest
So all that night they keep a double *Feast*.

There

90.

There wants not there the *artificial star*
 Like trembling *Comet* (nor less cause of wonder)
 The *Gunners* do their Part, making the *Ayre*,
Water, and *Earth*, resound with *Mortals's Thunder*.
 The *C Y C L O P P S* (practising for t'other War
 On *J O V E*) with *Bullets* rend the *Clouds* in sunder.
others on lofty *Cornets* (singing) playd:
 And *These* with *Musick* did the *S P H E A R E S* invade.

91.

They answer from the *shore* at the same time
 With *Squibs* that crack amongst the Rout: In gyres
 The whizzing *Vapours* up to *HEAVEN* climbe:
 Th'imprison'd Powder with a bounce expires:
Heaven's brazen Vault echoes the *Voyces's chyme*:
 The *Sea's* clear Glass reflects the joyful fires:
 The *Earth* is not behind them. In this sort
Both sport in earnest, and *Both* fight in sport.

92.

But now the restless *Heav'n*, wheeling about,
 To their day-labours mortals doth incite;
 And *M E M N O N*'s mother (fair *A P P O L L O*'s scout)
 Sets bounds to sleep by her arriving light;
 With her approach dull shadows, Put to rout,
 In a cold sweat upon the Flowers light;
 When the *M E L I N D I A N K I N G* (embarqued) plide
 To see the *Ships* That in his Harbour ride.

93

The shores are crown'd with people (of a fire
 To be *Spectators only* of the *show*).
 The *Scarlet Coates* flame with the *dye* of *T Y R E*:
 The *glosie Silks* with all *May's flow'r*s do blow:
 Instead of *Arrows* (part of *Warr's Attire*)
 And of the horn'd *Moon-imitating Bow*;
Palm in their hands, in sign of *Peace*, they bear:
 Which on their *Heads* victorious *H E R O E S* wear.

94.

In a *Canoe* (which was both long and broad,
 And glispend in the Sun with *Cov'ring*s, made
 Of mixed *Silks*) *M E L I N D E*'s *K I N G* is row'd:
 Wayted by *Princes'* mongst their own obay'd.
 In rich *Attire* (according to the *mode*)
 And custom of that Land) he comes arrayd.
 Upon his Head he weares a *Terbant*, roll'd,
 Of *silk* and *Cotton*, with a *Crown* of *gold*.

95.

A Roabe, of Scarlet-damask, (high-extold
By Them, and worth the wearing of A K I N G)
About his Neck a Collar of pure gold:
The work worth twice the substance of the Thing.
A Velvet sheath a dagger keen did hold,
With Diamond-hilt, hang'd by a golden string.
Sandals of Velvet on his Feet he wore,
With gold and pearl imbroydred richly o're.

96.

O're Him a round Silk-Canopy he had
Advanc't aloft upon a gilded Pole;
With which a Boy behind to burn forbade
Or trouble the Great K I N G, the beams of S O L.
Musick ith' Prow, so merry that 'twas mad,
Grating the Eare with a harsh noise. The whole
Consort, is onely crooked Horns, wreath'd round,
Which keep no time, but make a dismal sound.

97.

No less adorn'd, the L U S I T A N I A N
From the Armada in his Boats doth dance,
To meet Him of M A L I N D I with a Train
Whom much their cloaths, but more their deeds advance:
G A M A comes clad after the use of S P A I N,
But wears a Cassock *ala mode de France*:
The Stuff, a Florence-Satin; and the dye,
A perfect Crimson, glorious in their Eye.

98.

The Sleeves have golden Loops, which the Sun-shine
Makes too too bright and slippry for the Eyes:
His close Camp-Trowles lac't with the same myne,
Which Fortune to so many men denyes:
Poynts likewise of the same, and Tagging fine,
With which his Doublet to his Hose he tyes.
A Sword of massive Gold, in Hanger tyde;
A Cap and Plume; the Cap set's toe side.

99.

Mong'st his Camrades, the noble Tyrian dye
(Not liv'ry-wise, but) sparcel here, and there,
The sev'ral Colours recreate the Eye:
So do the diff'rent Fashions which they weare.
Such their inamel'd Cloathes Varietie
(Compriz'd in one survey) as doth appear
The painted Bow, in water-colours laid,
Of Juno's Minion, the Thammessian Mayday.

The

100.

The ratling *Trumpets*, now, their joy augment
As, other times, they had their courage done.
The Moorish Boats cover'd the Sea, and went
Sweeping the Water with their silks. Anon.
The *Clouds* of H E A V'N the thund'ring *Cannons* rent,
And with new *Clouds* of *Smoak* put out the Sun.
Before the Blow the winged lightning flies:
The Moor's hands stop their Ears, the hide their Eyes!

101.

Into the Captain's Boate the KING doth come
(Folding him in his Arms) And He agin
With such respect and rev'rence, as become,
Doth both receive, and speak unto, the KING.
Awhile with wonder and Amazement dumb,
The MOOR on GAMA stands considering,
As He That highly doth esteem the Man
Who came so far to seek the Indian Stran

102.

Then makes him a large proffer, of whate'er^t a morrowe will
To do him good his KINGdom can afford,
And that he freely would demand it there
As his own goods, if ought he lackt aboord.
Adds, though till now he saw the Lusitanian
Yet he from FAME had heard much of their SWORDS,
And how, in other PARTS OF AFRICA,
They have had wars with People of his way!

103.

And how through all that spacious LAND renown'd
The glorious ACTIONS of that NATION,
When they therein did gain that KINGDOM'S CROWN,
Where the HESPERIDES of old did wond'ring bode,
And most of That, which to the KING was known,
(Although the least the PORTINGALIS had done)
He spread out thin'ning words, and magnifie'd:
But to the KING & GAMA thus reply'd:

104.

O great and gracious KING, who dost (alone)
The Lusitanian People's sad estate,
(By NEPTUNE's rage, and adverse Fortune, thrown
Into so many streights) Commiserate
The KING OF KINGS (who, from th'eternal Throne,
Turning H E A V'N round, did the round Earth create),
Since Mercy is his chiefest Attribute,
Reward thee for it, for we cannot do't, in this world.

105.

Thou onely, of all Those Are unto blacks,
In peace receiv'st us from the Ocean vast;
In Thee, from peril of Sullen Wracks,
We find a Refuge kind, syntere, and fast.
Whilst the Sun lights, whilst Night his presence lacks,
In Heaven's blew Meads whilst Stars take their repast,
Where re I go, in either Hemisphere,
Thy Name, and Praies, shall be sounded there.

106.

This humbly said, towards the Fleet they row,
(The KING requesting that he now may see't).
Ship after Ship about it round they go:
That he of All may note all be thinks meet.
Lame VULCAN walks on Lymstocks to and fro,
With which the Gun-salute him from the Fleet.
The Trumpets play unto him in shrill notes:
The Moons with Cornets answer from the Boates.

107.

But when the gen'rous King had ceast to Noate
All That he would, nor heard with little wonder
Th'unusuall Instrument with the wide Throate
That speaks so big, and tears the Clouds in funder;
He bids them (in the Sea anch'ring the Boates)
Suspend their Oars, as they had done their thunder:
That he may know at large of brave DE GAMES
Those things, which ligbly he had heard from FAMUS.

108.

The Moon doth into severall questions run,
With gulf inquiring, sometimes of the great
And famous Wars between our NATION,
And Those who do believe in MAHOMET.
Now of the LAND we dwell in, which the Sun
Bids last good night, when he makes haft to set;
Now, of the NATIONS which therewith confine;
Now of his ploughing through the Gulphs of Brine.

109.

But rather, valiant Captain (quoth the KING)
Make us a full and orderly narration
Under what Part of the CELESTIAL RING,
Under what Clyme ye have your Habitation;
Also your ancient Generation's spring,
And, of a RUM so potent the Foundation;
With the successes of your WARR: For (though
I know them not) that they were vast I know.

Tell

110.

Tell us besides, of all that tedious *maze*
 Through which thou hast been toss'd with angry flaws
 On the salt *Seas*, observing the strange ways
 Of our rude *AFFRICK*, and the *barb'rous* Laws.
Tell; For the *Horse* of the new *Sun*, the *DAY'S*
 Imbroydered *Coasts* with golden *traces* draws,
Poſtilion'd by the *MORN*: The *Wind's* asleep,
 And the curſt *Billowes* couch upon the *DEEP*.

111.

And if the *Winds* and *seas* are hushit, to hear
 The *story* thou ſhalt tell: no leſs are *Wee*.
Who would not lend *your* Acts a *greedy* Eare?
Who hath not heard of *Lusus's* Progenie?
SOL (who the Brain of *man* doth purge and cleer)
 Drives not his *Couch* thus nigh us as you ſee,
To have MELINDIAN thought ſo dull a *Breed*,
 As not to value an *Heroick* deed.

112.

A daring War the haughty *GRANT'S* made
 Upon *OLYMPUS* permanent and pure:
Rash THESEUS, and *PERITHOUS*, did invade
Grim PLUTO's Kingdom horrid and obscure,
 If such *high Boys* as *theſe* the world hath had,
 'Tis not leſs hard, nor will leſs *Fame* procure,
Then the attempting HEAV'N and Hell by Them,
That others ſhould attempt the Watry Ream.

113.

DIANA's Temple built by *TESIPHON*
 (Rare *Architeſt!*) *HOROSTRATUS* burnt down:
 To be talkt of, though for a Thing ill done,
 And *dye defam'd*, rather then *live unknown*.
 If on ſo false, and vile Foundation,
 The sweet desire deceives us of *Renown*,
How much more lawfull iſt to ſeek a name
By deeds deserving everlasting FAME

End of the second Canto.

Third Canto.

STANZA. I.

Now what illustrious G A M A , neer the *Line*,
 Inform'd that K I N G , report C A L I O P E :
 Breathe an immortal *Song*, and *voice* divine,
 Into this mortal *Breast*, that's big with *Thee* :
 So, never the great God of *Medicine*,
 (To whom thou O R P H E U S bar'ft) love C L Y C I S ,
 Court D A P H N E more , or call L E U C O T H O S Frend,
 Since Thon in *Beauty* doest them *All* transcend.

2.

Thou , *Nympb* , promote my pious just desire
 To pay my Country what to *It* I owe ;
 That the whole *world* may listen, and admire
 To see from Tagus A G A N I P P a flowe.
 Leave P I N D U S 's flow'r: For (Loe !) the M U S E S 's Sire
 Bathes me in *Sacred* dew from top to toe.
 If not , I swear thou hast some jealousie
 O R P H E U S (thy joy) should be eclsy'd by *me*.

3.

To hear the noble G A M A , In a *Ring*
 Gather'd was all th'attentive Companie ;
 When (having sat a while considering)
 Raising his manly Vifage, thus said H E .
 Thou doest command me to unfold (O K I N G)
 My noble N A T I O N 's genealogie :
 Thou bid'ft me not to tell a *forraign* story,
 But of my own thou bid'ft me tell the glory.

4.

Upon *Another's* Prayses to dilate
 Is usual , and that which Friends doth raise :
 But of One's own the Prayses to relate,
 Will prove (I fear me) a suspected praise.
 Besides , to praise ours to the worth, the date
 Would first expire of fix the longest days.
 But (to serve *Thee*) a double fault I'll do :
 I'll praise my own , and crop their praises too.

Yet

5.

Yet what in fine doth animate me, is,
I'm sure of *Lying* I shall run no danger :
For of such *deeds* say what I can, I wis
I shall leave more to th'utterance of a stranger.
But (to pursue that *method* in all this
Thy self prescrib'd, nor seem in all a Ranger)
First, of the *Territory* large I'l tell ;
Then, of the bloody *Battailes* that befell.

6

Between the *Zone* where *Cancer* bends his clutch
(To the bright *Sun* a Bound *Septentrionall*)
And *that* which for the *Cold* is shun'd as much,
As for the *Heate* the middle *Zone* of all,
Prowd *E U R O P E* lyes: whose *North*, and parts which touch
Upon the *Occident*, have for their Wall
The *O C E A N*; and, with unreturning *Waves*,
Her *South*, the *S E A - M E D I T E R R A N E A N* laves.

7.

Upon the *East* she neighbours *A S I A*:
But that *cold River* with the *doubling stream*
(Which from *Riphean Mountains* plough his way
To the *Meotick Lake*) divideth Them :
So doth that furious and that horrid *Sea*
Which with their *Fleet* th'incensed *G R E E K S* did steme ;
From whence the *Sayler* now with his *mind's eye*
Sees the name onely of once glorious *T R o Y*.

8.

Where she is most beneath the *Artick Pole*
The *Hyperborean Mountains* she doth see ;
And *those*, where *E o l* reigns without controle,
Owing to blustering their *Nobility*.
The *Sun*, That spreads his lustre through the *Whole*,
His rays have *here* such imbecility,
That a deep snow is *still* upon the Mountains,
The *Sea* *still* frozen, frozen *still* the Fountains.

9.

Here *S C Y T H S*, and *T A R T A R I A S*, in great numbers, live ;
Who were ingag'd in a sharp *war* of old,
About their *Pedigrees* prerogative,
With those who *th*'e *G Y P T I A N - L A N D* did hold.
But, where the justice of the *Cause* to give
Being hard by erring *Mortals* to be told,
To get more certain information, look i' th' *dist* on't back, and *for*
In the *Clay-Office* from which *Man* was took.

10.

In that far *Nook* (to name of many some)
 Are the cold **LAPLAND**; **NORWAY** comfortless;
SCANDIA that triumpht o're triumphant **ROME**
 (Which her proud ruines to this day confess).
Here, whilst the waters are not stiffe, and numb,
 With *Winters* Ice glazing the **BALTICK-SEAS**,
 That *Arm* of the **SARMATICK OCEANE**
 Sayles the brave *Swede*, the *Prussian*, and the *Dane*.

11.

Betwixt *this Sea*, and **TANAIS**, live strange *Nations*:
RUTHENI, frozen **MUSCOVITES**, **LIVONIANS**,
 That were in former Ages the **SARMATIANS**,
 And, in th'**HERCINIAN FOREST**, the **POLONIANS**.
 Held of the **GERMAN EMPIRE** are **ALSATIANS**,
SAXONS, **BOHEMIANS**, **HUNGARS**, or **PANNONIANS**:
 With divers other, whom the **RHINE'S** cold waves,
 The **EVE**, the **MOZELL**, and the **DANOW** laves.

12.

'Twixt wandring **ISTER**, and that **NARROW-SEA**
 Where, with her life, fair **HELLE** left her *name*,
 The warlike **THRACIANS** dwell: who lay a plea
 To **MARS** his **Sword**, as from whose loyns they came.
 Here **HAMUS**, and **ORPHEAN RHODOPE**,
 Obey the **OTTOMAN**; and (to the shame
 Of Christendom) **BYZANTIUM**'s noble Seat,
 A proud affront to **CONSTANTINE THE GREAT**.

13.

The next in order **MACEDONIA** stands,
 Bath'd with the *Aetian* (now *LEPANTO'S*) *Sea*:
 And likewise you, O admirable **LANDS**,
 Where *Wit*, and *Manners*, were in high degree;
 Which bred those solid *Heads*, and valiant *Hands*,
 Those streams of *Eloquence*, and *Poetrie*,
 With which *Thou* (famous **GREECE**) unto the skies
 As well by *Letters*, as by *Arms* didst rise.

14.

DALMATIANs follow *Them*: and, in that Bay
ANTE NOR chose for his new *City's* Syte,
VENICE (like **VENUS**) rises from the *Sea*;
 From low beginnings swoln to that proud hight.
 That *Sea*, an *Arm* of *Land* doth overlay,
 Which the whole **WORLD** subjected by its might.

That *Arm* (no less then **GREECE**) to **HEAVEN** soar'd
 With the two *wings* of **LEARNING**, and **THE SWORD**.

Tis

15.

'Tis wall'd by *nature*, part, where it doth joyn
 Unto the A L P S thick shoulders: N E P T U N E barrs
 The rest with his salt waves: The A P P E N I N E
 Cuts ith'middle: whère your L Y B I A N M A R S
 Wan him such Fame. But now, since the *divine*
Porter hath got it (impotent in *Wars*)

'Tis stript of the vast pow'r it had before:

"So much is G O D delighted with the *pore*.

16.

Pas we from thence to F R A N C E , so much of old
 With C E S A R's triumphs through the World renound.
 'Tis water'd with the R O Y A L S E Y N , the *cold*
 G A R O O N , the pleasant L O Y R E , the R H I N E *profound*.
 Now those high Mountains in the clowds behold
 Which still the lost P Y R E N E S name resound:
 From which, being fir'd (as ancient Books have told)
 Rivers ran down of *Silver*, and of *Gold*.

17.

Loe! here displays it self illustrious S P A I N,
 As Head there of all E U R O P E : In whose strange
 Succesles of their *Wars*, and ways of *raign*,
 F A T E 's wheel gave many a *turn*, wrought many a *change*.
 But never *Force*, or *Fraud*, shall fix a stain
 (Through Fortune's humor always giv'n to range)
 But S P A I N will finde a time to wipe it out,
 And make her blasted *honors* freshly sprout.

18.

She faces T I N G I T A N I A : and There
 (As if to make the *Mid-land Sea* an *Isle*)
 The well-known S T R E I G H T S to close their jaws appear
 Innobled with the T H E B A N 's latest *Toyle*.
 With diff'rent *Nations* she her head doth reare
 (Sea-girt three sides, the fourth with *Hilly Pyle*).
 Of such Nobility and Valour All,
 That each pretends to be the *principal*.

19.

She has the A R R A G O N I A N , so renown'd
 For conqu'ring twice stubborn P A R T H E N O P E :
 Those of N A V A R : A S T U R I A N S , who did bound
 The M O O R S , broke int upon us like a Sea.
 She has the shrewd G A L L E G O , many-crownd
 C A S T I L I A N , whom his *Star* reserv'd to be
 S P A I N 's great *Restorer* and her *Lord*: S E V I L I A ,
 G R A N A D A , L E O N , M U R C I A , with C A S T I L I A .

20.

The LUSITANIAN KINGDOM here survey,
Plac't as the Crown upon fair EUROPE's Head:
Where (the Land finishing) begins the Sea,
And whence the Sun steps to his watry Bed.
This, first in Arms (by gracious HEAV'N's decree)
Against the filthy MAURITANIAN sped:
Throwing him out of Her to his old Nest
In burning AFFRICK; nor there let him rest.

21.

That, That, the loved EARTH where I was born!
To which if kinder HEAV'N do so dispose
That I (this Task perform'd) alive return:
With It, my dying Eyes, *there* let me close.
From LYSSUS (which the Latines Lusus turn)
Old BACCHUS's Comrade, or (as some suppose)
His Son, was LUSITANIA's name deriv'd,
When in that Countrey his Plantation thriv'd,

22.

Here was that Shepherd born, who in his Name
(As well as in his Actions) did write MANNI
Whom none must hope to equal in his Fame
Since that of ROMA he to eclipse began.
This Spot, through shuffling of light Fortune's Game,
TIME (who devours his children) saw, Anan,
On the WORLD's Theater a great Part play
Rays'd to a Kingdom: and it was this way.

23.

There was in SPAIN a King (ALPHONSO hight) To and fro
Who made so close a War upon the MORE,
That (what with policy, and what with might) a man could scarce tell
Many he slew, and many a Town he bore.
This KING's sublime Renown taking her flight
From Streights Herculean to the Caspian Shore,
Diverse (affecting an immortal name)
To Him and Death to offer themselves came.

24.

Others (more fir'd with an intrinsick love
Of Christian Faith, then Honour popular)
Flock from all Corners: willing to remove
Both from sweet Countrey, and from private Life,
But, when their names, by Actions rais'd above
The vulgar pitch, they ALL advanc't in War,
The fam'd ALPHONSO, for such gallant deeds,
Would have them reap proportionable meeds.

Amongst

25.

Amongst These H E N R Y (saith the History)
 A younger son of F R A N C E , and a brave Prince,
 Had P O R T U G A L in lot , in the World's eye
 Not *then* so glorious , nor so large , as *sincē*.
 And the same K I N G did his own *daughter* tye
 To *Him* in Wedlock , to infer from thence
 His firther love : as giving , in her hand ,
 The *Livery and Seisin* of that L A N D .

26.

He (when against the *Off-spring* of the *Hand-*
Maid H A G A R mighty Conquests he had won ,
 Gaining in much of the adjacent L A N D ,
 And doing what was comely to be done)
 Obtains from *Him* , who doth high *Heav'n* command
 In a short time (to guerdon All) a *Son* :
 Who (adding to his *Father's* worth , his *owne*)
 Shall first erect the L U S I T A N I A N T H R O N E .

27.

H E N R Y was now come from the H O L Y L A N D ,
 And Conquest of enslav'd I E R U S A L E M ;
 Having seen consecrated I O R D A N ' S Strand ,
 That saw the flesh of G O D bath'd in his stream ;
 For , G O D F R E Y finding nothing could withstand
 After I U D E A was subdu'd by *Him* ,
 Many , who in that *War* had giv'n him Ayd ,
 Their wisht return to their *Dominions* made :

28.

When , come to the last *Exit* of his Age
 The famous F R E N C H - M A N (to a wonder brave)
 Pull'd by D E A T H ' s hand down from this mortal Stage ,
 His *Spirit* , unto *Him* , that gave it , gave .
 His *Son* remain'd in tender *Ruillage* ,
 True *Copy* of his *Sire* that's in the Grave :
 Then whom more excellent the world had none ,
 For such a *Father* must have such a *Son* .

29.

But *old Report* (how *true* I cannot say :
 For things so distant with much *night* are spred)
 Tells , how the *Mother* , taking all the *way* ,
 Scorn'd not to stoop unto a second Bed :
 And , for herself an *After-Game* to play ,
 Her *Fatherless-Son* disinherited :
 Claiming for *Hers* the *Land* , and *Princely Pow're* ,
 As giv'n her by *her Father* for a *dow're* .

30.

Then young ALPHONSO (so the Prince they call,
Inheriting his *Grandfire* in his Name)
Despairing by fair means of PORTUGALL,
For that the Mother, and her Groom, the same
Usurp, and mean from *Him* to give it All:
(His bosom boyling with a *Martial* flame)

By force to seize it in his mind revolves,
As briskly executes what he resolves.

31.

The blushing Plains of ARADUCA groan,
With one-same blood of War intestine dide;
In which the Mother (whose *deeds* spake her *none*)
The Son her love, and his own LAND deny'de:
Now stands against him in *battalion*,
And cannot see (being blinded with her pride)
How much she sins 'gainst HEAV'N, and *natural Love*:
But in her Breast the *sensual* swims above.

32.

O Witch MEDEA! PROGNE, with blood-stain!
If for their Fathers, not their own misdeeds,
By you your children in Revenge were slain,
Behold, TERESA's sin ev'n yours exceeds!
Incontinence, the sacred Thirst of *Raign*,
These are the Causes whence her Crime proceeds.
SCYLLA her aged Father flew through one:
Through both TERESA goes against her Son.

33

But the brave Prince a perfect conquest had
O're an ill mother, and a Father-in-Law.
Forthwith, the Victor, all the LAND obey'd
That did before their swords against him draw.
Then (by his Wrath his judgement oversway'd)
Fast laid in Irons he his Mother saw:
Which God's avenging Hand did soon pursue.
"Such Reverence is to all Parents due."

34.

Loe! proud CASTEEL unites her Forces all
(To be reveng'd for sad TERESA's wrong)
Against the few-in-People PORTINGALL:
But, though his Troops be weake, his Heart is strong.
His mortal Head with Shield Angelical
Hid in the day of Battail from a throng
Of falling darts, not onely firm he stands
Their shock, but routs the formidable Bands.

Yet,

35.

Yet, not long after, was this valiant Prince
 In the same A R A D U C A (his chief Nest)
 Blockt up with a vast Army, to which, since
 Their late defeat, the angred Foes increast.
 But by his faithful Tutor E G A S, thence
 (Offring himself to death) he was releast.
 Else (of all needful matter ill bested)
 He in that streight had surely perished.

36

But the best Servant ever Master found,
 Seeing his Prince can no resistance make,
 That he should hold of Him the Countrey round
 To the C A S T I L I A N K I N G did undertake.
 He (having honest E G A S M O N I Z bound)
 The dreadful siege did presently forsake.
 But the Illustrious youth cannot afford
 To pay low Homage to another Lord.

37.

The time prefixed was arrived now
 When the C A S T I L I A N M O N A R C H made account
 To do him homage that the Prince would bow
 As to his Founder, and Lord Paramount.
 E G A S (who knew that would not be, and how
 Because of Him C A S T E L rely'de upon't)
 Resolves his broken promise, at the rate
 Of his sweet life's expence to expiate.

38.

And, with his children, and dear Wife, he went
 T'unpawn and to redeem his morgag'd Faith,
 Barefoot and bareleg'd, and with eyes so bent
 To th'Earth, as would move pity more then wrath.
 If my rash confidence thou have intent
 To scourge as it deserves (O K I N O) he saith,
 Loe, here I bring thee of mine own accord
 A life, in lieu of ill-accomplisht word!

39.

Loe here (to piece out mine) the innocent
 Lives, of my Wife and Babes, before thy Eyes!
 If Bosoms generous and excellent
 Accept so frail and dire a Sacrifice.
 Loe here the guilty Hands, and Tongue! invent
 All sorts of pains and deaths to exercise
 On These: such as may prove fierce S C I N I S dull
 In mischief, and out-roare P E R I L L U S's Bell.

Just

40.

Just as before the *Heads-man* one condemn'd,
 Who doth in *life* his *death* anticipate,
 And now upon the *Block* his Neck extend,
 For the fear d stroak which must dispatch him straight:
 So E G A S look't, expecting the worst end
 Could be pronounc't by K I N G 's deserved Hate.

But the K I N G seeing such stupendious *Faith*,
 Mercy at length could more with him, then *Wrath*.

41.

O great, and Portingal-Fidelitie,
 Payd by a *Subject* to his *Prince*! What more
 Perform'd the P E R S I A N in that *Project* high,
 When *Nose* and *Face* he carbonado'd o're,
 Which made the great D A R I U S (fighing) cry,
 His brave Z O P Y R U S, such as he was once,
 H'had rather have, then twenty B A B I L O N S?

42.

But now the Prince A L F O N S O did provide
 The happy *Hoast* of L U S I T A N I A
 Against the M O O R S, who, on the other side
 Of T A G U S's delectable River, lay.
 Now in the fam'd O R I Q U E 's Champion wide
 The proud and warlike *Troops* he doth array,
 Just in the beard of the confronted M O O R:
 As rich in *courage*, as in *numbers* poor.

43.

His *Trust* is not in *Flesh*; but placed all
 In the eternal G O D, That *Heav'n* doth steer:
 For the *baptized* Army was so small,
 To his one man an hundred M O O R S there were.
 Those, who consider things by *Reason*, call
 It *madness* rather, then th'effect of clear
 And sober heate, on such vast *Heapes* to run,
 Where there's an hundred *Horsemen* to his one.

44.

Five M O O R I S H K I N G S he hath that day defy'd
 Of whom the Chief hath I S M A R to his name:
 All with the style of S O L D I E R dignify'd,
 By which is purchased immortal *Fame*.
 Each had his *Mistress* fighting by his side,
 Like that, as beautiful, as warlike, D A M E
 Who helpt so long to prop up falling T R O Y,
 And Those, who streams of T H E R M O D O N T injoy.

Now

45.

Now did A U R O R A , beautiful and clear,
 Out of the *Welkin* chase the golden Fry :
 When MARY's son , ALPHONSO's heart to cheer,
 Appear'd to him upon the Cross on high.
 Whom worshipping , That thus vouchsaf't t'appear,
 All of a fire with Faith) the Prince doth cry,
 Not to me L O R D , but to the INFIDEL :
 Not unto me , who know thy pow'r so well:

46.

This miracle of mercy so inflam'd
 The P O T I N G A L L S , and did their minds erect ,
 That they the gallant Prince their K I N G acclam'd ,
 Whom with such cordial love they did affect ;
 And (drawing up before the *Fet*) proclaim'd
 To H E A V ' N , and to the World , their new Elect :
 Crying aloud ; THE ARMY , CROWN AND ALL ,
 FOR G R E A T A L P H O N S O K I N G O F P O R T U G A L L .

47.

As a fierce Mastiff in the woody CHACE
 (Whom Shouts , and Hunters Instruments incite)
 Attacks a Bull , the which his Trust doth place
 In his sharp Horns's irrefragable might ;
 Now fastning on his flank , now on his Face ,
 More nimble at the turn , then strong in fight ;
 Till , tearing out his Throat , down falls the Beast ,
 The groaning Mountain with his weight opprest :

48

So the new K I N G (with courage no less new
 Inflam'd by G O D , and by the People , Both)
 Upon the barb'rous Hoast , before him , flew
 With his bold Troops , impetuous , and wroth .
 With this , the doggs take up a Howle and rue -
 Full Cry , the people rowze , th' Alarum goeth :
 They snatch their Spears , and Bowes , the Trumpets sound ;
 Loud Instruments of war go bellowing round .

49.

As when a fire in Stubble dry begun
 (The whistling Boreas happenng then to blow)
 Fann'd by the Bellows of the Wind , doth run
 To the next which Field , Furzes overgrow ;
 And there a knot of Shepherds (who upon
 The graffie ground sweet slumbers undergo)
 Wak't by the crackling flames in the thick Brake ,
 Snatch up their Hooks , and to the Village make :

50

So the surprized Moors, and thunder-strook,
 Catch up their weapons, which ly round about.
 Yet fled not, these; but to their Arms they took,
 And spur d their warlike Barbs, resolv'd and stout.
 The PORTINGALL encounters them unshook,
 He makes his Lances at their backs come out.

Some drop half-dead, some tumble dead outright,
 Others invoke the ALCORAN, and fight.

51.

Most terrible Encounters, there, resound;
 Enough to shake in its firm seat a Rock:
 When those fierce Beasts, the Trident-strooken ground
 Produc't (with their more furious Burthens) shock.
 No Nook exempt, the war is kindled round,
 Vast wounds are giv'n, Neither hath cause to mock:
 But those of Lusus, Armours, Males, and all,
 Break, cut, hack, batter, penetrate, and maul.

52.

Heads from the shoulders leap about the Field,
 Arms, Leggs, without or Sence, or Master, flye.
 Others (their panting entrails trailing) wheel'd;
 Earth in their bloodless cheek, death in their Eye.
 Th'impious Army now the day doth yield:
 Rivers of Blood flow from their wounds, whereby
 The Field it self doth lose its colour too,
 And into Crimson turns the verdant hew.

53.

The PORTINGALL victorious doth remain,
 Reaping the Trophies and the wealthy Prey.
 Having discomfited the Moor of SPAIN,
 Three days the GREAT KING on the place doth stay.
 In his broad Shield (which he till then bore plain)
 A Badge eternal of this glorious day,
 Five small Shields azur he doth now include,
 In sign of these five Kings by Him subdued.

54.

In these five Shields he paints the Recompence
 For which THE LORD was sold, in various Ink
 Writing his history, who did dispence
 Such favour to him, more then Heart could think.
 In every of the Five he paints Five-pence,
 So sums the Thirty by a Cinque-fold Cinque;
 Accounting that which is the Center, twise,
 Of the five Cinques, which he doth place Cross-wise.
 Some

55.

Some time after he gave this grand defeat
 Th'illustrious K I N G (whose Thoughts to Heaven soare)
 To take in L E Y R I A marcht; which Those, He beat,
 Had took from *Him* a little while before.
 To boot, the strong A R R O N C H E z he doth get:
 And, with her pleasent Vale, the evermore
 Glorious S C A B E L I C A S T R O (Santaréne)
 Which *Thou*, sweet T A G U S, waterst so serene.

56.

Unto these noble Towns reduc't, he soon
 Adds M A F R A, dar'd by his victorious Wings;
 Then, in the famous Mountains of the Moon
 Cold S Y N T R A (forc'd) to his obedience brings:
 Syntra, in which the N A Y A D E S do run
 From the sweet Snare, hiding themselves in Springs.
 But L O V E hath Nets will there too serve their turn:
 And in the water will his wild-fire burn.

57.

And *Thou*, fair L I S B O N (worthy to be crown'd
 Of all the Cities of the W O R L D the Queen)
 Which that great Prince of Eloquence did found,
 Who by his wit T R O Y-T O W N had ruin'd seen;
 Thou (whom obeys the Ocean-Sea profound)
 By the brave P O R T I N G A L L S wer't taken in,
 Help'd by a potent Fleet, which at that time
 Happen'd to come out of the Northern Clime:

58.

Thence, from the German E L V E, and from the R H E N E,
 And from the Britifh-Sea-commanding T H E A M E S,
 Sent to destroy th'usurping S A R A C E N,
 And free their fister J O R D A N 's captive stremes.
 These, entring T A G U S's pleasant mouth, and then
 With great A L P H O N S O joyn'd (whose Glory's beames
 Attract all Hearts, but those his name appalls)
 A Seige is laid to th'U L Y S S E A N W A L L S.

59.

Five times the Moon did hide her horned head,
 And other five her face at full displayd;
 When by main force the City entered
 The will of the Belaguerer obeyd.
 Fierce was the Battail, much the blood there shed,
 As needs they must be (circumstances waigh'd)
 Between rough Conquerours, That all things dare,
 And conquer'd People driven to despaire.

60.

Thus Shee, was after some few Months expence
Compell'd to stoop to this new Visor's law;
Whom in old time to their obedience,
With all their might cold Vandals could not draw:
Whose pow'r (which own'd no bound, stuck at no Fence)
EBRE, and GOLDEN TAGUS, trembling saw:
And BETIS they did so entirely tame,
They did that Land VANDALUSTA name.

61.

If noble LISBON could not stand it out,
Where is that City so resolv'd, and strong,
That can resistance make to such a stout
And warlike people (FAME's immortall song)
Now all ESTREMADURA's at his Foot,
OBIDOS fair, ALENQUER proud (among
Whose pleasant Groves runs many a River sweet,
Murm'ring, as if too good to wash their Feet)
And TORRESUEDRAS.

62.

You likewise, O ye fair TRANS-TAGAN LANDS
(Which golden CERES with her Bounty crowns)
Hee, who brings more then Mortall strength, commands
Out of your Forts, and Arms. And you (the Clowns
Of AFFRICA) who plough'd them with your hands,
Hope not to reap the Fruits: For the good Towns
Of MOURA, SERPA, YBLVES, by assault
Are taken, and ALCACER OF THE SALT.

63.

Lo! now that noble City (certain Seat
Of the brave RebELL in old time, SERTORIUS;
Where still his far-fetcht Water pure and neat,
To serve the place b' an act so meritorious
Through ARCHES on Two hundred Pillars set
Doth pass, with Royall restauration glorious)
Ev'n Her, the bold GERARDO's prowess brings
To own, and serve, the LUSITANIAN KINGS.

64.

Against the City now of BEYA,
To take revenge for spoyl'd TRANCOSO'S TOWN,
ALPHONSO goes; who cannot rest a Day
For ymping a short life with long Renown.
Before this City long he doth not stay,
And (storming it b' a part that's beaten down)
Enraged enters: where, of all that breathes,
His hungry Steel he in the Bowels sheathes.

Jointly

65.

Jointly with *these*, PALMELA doth he *win* ;
 Fishy CIZIMBRA too : nor *wins* alone,
 But (his good star assisting him therein)
 A potent Army there hath overthowne.
 The Town saw his intent, so did her King :
 Nor was he backward to relieve the Towne.

Careles he marcht along the Mountain-side,
 Little imagining what did betide.

66.

'Twas He of BADACHOZ (a haughty MORE)
 Four thousand furious Spirits were his HORSE,
 Of INNTRY innumerable store,
 With gilded Arms (Gallants, and Warriors).
 But, as in May a jealous Bull (before
 He is perceiv'd) rusheth with all his force
 Upon a Travailer, and runs him over,
 (Twice mad, both as a Beast, and as a Lover):

67.

Just so ALPHONSO, from an Ambush close,
 Assaults the people that securely past ;
 Strikes, overturns, and kills ; The Field he mows ;
 The MOORISH KING flyes for his life in haist.
 Struck vvith a Pannick fear, the Remnant throwvs
 Avvay their Arms, and followvs him as fast :
 They That made all this Havock, being a Force
 (Good God !) consisting but of sixty Horse.

68.

The Victory vwithout delay, the great
 And indefatigable KING pursues,
 Causing his Drums through all the Realme to beat
 (Conqu'ring of LANDS he as his Trade doth use).
 Besiegeth BADACHOZ, and soon doth get
 The end of his desire : For there he shewvs
 So much of soldier, and a Soul so high ;
 That keep, It must the others company.

69.

But the great GOD (vwho keeps his Rods in stote,
 For such as merit them, till his ovvn time ;
 Whether, for Sinners to amend, before
 They fall : or CAUSES, Man can not divine)
 If he, till now, the valiant KING forbore,
 And (through all dangers leading) gave him line :
 Yet now, he vwill no longer let him be,
 From his imprison'd MOTHER's curses, free.

70.

For lying in this *City* weakly man'd,
 The **L E O N - M A N** besiege th'ill-guarded Walls,
 'Cause he that *Conquest* took out of *their Hand*,
 Being of **LEON**, and not **PORTUGAL'S**.
 Here dear did *Him* his Pertinacy stand,
 As in the *World* out oftentimes it falls :
 For in a furious *Sally* (his leg burst
 Against an **I R O N**) he to yield was forc't.

71.

O famous **P O M P E Y** ! Be not *Thou* in pain
 To see thy *Glories's* sad *Catastrophe* ;
 Or that just **N E M E S I S** should pre-ordain
 Thy *Father-in-Law* to triumph over *Thee* ;
 Though frozen **P H A S I S** ; and **B O O T E S**'s *Wayn* ;
 The *Land* under the **B U R N I N G A X L E - T R E E S** ;
 And strange **S Y E N E** , where no *oblique Sun*
 A *shadow* casts, and all the *day* is *Noon* ;

72.

And **E N I O C H I A N S** fierce ; and **A R A B S** rich ;
 And **C O L C H O S**, famous for the *Golden Sheep* ;
 And **C A P P A D O C E A N S** ; and **J U D E A N S** , which
 Abolish *Rites* so obstinately keep ;
 And soft **S O P H E N A** , scurf with pleasures Itch ;
 And (with **S I L I C I A N - R O B B E R S** on the **D E E P**)
A R M E N I A . That *two Rivers* boasts, which came
 From **P A R A D I S E** ; All trembled at thy name :

73.

And though, in fine, from the **A T T L A N T I C - S E A**
 To **S C Y T H I A N - T A U R U S** with erected Crown,
Victorius : Wonder not, that thou shouldst be
 In the **P H A R S A L I A N B A T T A I L** overthrown.
 For *high* and *great* **A L P H O N S O** thou shalt see
 Bear *All* before him, and at last bourn down.
 By a *Cross-match* of **F A T H E R** were *Both* undon,
Thou by a **F A T H E R - I N - L A W**, *He* by a **S O N**.

74.

The noble **K I N G** thus scourg'd by **H E A V ' N**, at length
 Restor'd was to his **P O R T U G A L** again.
There (after he had been ; by a vast strength
 Of **M O O R S** , in **S A N T A R E N** besiegd in vain ;
 And, after that the *Corps* of **St. V I N C E N T H**
The Martyr , from that *Head of Land* in **S P A I N**
 Which by his name to all the world is known,
 Translated was to **T H I L Y S S B A N T O W N**.)

To

75.

To carry on the Work by *Him* begun,
 The *old man* (weary) doth his *Son* command
 With men and warlike preparation
 To march into the ALENTEIAN-LAND.
 SANCH O (to prove himself his *Father's Son*)
 Like a strong stream let loose, passes beyond:
 And makes the River of GUADALQUIVE R
 Run Moorish blood, That wont to run so clear.

76.

Fleشت with his *winnings*, the young Gamester grows
 Now Covetous; and cannot rest, before
 He in a second Battail overthrows
 (In fight of BEIA) the beleaguring MORE.
 Nor long with this *design* in labour goes
 E're he the Bays by *Him* desired Wore.
 The MOOR (on both sides justled to the Wall)
 Resolves at once to be reveng'd for all.

77.

Now, from the Mountain which MEDUSA star'd
 Out of that Body which the HEAV'N sustayn'd,
 From AMPHELEA'S Promontory, hard
 They march; from TANGER, where ANTIBUS raign'd.
 Of AVILA the dwellers are not spar'd:
 Doth likewise march (well-arm'd, and choicely train'd)
 At the harsh Mauritanian Trumpet's sound
 Of noble JUBA all the Kingdom round.

78.

With this huge mas of men his inroad made
 The great MIRAMOLIN in PORTUGAL.
 Twelve Moorish Kings he carryed in his Ayd,
 'Mongst whom He wears the Crown Imperial.
 These, having in their march by Parties prey'd,
 And, where they could, destroy'd the Countrey all,
 In SANTAREN Don SANCH O close impound:
 But a sad Seige it will for them be found.

79.

Furious assaults th'incensed MOOR doth make:
 A thousand Stratagems in practice puts.
 In vain huge Stones from horrid Engins brake:
 In vain the Mine is hid, and the Ram buts.
 ALPHONSO'S Son is everywhere awake,
 Here his Care sheilds, and there his courage cuts.
 So what with these, and what with martial Art,
 Stopt is each Meuse; and guarded in each part.

But

80.

But the *old man* (whose burthen'd *Lims*, and *Head*,
 With *years*, and *Cares*, oblig'd him to repose)
 Retir'd into that *City*, whose fair *Mead*
 To sweet *M O N D E G O*'s streams its verdure ows ;
 Hearing his *Son* is close beleaguered
 In *S A N T A R E N* by blind and barb'rous Foes,
 Flyes from that *City* to his Ayd: For *Age*
 Cramps not his wonted speed, nor cools his rage.

81.

He, with his *Troops* inur'd to warlike Feats,
 Thund ring the *Reare*, and his *Son* salying out ;
 The *P O R T I N G A L* (who now of custom beats)
 In a short space the *Moor's* doth wholly rout.
 With *Terbants*, *Cassacks*, *Faulchions*, *Coverlets*,
Cloaks with wrought *Capes*, the Field is strew'd about :
Horses, and their *Caparisons* (rich Prey)
 And by the *Horses* their dead *Masters* lay.

82.

The *Lusitanian* Bounds the rest forego,
 Put to a hasty and disordred flight.
 The great *M I R A M O L I N*, he flyes not though :
 For before he could flye, he fled the light.
 To *H I M*, who did this Victory bestow
 Are rendred thanks and Praises infinite :
 For in so great, and so apparent odds,
 The part *man* acts is the dumb shew to *G O D's*.

83.

This was the great *A L P H O N S O*'s latest wreath
 Of *Victory* (a *Prince* of vast Renown)
 When *He* who forg'd it with his *sword* (his breath
 Deserting him) exchang'd his *M O R T A L C R O W N*.
 The *hand* of sickness ush'ring that of *death*,
 Toucht his weak Body, and so pusht it down.
 Thus, whom so many had paid Tribute to,
 Paid the last tribute unto *Nature* due.

84.

Him did the lofty *Promontories* moan :
 With all their streams the widow'd *Rivers* wept,
 And (overflowing the Fields, newly sown,
 With rueful Tears) the next years Harvest swept.
 But through the world his living *F A M E* is blown :
 And, where he raign'd, his *name* so fresh is kept,
 That there each *Hill*, and ev'y'ecchoing *Plain*,
A L F O N S O calls, *A L P H O N S O* — But in vain.

S A N-

85.

S A N C H O succeeds (*valiant*, and in his *Spring*)
 True Copy of his Sire, examin'd well enough, though
 By the Original, alive yet being
 When he with barb'rous blood made B E T I S swell;
 And overturn'd the *Andalusian King*
 Of the accursed Race of I S H M A E L:

But better; when at B E J A's siege he made

Them feel the weight of his *Victorious Blade*.

86.

After he ware the L U S I T A N I A N C R O W N
 (Some years elaps'd since he to reign began)
 Before the City S I L V E S he sat down
 Then in possession of the A F F R I C A N:
 Assisted was he to take in this T o w n
 By Strangers from the N o r t h e r n O c e a n,
 With Men, and Arms, for A S I A bound: to joyne
 In rescue of distressed P A L E S T I N E.

87.

They sayl'd, to second in the *Holy Cause*
 R E D F R E D R I C K; who with a potent Hoast
 To the defence of that plagu'd City draws,
 By which the L O R D O F L I F E his own life lost:
 When G U I D A with his Troops (having their jaws
 Parcht up with drowth) to the G R E A T S O L D A R
 Were to surrender, where the *Miscreants*
 Have prepossess't the Springs which G u i d o wants.

88.

But the fair N a v i e (forc't upon our shore
 By adverse Winds, though S A N C H O's prosperous Star)
 Assists him willingly against the M O R E,
 Since one and t'other is a *Holy War*.
 As thy great Father, L I S B O N took before;
 Just so, and with the same Auxiliar,
 From the fierce dwellers tak'st Thou, S I L V E S. This
 Also, a noble Realm's M E T R O P O L I S.

89.

And, if from the M A H U M B T A N S thou hast
 So many trophies; neither didst thou let
 The men of L E O N (though in Mountains plac't,
 And nurst in bloody Battail) quiet set:
 Till thou a Yoke upon the Neck hadst cast
 Of their proud T U I, adding a C O R O N E
 Of Towns her Neigbours, on which Thou didst put
 (Renowned S A N C H O) thy triumphant Foot.

But

90.

But death (like a bold Thiefe) did Him assault
In his Career of glory. He was heyr'd
B'a Son whom many Vertues did exalte:
Second ALPHONSO; of our Kings the Third.
In his Reign was ALCACER OF THE SALT
Subdu'd again in spight of the Moor's Beard,
By whom late took, 'tis now re-took, with great
Destruction of them, and four Kings's defeat.

91.

A L F O N S O dead, The Second S A N C H O came
To hold the Scepter; Tame, and negligent:
To that degree both negligent, and tame,
That for the shadow of Himself he went.
Then did Another (fitter for the same)
Wrest from his hands that power, he was content
To delegate. And why? He having none
Himself, his Minion's Crimes were call'd his owne.

92.

No, no, our S A N C H O was not of that mood:
Lewd N E R O was, who married with a Boy;
And after (with leis guilt he shed her blood)
His mother A G R I P P I N A did injoy:
Nor (like the self-same N E R O) piping stood,
Then clapt his hands to see his burning T R O Y:
Nor did his daughter, like one King, devour:
Nor change his Sex like t'other Emperour.

93.

He did not o're his People tyranize,
Like Those who Kings in S Y R A C U S A were:
Nor hyr'd he men, strange Tortures to devise,
Like P H A L A R I S, one of the Tyrants there.
But the proud Realm, which too indulgent skies
Had us'd to Kings, who would indure no Peere,
That likewise to such nicenees did arrive
T'indure no King, who had his Peer alive.

94.

Therefore B O L O N I A 's Earl the Helm did guide:
Which he did after in his own right hold,
When his still-floathful Brother (S A N C H O) dy'de.
He (nam'd A L P H O N S O, and surnam'd the Bold)
After he had the Kingdom pacify'de,
And all sharp humors settled, or controll'd;
Thinks, how he may enlarge it by his merit:
Too small a Circle for so great a spirit.

95.

Of the A LGAR V E S's land (the conquering
 Whereof was giv'n him with his Queen in dowr)
 He gains in much, outing the Moorish King ;
 On all whose Actions now curst M AR S did lowr.
 But out of P OR T U G A L did wholly fling
 (By Prudence part, and part by martial pow'r.)
 That pertinacious People, and did chace
 From that good Land which Lu s u s left his Race.

96.

Now, D EN I S ! worthy his own Parentage :
 And for whom such a Father should make room.
 D EN I S ! Who strikes (in the way of Patronage),
 The fame of A LE X A N D E R's bounty, dumbe.
 The Land got breath, and flourisht in that Age
 (Mild 'eace, and , with peace, Justice from Heav'n come)
 With Constitutions, Laws, and Customes right :
 Of a calm Kingdome LUMINARIES bright.

97.

He, was the first That made C O Y M B R A shine
 With Lib'ral Sciences which P ALLAS taught ;
 By Him, from H E L I C O N the Muses Nine
 To bruize M O N D E G O's grassie brink were brought ;
 Hither transferr'd A P O L L O that rich Mine,
 Which the old G R E E K S in learned A T H E N S wrought ;
 Here Ivy-Wreaths with Gold he interweaves,
 And the coy D A P H N E's never-fading leaves.

98

Now noble Cities from the ground ascend,
 Castles , and warlike Fortress secure ;
 Scarce any Corner but this Prince doth mend :
 Convents he builds, and Towns he doth immure.
 But A T R O P O S (the Best must have an End)
 Shearing his golden Thrid in years mature,
 His Son succeeds ; not dutiful (the Fourth
 A L P H O N S E) but of high courage, and much worth.

99.

On proud C A S T E L he still with Scorn did look :
 Yet free from malice as 'twas free from feares,
 Onely men have a custom, in that Nook,
 To dread no pow'r for being more then theirs.
 For when the M AURITANIAN undertook
 H E S P E R I A's second Conquest ; and appears
 Just ready now C A S T I L I A N S to invade :
 The brave A L P H O N S O pow'r's in to their Ayd :

K

Never

100.

Never SEMIRAMIS with such an Host
 Did swarm HYDASPE's banks, his Sands out-number;
 Nor ATTILA (He, who himself did boast)
 The Scourge of GOD, and was the fright, and wonder
 Of ITALY) so many GOTH'S ingrost
 And Northern People: As of MOORS were under
 The AFFRICK-MOOR (with Those GRANADA yields)
 At that time mustred in Tartessian Fields.

101.

Then the CASTILIAN KING (who saw so great
 And vast a pow'r, against his Countrey bend,
 Nor weigh'd his life, but the intire defeat
 Of SPAIN it self (once lost) did apprehend)
 Help from the valiant PORTUGALE tintreat,
 His dearest Consort to that Court did send:
 His Wife from whom the Embassie is sent,
 And his dear daughter unto whom it went.

102.

Virtuous MARIA, and as fair as good,
 Enters her Father's Palace (glorious dame!)
 Lovely, in Grief; nor, though the water stood
 In her sweet eyes, did that suspend their flame.
 Her Angel's Tresses with a golden flood
 Coverd her Ivory shoulders: When she came
 Before her Sire (He overjoyd and kind)
 It rain'd down right, and thus she brake her mind.

103.

As many Nations as all AFFRICK bred
 (A People barbarous and inhumane)
 Hath the great King of the MOROCICO's led
 To take possession of illustrious SPAIN.
 So vast a pow'r ne're marcht under one Head
 Since the dry Earth was compast by the Main.
 -It terrifies the living where it rolls,
 And ev'n alarms their dead Father's Souls.

104.

His frightened subjects to protect and skreen,
 He, whom thou hast my Lord and Husband made,
 Stands with small strength exposed to the keen
 And thirsty edges of the Moorish Blade;
 If thou afford him not thy present ayde
 A sad and private Woman, Husbandless.
 Without a Crown, or Him, or Happiness
 There-

105.

Therefore (O King) for very fear of whom
The streams of hot M A L U C O do congeale ;
Succour, O ! quickly to the succour come
Of miserable and despis'd C A S T E L E .
If that deare smile be an assenting dumb,
If that thy fath'ly affection seal.

Ran Father ; if thou do not, by the M O R E
I fear thou'l find it over-run before.

106.

This with the self-same tone M A R I A said
To King A L P H O N S O on her trembling knees,
With which sad V E N U S once her Father pray'd
For her E N E A S lost on Lybian Seas ;
At which, with sense of the deep moan she made,
Such tender pitty did J O V E 's bowels seize,
(Indulgent Sire !) he let his Thunder fall,
And (griev'd she askt no more) granted her all.

107.

Streight armed S Q U A D R O N S , glitt'ring in the Sun,
Are mustred in the Fields of E B O R A :
Scowr'd is the S word, the L ance, the M urrion :
In rich C a p a r i s o n s the H orses neigh.
The T r u m p e t shrill, with pendant B anner done,
Rowzes from peaces down (where long they lay)
Their tickled Hearts to disaccustomed A rms ;
And concave D r u m s go thund'ring fresh A l a r m s .

108.

A m o n g st them and a b o v e them All appears
Higher by head and shoulders then the rest
(And where He goes the Royal Standard veers):
Valiant A L P H O N S O with erected Crest.
His very look , it animates and cheers
(If there are any) ev'n the Coward's Brest.
Into C A S T E L thus marching is he seen
With his fair d a u g h t e r , the C a s t i l i a n Queen.

109.

The two A L P H O N S O 's in conclusion joyn'd,
In wide T A R Y F A 's Fields confronting stood
The endles numbers of the people blind
For vvhom too narrow are both Plain and Wood.
Of ours not one so hardy, but did find
Somevhat of cold and shiv'ring in his blood,
Save onely such as cleerly understands
C H R I S T fights the battail vvith his People's hands.

110.

Derided are the thin-spread *Christian-Bands*
By Bond-Mayd H A G A R's Progeny unclean ;
Who, by anticipation, all their lands
Divide amongst the Army *Hagarene*,
Which by false Title in possession stands
Of the illustrious Name of *Saracene* :
Just as *Another's* noble Land they boast
Now, for their own ; reck'ning without their Host.

111.

As that big-bon'd and barb'rous *Gyant* (whom
King S A U L so fear'd, and all his *Army* worse)
Seeing a simple *Swain* against him come,
Only with *Peebles* arm'd, and a *clean* force,
With haughty language (arrogant and grum)
Scorns the poor Boy, and sends him to his *Nurse* ;
Whom rounding with his sling, *He taught at length*
The diff'rence betwixt *Faith*, and *bramane strength*.

112.

So the perfidious *Moor* (advancing) cracks
Over the *Christian Hoast* ; nor understands
What *Pow'r* it is that their weak *Powers* backs,
Which *Hell* with all its *Fiends* in vain withstands.
Helpt by that *Pow'r*, *He* of *C A S T E E L* attacks
M O R O C C O's *King*, who there in *Chief* commands :
The P O R T I N G A L (who fleights their whole *Armada*)
He takes to Task the *Kingdom* of *G R A N A D A*.

113.

Now crack the *Lances*, and the *Swords* cry clink
Upon the *Armours*, Pow'r's incoutring Pow'r's ;
Invoking (when they stand on danger's brink)
Theirs M A H O M E T, and St. I A G O overs.
The strook strike *Heav'n* with Cries, making a sink
And standing Pool with thick Vermilion show'rs :
Where some (half dead) lye drowning where they stood
In too much *now*, who fell for want of blood.

114.

With so great blood-shed did the *P O R T I N G A L*
Make Spoyl and Havock of the *G R A N A D I N E*,
That in small space he kills, or routs, them *All*,
'Spight of their *Mayles* and *breast-plates* of steel fine.
His hungry *Blade* which will to supper fall
In *F E z*, if in th'A L H A M B R A it did dine)
The brave C A S T I L I A N helps to end the *Fray* :
Who hath the *M A U R I T A N I A N* at a Bay.

The

115.

The burning Sun was making his retreat
 To T H E T Y S's grots, and the bright *Ev'ning Star*
 Drawing that glorious day to it's red *Set*,
 Whose memory no time shall ever bar :
 When the two *Kings* consummate the defeat
 Of the M O O R S's Powers assembled in this War,
 With so much Tragick slaughter, as no *Age*
 Beheld before, or since, on the World's Stage.

116.

Not a fourth part rough M A R I U S flew, of Those
 That lost their lives in this day's Victory,
 When water dasht with blood of their dead Foes
 He made his *Army* drink, which then was dry :
 Nor *He* of C A R T H A G E (sworn, a child, t'oppose
 With Fire and Sword the Pride of I T A L Y)
 When he so many *Knights* kill'd famous R o m e ,
 That their *Rings* tane did to three Bushels come.

117.

And if *Thou* (noble T I T U S) couldst alone
 So many souls to black C o c y t u s send,
 When thou the *Holy City* didst unstone
 Of that stiff *People*, never to be wean'd
 From their abolisht R ytes : This G O D did owne,
 And christned it *his A ct*, that what was pen'd
 By the O L D P R O P H E T S might be verify'de,
 And J E S U S said too, whom *they* Crucify'de.

118.

After this great and prosperous event
 (A L F O N S o come to P O R T U G A L again,
 There to injoy in *peace* and sweet content
 The spreading Glories he in *War* did gain)
 A black and lamentable accident
 (Worthy in F A M E's *Memorials* to remain)
 Was on a miserable *Lady* seen,
 Who, after she was dead, was made a *Queen*.

119.

Thou, only *Thou* (pure L o v E) with bended bow,
 Against whose Force no brest whate're can hold,
 As if thy *perjur'd Subject*, or *sworn Foe*,
 Did'ft cause her death whom all the World condol'd.
 If *Tears* (which from a troubled Fountain flow)
 Quench not thy Thirst, as hath been said of old;

It is, that such is thy *tyrannick mood*,

Thou lov'st thy *Altars* should be bath'd in *Blood*.

Thou

120.

Thou wer't (fair Y N E's) in Repose, of L O V E's
 Reflected Fires fost'ring the sweet heat, young ;
 In that sweet Error, that worse Fates removes,
 Which Fortune never suffers to last long :
 In sweet M O N D E G O's solitary Groves,
 Whose streams no day but thou didst weep among :
 Teaching the lofty Trees, and humble Grass,
 That Name which printed in thy bosom was.

121.

Thy pensive Prince, with thine did sympathize .
 Remembrances , which in his Soul did swim,
 Bringing thee always fresh before his Eyes,
 When, from thy fair ones, bus'ness banisht Him :
 By night, in dreams ; that cheat him with sweet lyes :
 By day, in thoughts ; that pencil thy each lim :
 And all he mus'd, and all he saw in fine,
 Were dear I D E A's of thy Form divine.

122.

Of other Ladies fair, and Princesses
 The tend'red Matches he did vilifie ;
 For, of a Heart 'tis hard to dispossef
 True Love, that hath had time to fortifie.
 Upon these highly am'rous passages
 The Father looking with an old man's Eye
 (Enrag'd with what the common-people sed
 And his Son's resolution not to wed)

123.

Y N E's determines from the World to take,
 His Son from Her to take, and to remove :
 Believing, with her blood's ill let-out Lake,
 To quench the kindled flames of constant love.
 O ! that sure Sword (which had the pow'r to make
 The Moorish Rage strike saile) what Rage could move
 Thee, from the honor'd Sheaths, where thou did'st rest,
 To be new sheath'd in Lady's gentle Breast.

124.

The horrid blood-hounds dragg'd her to the King :
 Whose bowels now to mercy stood inclin'd.
 But ill-Advisers with false reasoning
 To her destruction re-inflam'd his mind.
 Shee (with Heart-breaking language which did spring
 Only from sense of Those she left behind
 In solitude, her Prince, and children deare,
 Whose Griefe the more, then her own death did feare :)

125.

Lifting unto the azure Firmament
Her Eyes, which in a Sea of Tears were drown'd,
Her Eyes, for one of those malevolent
And bloody Instruments her hands had bound;
And then, the same on her dear Infants bent,
Who them with smiling innocence surround

By whom poor Orphans they will straught be made
Unto their cruel Grand-Father thus said.

126.

If Beasts themselves (wild Beasts) whose use, and way,
By Nature's dire-influst, is not to spare;
And vagrant Birds, whose bus'ness 'tis, to prey,
And chace their Quarrel through the yielding Ayre;
The world hath seen take Babes expos'd, and play
The tender Nurses to them with their care,

As NINUS's mother once it did befall,
And the Twinn-Founders of the Roman Wall:

127.

O Thou, whose Superscription speaks thee, MAN
(That the Contents were suited to the Cover!
A feeble Maid thou wouldest not murther than
Onely for loving HIM, who first did love her)
Pitty these Babes (the babes about him ran)
In thy hard doom since I am spot all over.

Spare, for their sakes, their lives, and mine: And see
Whiteness in Them, though thou wilt not in me.

128.

And if (subduing the presumptuous MORE, I woulf faine have
How to give death with fire and sword thou know'st,
Know, to give life too, to a damsel poore,
Who hath done nothing why it should be lost.
Let my hid Innocence thus much procure:
Exile me to some sad intemperate Coast,
Cold SCYTIA, or burn't LYRIA, to remain
A weeping Tomb, and never more see SPAIN.

128.

Plant me where nothing grows but Cruelty,
'Mongst Lyons, Bears, and other Savage Beasts:
To see, if They that mercy will deny
Which I in vain implore from humane Breasts:
There, in firm love to HIM for whom I dye,
I'll breed his Pieces, though here seest, their guests
And my Companions, to slide off with Those
Part of the burthen of their mother's woes.

130.

Fain would have pardon'd her the gracious *King*,
 Mov'd with these words, which made his Bowels yearn:
 But *Fate*, and *whisperers* (That fresh Jewell bring)
 They would not pardon. 'Tis those men's concern
 (Having begun) to perpetrate the Thing.
 They strip their steel out of the Scabbard (stern).

Out Villains! Butchers! What? employ your spights,
 Your swords, against a *Lady*, and call'd *Knights*?

131.

As at the breast of fair *POLIXENA*
 Condemn'd to death by dire *ACHILLES*'s shade
 (The last dear stake of *Aged HELENA*)
 Revengeful *PYRRHUS* bent his cruel *Blade*;
 But with a look that drives ill Ayrs away
 (Patient, as any *Lamb*) The *Royal Maid*,
 On her mad *Mother* casting up her Eys,
 Presents her self a *Sacrifice*, and dyes:

132.

So gentle *YNE*'s bruitish Murtherers,
 Ev'n in that *Neck* (white *ATLAS* of that *Head*)
 Whose stars, thought set, had influence o're the pow'rs
 Of *Him*, That crowdu'd her after she was dead)
 Bathing their thirsty *Swords*, and all the flow'rs
 Which her fair Eyes had newly watered
 (Mindless of the insuing Vengeance) stood
 Like crimson'd *Hunters* reeking with her blood.

133.

Well mightst Thou *PHEBUS* from an Act so dire
 (P^YROUS starting) have reverst thy look;
 As from *THEYSES*'s Table, when the *Sire*
 Din'd on the *Son*, the *Uncle* being the Cook.
You, hollow Vales (which, when she did expire,
 From her cold lips the dying accent took)
 Hearing her *PEDRO* nam'd with her last breath,
 Form'd *PEDRO*, *PEDRO*, after *YNE*'s death.

134.

Like a sweet *Rose* (vvith party-colours fair)
 By *Virgin*'s hand beheaded in the Bud
 To play vvithal, or prick into her Hair,
 When (sever'd from the stalk on vvich it stood)
 Both *Scent* and *beauty* vanish into Ayre:
 So lies the *Damzel* vvithout *breath*, or *Blood*,
 Her *Cheeks* fresh *Roses* ravish't from the Root
 Both red and white, and the sweet life to boor.

This

135.

This Act of horrour, and black night obscure,
 MONDEGO's daughters long resented deep ;
 And, for a lasting Tomb, into a pure
 Fountain, transformd the Teares which they did weep.
 The name, they gave it (which doth still indure)
 Was YNE's; loves, whom PEDRO there did keep.

No wonder, such sweet Streams water those Flowers :
 TEARES, are the substance ; and the NAME, A-MOUR'S.

136.

It was not long ere PEDRO found the way
 To that Revenge which in his breast did boyle ;
 For, taking in his hands the KINGDOM'S sway
 Hee takes it on the Murd'rers (who chang'd soyle)
 With licence of another PEDRO. They
 (Partners in mischief) having made that vile
 And bloody pact, AUGUSTUS did with those
 He was new Friends with, of exchanging FOES.

137.

A rigorous Chastizer was this King
 Of Thefts, of Murthers, and Adultries blind,
 The Ill to condigne punishment to bring
 Was the delight and banquet of his mind.
 Restraining Cities with rough disciplin,
 From Vice and Insolence of every kind,
 He gave more Robbers their deserved meed
 Then wandring THESUSS, or ALCIDESS, did.

138.

From the just PEDRO, and severe (Behold
 How NATURE sometimes can prevaricate !)
 Sprang the remisse, the Careleffe, the sheep-sold
 FERNANDO : who set all of a Flame straight.
 Whence the CASTILIAN entring uncomprold,
 Went wasting so the weake disnerved State,
 That at last gaspe it lay : For its seen oft,
 "A soft KING makes a valiant People, soft."

139.

Whether it were GOD's Judgement, for his sin
 Of taking from her Husband LEONORE,
 And marrying HER, besotted with her win-
 Ning looks, and by his Flattering CASUISTS more ;
 Or that faint Vice (through custom soaking in
 Into his Breast, thence breathing through each pore)
 Made him all PAP within : For, tis as true,
 "Ynlawfull fires make Valiant KING soft too.

L

" Lust

140.

"*Last* oft hath brought great men to great mishap :
God that permitting, and ordaining thus.
Witness th'ABETTORS of fair HELLEN's Rape:
King-TARQUIN, and Triumvir-APPRIUS.
Why could not holy DAVID judgement escape?
Why was destroy'd the TRIBE illustrious

OF BENJAMIN? DINAH cost SICHEM deer:
Nor (SARAH only wisht) went PHAROAH clear.

141.

Then, whether manly Bosoms melt, or not,
With fires that are not kindled from Above;
ALCMENA's Son (who ware a Petticot
To please OMPHALIS) well may serve to prove:
And ANTHONY, who lost the fame he got,
And the World's Crown for CLEOPATRA's love.
And THOS of CARTHAGE, in full conquest stayd
By stumbling on a mean Appulian mayd.

142.

But who is priviledg'd from the sweet snare
Which Love so subtly weaves, and hides it (oh!)
In Damask Roses, in bright auburn haire,
Transparent alabaster, and warm Snow?
Who, from the poysond Arrows of the Faire?
From a MEDUSA's head (I term it so)
That turns the hearts of them whom she doth tame,
Not into Stone (then it were well) but flame?

143.

Who sees a crystal Brow, a piercing look,
A lusious, and Seraphick excellency,
(Transforming Soules into it) That can brook
The object, or pretend the least defence?
All That have swallow'd LOVE's bewitching Hook,
With poor FERNANDO's frailty will dispence:
And some (as when MARS seen in courser snares
The Gods did once) ev'n wish his case were Theirs.

End of the third Canto.

Fourth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

After a pitchie, and a dripping night,
Poor Travailers confounding in their way,
A glorious Morn (succeeding) glads the sight ;
And, with the long'd-for Sun, returns the day :
After the whistling winds have spent their spight,
On the calm'd Sea the wanton *Dolphins* play :
So the afflicted Kingdom it befell
When soft FERNANDO bade the world farewell.

2.

And if ours wisht a *Champion*, to fullfil
Their Vengeance upon *Those*, from whom alone
(Using remiss FERNANDO's favours ill)
They make account that all their *Ills* are grown.
Now they'll have one according to their will,
Putting illustrious JOHN into the *Throne*,
As PEDRO's only Son they could come at :
And his true Son, though *Illegitimat*.

3.

That this was *Heaven's* Ordinance divine
By most cleer Tokens evident became,
When a young girl, speaking before her time,
In EBOA distinctly form'd his name.
And as a *Herald-Angel* sent in fine
The Portingall Successour to proclaim
Lifting i'th'Cradle Body, Hand, and Tene,
Cry'd, PORTUGAL FOR THE NEW KING DON JOHN.

4.

Such, at this time, was the confus'd Estate
Of the poor *Realm*, and the mad *People's* spleen ;
That (to disburthen their conceived Hate)
Flat *Cruelties* in ev'ry part were seen :
Killing the Kin, and all that did relate
To the adul'trous Earl, and to the Queen,
With whom her lewdnes (they affirm'd) was more
In widowhood ; then it had been before.

5.

But true, or false, the scandal which they gave
 Forfeits his Head (and rightly) to the Axe.
 He dyes for't in her presence : Others have
 The self-same sawce. It catches like fir'd flax.
One, whom religious Orders could not save,
 Thrown from a Steeple like A STIANAX :
 A Second, Orders, Sex, nor th' Altar's Horn :
 A third dragg'd naked, and to mamocks torn.

6.

In long forgetfulness may now be laid
 Those horrid Massacres, which ROME beheld,
 By bloody SYLLA, and fierce MARIUS, made,
 When one another they by turns expel'd.
 Then LEONORE (whom th'unrevenged shade
 Of her dear Count with open fury swell'd)
 Invites CASTELL, who did her daughter wed :
 Saying, the CROWN belongeth to her head.

7.

Her daughter BEATRICE was she, as due
 To whom, he of CASTELL that Crown might clame :
 Reputed daughter of FERNANDO too,
 With the permission of her mother's Fame.
 Into the Field CASTILLA therefore drew,
 To seize the Kingdom in his Consort's name,
 Amassing men (our Spot to overwhelm)
 From every Province of his spacious Relm.

8.

Troops came (on this occasion) from that LAND
 To which one BRIGUS gave his name of yore :
 From Lands recover'd (by their GREAT FERNAND,
 And greater CID) from the usurping MORE.
 Nor those, who high in MARS his favour stand,
 Who with their Ploughs (laborious) travaile o're
 The Hills of LEON, slowly did advance :
 The ancient Terror of the Moorish Lance.

9.

The VANDALS came, who to this day confide
 In Valour which of old they made appear.
 SEVILIA came (ANDALUZIA'S Pride)
 So sweetly water'd by GUADALQUIVER,
 The noble ISLAND (which was colonied
 Sometime by TYRIANS) was not wanting here,
 Who, on their Banners in those days of yore
 The famous Pillars of ALCIDES bore.

Came

10.

Came likewise Troops from old T O L E D O ' s Reame,
 Whose nimble Tongue the neatest Spanish trolls :
 And T A G U S clasps her with his amorous streme,
 Which from the Hills of C U E N C A sweetly rolls.
 Nor fear kept you from being joyn'd to Them,
 Sordid G A L L E G O S (refractory Souls !)

That arm your selves again, those swords t'oppose,
 Of which already ye have f'l't the blows.

11.

Likewise black Furies of the war drives an
 The B I S K A Y N E R, A mortal enemy
 To Complement; nor of a Heart, that can
 From any stranger brook an injury :
 He of G U I P U S C U A , and th' A s T U R I A N :
 Fam'd for their Tron-Indies far and nigh :

These (arm'd with their own Mines) conducted are
 To serve their L O R D in the denounced War.

12.

J O H N , from whose manly Bosom's bristles, grew
 That courage, S A M P S O N borrow'd of his hairs,
 Though all his men amount but to a Few,
 To play the best of a bad Game prepares.
 Nor, that he's unresolved what to do,
 Calls the cheif Counsellors in his Affaires ;
 But, to observe how every one inclines :
 " For among many there are many minds.

13.

There want no such, as, ev'n against that Cause
 They follow, Reasons do insinuate :
 Whose fence with a Castilian Byas draws
 From all that's Portingal degenerate.
 Whom Fear so freezes, and so overaws,
 That natural love it doth exterminate.
 Their King, and Country, they deny : and wou'd
 With P E T R E too, for fear deny their G O D .

14.

Don N U N I O (to be sure) was none of Those :
 But though his Brothers (whom he dearly lov'd)
 Take t'other side, and big the danger grows,
 Them whose Faish staggers sharply he reprov'd ;
 And at these People with their I's, and No's ;
 Laying his Hand upon his Hilt (more mov'd

Then Eloquent) these words abruptly hurl'd :
 Threatning the Earth, the Ocean, and the world.

What?

15.

What? 'Mongst the *Portingal*-Nobility
 Shall there be any less then Sons of Mars?
 What? in this Realm (victorious far and nigh)
 Shall there be born, That shun defensive wars?
 That will their Hearts, their Hands, their Heads deny
 At such a pinch, their Fortunes, and their Stars?
 Or who, for any cause that can be thought,
 Will see their Country in subjection brought.

16.

What? Are not you then of those worthies bred,
 Who (fierce and valiant as the Swords they wore)
 Under the great HENRIQUE Standart led,
 O'rethrew this warlike Nation once before?
 When Them so many routed Squadrons fled,
 So many Flags, that (besides thousands more
 Of lesser Rank, amongst the opulent Prey)
 Sev'n potent Earles our Pris'ners were that day?

17.

With whom, perpetually were trodden down
 These, That are now so dreadful in your view,
 By DENIS, and his son, of high Renown,
 But with your Sires, and Grandfathers? and if you
 Were (by the Sins, or weakness, of the CROWN)
 Kept under, in FERNANDO's days; Renew
 Your strength with the new King: "For 'tis not strange
 "(You see) for People with their Kings to change.

18.

Ye have one now, that, if your courage rose
 Equal with his You lifted to the Throne,
 Ye might o'rethrew the World, how much more These,
 Whom ye have oft already overthrown?
 And if, in short, with Him ye cannot lose
 Those fears, that seem t'have turn'd you into stone;
 Stand but like stones (I ask you not one stroke)
 Whilst I alone resist a forraign yoke.

19.

I onely, with my Tenants, and with this —
 (And at that word he pull'd out half his Blade)
 Will save from force, and all that shameful is,
 This Land, which hitherto hath liv'd a Maid.
 By the King's fire, and mine (lighted at his):
 Our Country's Tears: By Faith (by you not vvaigh'd):
 Not onely These upon their knees I'll bring,
 But All that ever shall oppose my King.

20.

As when, despairing now, the *Youth of ROME*
 (All that survived CANNÆ's fatal Field)
 Stood ready (rallyed in CANUSIUM)
 Themselves unto the *Conquerour* to yield,
 But young CORNELIUS doth amongst them come,
 And swears them *All* upon his sword, compel'd;
 That they the *Roman wars* shall never leave,
 Till life leave them, or *Those* their lives bereave:

21.

So NUNIO animates, whom he did force.
 Whose boyf'rous *Rhet'rick* such quick flame imparts,
 Chiefly the Tail and sting of his discourse,
 As thaws those fears that had congeal'd their hearts.
 And presently they call *ta Horse, to Horse,*
 Tossing about their heads Lances, and Darts.
 They run: and *live* (with open mouth they cry)
The famous King that gives us Liberty!

22.

Amongst the fiercer Commons, some up-cry
 This war, by which their Countrey is assoyld:
 Others scowr up their Armoars, and supply
 What with the rust of peace was eate, and spoyld:
 These, stuff old MARRIONS; Those, new breast-plates try:
 Each takes those Arms, he hath most skill to wield.

With sev'ral colour'd Garments, others flaunt:

Others, Love-Motto's, and devices paint.

23.

With all this well-appointed Company,
 Doth valiant JOHN from fresh ABRANTES go:
 Abrantes, which injoys abundantly
 The streams, from CUENCA's frozen Caves that flow.
 The well-arm'd Vanguard is commanded by
 One, who was fit t'have led against a Foe
 Those Oriental Forces without Compt,
 With which KING XERXES past the HELLESPONT.

24.

DON NUNIO ALVAREZ, I mean: the true
 And fatal scourge of proud CASTILIANS,
 No les, then once the valiant HUN was to
 The ancient GAULLS, and the ITALIANS.
 Another Knight (to whom much praise is due)
 Leads the right wing of LUSITANIANS:
 As skilfull to conduct, as bold in fight,
 OF VASCONCETOS MEN RODRIGUES, highr.

The

25.

The other wing, that corresponds with t'is,
 ANTONIO VASQUEZ of ALMAAD commands,
 Who after Conde of Abranchez is:
 And Hee comes up with the Sinebre Bands.
 In the Reer - Gard the Standard none can miss,
 Where (Circling PORTUGAL) CASTILIA Stands;
 With I O H N, accomplished in every part :
 Who makes a *dunce* of M A R S in his own Art.

26.

Trembling upon the Battlements, and een
 Cold (betwixt hope and feare suspended now)
 Wives, Mothers, Sisters, Mistresses, are seen.
 Prayers they preferr : Fasts, Pilgrimages, vow.
 Our Troops (advancing with undaunted meen)
 Down by the Foe they sit them, brow to brow ;
 Receiv'd with shouts, which rock the Firmament :
 Yet one, & t'other, doubted the event.

27.

The vocall Trumpets challenge, and accept :
 The Drumms, and whistling Fifes in consort joyne.
 The dusty Field the flourish Ensigns swept,
 Where all the Colours of the Rainbow shine.
 It was the time, when, C E R R E S's fruits being reapt,
 She lends her Lab'lers to the God of Wine :
 When (into Libra entred Auguft's sun)
 Plump B A C C H U S put sweet Must into the Tun.

28.

Castilian Trumpets did the On-set sound,
 Loud, furious dismal, terrible, and hoarce
 Heard it ARTABOR'S Mount, and underground
 Her way did frightened GUADIANA force :
 Heard it the D V V E R E, and A L E N T E C H O round :
 TA G U S looks back, then hastens on his course :
 And MOTHERS (who that baylefull noysedid heare)
 Claspe to their Breasts their tender Babes for feare.

29.

How many Cheeks were there discolourd seen,
 Whilst to the Heart the frendlie blood repaid ?
 "In great Inounters greater is I ween
 "The feare of danger, then the danger feard :
 "But, when the first brunt's over, Rage, and Teen,
 "Desire of honour, and to Plume the Beard
 "Of a proud Foe ; These take away the fence
 "Of losing limbs, or dearest life's expence.

30.

On either side the first Battalions move :
 The doubtfull war on either side began :
 These fighting for their Country, which they love ;
 Those, to possess another's if they can.
 The great PEREYRA, first his force did prove :
 Summing an Armie's valour in one Man.

Hee shocks, strikes down, in fine he makes, their Grave,
 And with their Corpses sows the Land they crave.

31.

Now through the darkned Ayre barbd Arrows fleet,
 Javelins, with other shott, fly whizzing round ;
 Vnder the fiery Coursers yron Feet
 The Earth doth tremble, and the Vales resound :
 Lances are crackt, and (dropping thick as Sleet)
 The Horsemens armd come thundring to the ground.
 Upon feirce NUNIO's Few, fresh Foes are pakt :
 Their Art, to multiply ; his, to abstract.

32.

Loe now his Brother's swords against him bent
 (Cruell, and ougly) ! But Hee wonders not.
 For they, who 'gainst their King, and Countrey went,
 Would never stick to cut a Brother's Throat.
 Of these Revolters many did present
 Themselfes in the first Ranks : And who so hot
 To kill their Friends, as They : so kindred Hoasts
 Of yore incountred in Pharsalian Coasts.

33.

O CATALINE, and Thou Sertorius bould,
 Noble CORIOLANUS, with the rest,
 Who 'gynst your Countrey drew your swords of ould
 From an Impions, though provoked, Brest !
 If in the darke Abyss of PLUTO's Hould
 Ye find your selves with FURIUS's whipps opprest,
 Tell them (to cloake the horrour of your sin)
 Some Portingalls sometimes have Traytors bin.

34.

Ore-whelmd with growing Foe's impetuous flood,
 Now were the formost of our Squadrons burst,
 There NUNIO, like a rampant Lyon, stood,
 Whom in her neighb'ring Mountains CORTA nurst ;
 But now he is invirond with a wood
 Of HUNTERS speares, ore TETUAN plains that courtst ;
 Those All are bent at Him, His Brows Hee draws,
 Nor is it Fear, but Anger makes him pause.

35.

Musty he looks, nought pleased with the sight,
Yet (his wild Nature, and undaunted heart
Incompetible with ignoble flight)
Himself amongst the thickest he doth dart :
So with the blood of Aliens dyes our Knight
The Lusitanian Grass. Some fall, some start
Ev'n of his own. For, where there is such odds,
Strength often fails, and firmest *Vertue* nods.

36.

JOHN saw how hard brave NUNO was put to't :
(For, as a wife and careful General,
His Eye was in all parts, in all his Foot,
His Presence, and his words, gave life to ALL)
As a She-Lyon, and a Nurse to boot,
That finds, whilst Hunger, Her from home did call,
(Leaving her whelps unto themselves) a bold
Maffilian Shepherd lurcht them from her Hold,

37.

Raving she runs, and grinds her Teeth, and rends
The SEVEN BROTHER MOUNTAINS with her Voice :
So JOHN, so runs he (to assist his Frends)
To the Head Squadrons with some soldiers choice.
O brave Camrades, noble as are your Ends,
(How in your matchless Valour I rejoice)!
Defend your Country, and defend your Lands,
The Hope of Freedom in your Sances stands.

38.

See me, your King, your Fellow, and your Head,
'Mongst Darts, 'mongst Arrows, and thick Pikes among,
Rush on the Foe ! Nor are you sent, but led.
Shew, fighting, to what Countrey ye belong.
The irrefragable Warriour sed, Who, four times poysing a sharp Lance, and strong,
Throws it with force : and through this Throw alone
Many a Soule out of her House is throwne.

39.

For (loe !) his men with honorable shame
Are kindled new and with a noble Ire.
Who shall bet most at MARS his bloody Game,
Is th'only Thing to which they All aspire.
They Vye, revye, and dip their steelin flame :
Break stubborn Mayles, nor leave thick Plates intire.
Thus wounds they give, and wounds they take again,
Nor doth it grieve them, slaying, to be slain.

Many

40.

Many are posted to the *Stygian Wave*,
 Into whose Bodies entred *Steel*, and death.
 Of St. IAGO there the M A S T E R brave
 Dyes fighting stoutly to his last of breath.
 Another M A S T E R dire of CALA TRAVE
 Pulls *Troops* down with him to the shades beneath.
 The *Renegade PEREYRA*s likewise dye
Reneaguing H E A V E N and their *Destiny*.

41:

Went thousands of the *Vulgar* without noat,
 And *nobles* too, unenter'd in F A M E's rolls,
 Where that lean dog still gapes with triple throat,
 Which never can be fill'd with humane souls.
 And (more to humble *them*, who, when on float,
 Thought the whole World must stoop to their controlls)
 The high *Castilian Standart* now doth fall,
 And kisst the foot of that of P O R T U G A L L.

42.

With deaths, with groans, with blood, with gashes dire,
 The battail cruel above measure grows.
 The multitude of men, that here expire,
 Makes all the *Flow'rs* in colour like the *Rose*.
 All fly, or dye : Now out of breath was *Ire* :
 Now *Valour* lost an *Arm* for want of Foes :
 Now routed sees himself C A S T I L I A ' S *King*,
 And quits the purpose he from home did bring.

43.

The *Field* he leaves unto the *Conquerer*,
 Glad that he did leave him his life too.
 The poor remainder follow : To whom Feare
 Gave *wings*, not *Feet* : nor did they run, but flew.
 The losf of so much men, and Treasure there,
 Profoundly in their silent hearts they rue :
 Hiding the smart, the sorrow ; and the soyle,
 To have *Another* triumph in their spoyle.

44:

Some *Him* with open mouth blasphem'd, and curst,
 Who first invented *War* mankind to quell ;
 In whose obdurate Breast *Ambition* first,
 And *Covetise* of others goods did dwell ;
 Nor car'd for feeding his *hydropick* Thirst
 How many silly soules were pack't to *Hell* ;
 Who taught the way to shorten humane lives,
 To orphan *Children*, and to widow *Wives*.

45.

Victorious J o H N upon the place stays out
 In martial glory the accustom'd days :
 With *Offrings* then, and *Pilgrimage* devout,
 To *Him*, That gave the *Conquest*, gives the Praise.
 But N U N I O (minding what he was about,
 As He That knows, a lasting Fame to raise,
 No way like *Arms*, which all the world command)
 Passes his *Troops* to the *Trans-Tagan Land*.

46.

To *Him* his stars so favourable were,
 That the success applauded the *designe* :
 For he both conquers, and the spoyls doth weare
 Of *Andalusian* Countreys That confine.
 The *Betick Standard* of S E V I L I A there,
 Under which divers neighb'ring *great ones* joyn,
 With small resistance at his feet soon falls,
 Quell'd by the *force*, and *name*, of P O R T I N G A L S.

47.

With *these*, and *other* Victories opprest
 A tedious while were the C A S T I L I A N S brave,
 When *Peace*, and *now* by both desired *Rest*,
 The *vanguisht* People from the *Visors* have :
 After the K I N G O F H E A V ' N , for ever blest,
 To the *Foe-Kings* in holy marriage gave
 Of E N G L I S H S I S T E R S the unequall'd pair,
 Illustrious, lovely, beautiful, and Fair.

48.

But long that Breast, inur'd to bloody Broile,
 To live without a *Foe*, could not sustain ;
 So (having *none* upon the *Land* to toyle)
 Goes to extend his Conquests o're the *Maine*.
 This is our first of *Kings*, who doth exile
 Himself from S P A I N , to make the A F F R I C A N E
 By force of *Arms* perceive the diff'rence great
 Betwixt C H R I S T's *Law*, and that of M A H O M E T .

49.

Behold on curled T H E T Y s's silver flood
 Their wings a thousand *swimming Eagles* beat,
 To catch the swelling wind (a moving wood)
 Where the *World's* utmost bounds A L C I D E s set.
 MOUNT A V I L A he takes, and the Walls good
 Of noble C E U T A , outing M A H O M E T
 With his blind Worship: and secures all S P A I N E
 From *Treason* of another J U L I A N E .

Death

50.

Death envies so great Bliss to PORTUGAL
 As to injoy the Ages it desires
 This worthy Prince; and takes him from Earth's Ball,
 To add a new Voice to the Angels's Quires.
 But that GOOD Pow'r, which Him to Heav'n did call,
 Left his large off-spring to supply their Sire's
 Lamented want: PRINCES, who shall command,
 Augment, and with new Vertues deck the Land.

51.

KING EDWARD was not of the happiest, though,
 The while that He the Regal Throne did fill:
 "For moody TIME goes blending joy with woe:
 "And with alternate Hand gives good for ill.
 "Who ever Happiness did constant know?
 "Or FORTUNE with one face continue still?
 Yet to this KINGDOM she, and ev'n this KING,
 More of her honey gave, then of her sting.

52

He saw his Brother Captive (good FERNAND)
 Who had a Soul so publike, and so brave,
 That, for his TROOPS, distrest in AFRICK-LAND,
 Himself a Pawn unto the MOORS he gave.
 Where, when his ransome was in his own Hand,
 HE (born a Prince) would rather dye a slave:
 Then that for HIM we CEUTA should restore:
 Freedom he lov'd, but lov'd his Countrey more.

53.

CODRUS, because the Foe should not o'recome;
 Deviz'd a noble Stratagem to dye:
 To save the martial discipline of ROME
 Did REGULUS to Death with Torments flye:
 Ours, distant fear to keep his Countrey from,
 Invites himself to endless slavery.
 CODRUS, nor CURTIUS (so much wonder'd at)
 Nor loyal DECI, did so much as THAT.

54.

But EDWARD's onely Son, ALPHONSO hight,
 (A lucky Name to our HESPERIA)
 Who, the proud threatnings of Barbarian night
 In bord'ring Lands, low as the dust did lay;
 Would have been doubtles an unconquer'd Knight,
 Had he forborat't invade IBERIA.

AFRICK will tell you, 'twas impossible
 To overcome a King so terrible.

To

55.

To pull the *golden Apples* was his hap,
 Which none before him, but **A L C I D E S** bit,
 On the feirce **M o o r** he such a *Toake* did clap
 From which they cannot rest their Necks out yit.
 The *Palme* and *Lawrell* green his Temples wrap,
 Of *Victories*, he at the *Seige* did git
 Of Pop'lous **T A N C E R**, Strong **A L A G E R**'s Towers,
 And tough **A R Z I L A**, o're the *Barb'rous* Powers

56.

Infine, the ever-conqu'ring **P O R T I N C A L L**'s
 (The succours beaten) entring *These* by force,
 Threw to the ground the *adamantine* walls,
 And *All* that thwarted their Victorious course.
Wonders (deserving *Pens* whence liquor falls
 Immortalizing with it's *Nectar* source)

Wrought *private Swords* in this *Exployst* of fame:
 Exalting more the *Lusitanian* name.

57.

But after taynted with *Ambition*,
 And *Rule*'s sweet Thirst (though soure to *Him* at last)
F E R N A N D O he invades of **A R R A G O N**,
 About the *Kingdom* of **C A S T I L I A** vast.
 Of the proud **N A T I O N S** (which depend thereon)
A num'rous *Hoast*, t'oppose him, is a malst,
 From **C A D I z** to the lofty **P E R Y N E E**:
 All which the King **F E R N A N D O** did obey.

58.

The young **P R I N C E** **I O H N** disdayns it should be said,
Hee is the only idle Man in **S P A I N E**;
 And therefore, his ambitious *Sire* to ayd
 Resolves forth with: nor is his *Ayd* in vain.
 The Battayle's bloody period, undismayd,
Hee sees; and with a brow serene and plaine.
 The warlike *Father* put to totall Rout,
 Yet leaves the *Son* the *Victory* in doubt.

59.

For the sublime and truly *Royall* son
 (*Gay Knight* undaunted, confident, and high)
 Having vast spoyle to the *Adversary* done,
 Stays one whole day the *Field* to justify.
 Thus was **O C T A U I U S C A E S A R** overthowne,
 And *Victor* his companion **A N T H O N Y**:
 When *They* or *Those*, who noble **I U L I U S** kil'd,
 Reveng'd themselves in the *Philippick Feild*.

60.

ALPHONS o mounted to high Heav'n serene;
 The Prince, That then the Scepter swayd of right,
 Was Second I O H N , who made of K I N G S fifteen
 Hee (to attain to Glory's utmost hight)
 Began a Task, exceeding strength terrene
 (Whose weight is now by my weake shoulders born)
 To seek the Cradle of the purple M O R N .

61.

He sends fit Messengers from his owne Court
 Through S P A I N E , F R A N C E , celebrated I T A L Y :
 There to imbarque in that illustrious Port
 Where was interr'd, of old, P A R T H E N O P E .
 N A P L E S ; which Fortune made her Tennis-Court,
 By severall N A T I O N S held successively,
 To place it glorious (no more change to feel)
 In sov'reign S P A N I A R D S , who can fix her wheel.

62.

Away they sayle through the C A L A E R I A N D E E P ;
 Passe by the R O D I A N I S L A N D ' s sandy Bay :
 Along the Coast of A L E X A N D R I A keep,
 For P O M P E Y ' S death infamous to this day.
 They travayle M E M P H I S , and those Lands which steep
 Themselves in N Y L E . T O E T H I O P I A
 They mount, which E G Y P T ' S upper part doth lock,
 Where C H R I S T hath feeding an out-lying Flock.

63.

The E R Y T H R E A N S E A they likewise crost :
 Which, dry-foot past the seed of I S R A E L .
 The N A B A T H E A N M O U N T A I N S fight they lost,
 So named from the Son of I S H M A E L .
 The oderiferous S A B E A N - C O A S T
 (Inricht with Teares which from the Mosher fell
 Offayre A D O N E .) and B L E S T A R A B I A trac't
 Throughout (the S T O N Y balking; and the W A S T ,)

64.

The P E R S I A N G U L P H they enter. To this neer,
 Great B A B E L ' S Ruines are yet visible.
 Swift T I G R I S mingles with E U P R A T E S sheer :
 Brothers, That with their Fountain's glory swell.
 Hence they proceed in quest of I N D U S clear :
 From which great things P o f f e r i t i e shall tell,
 Of Troops, that through long Seas shall passe thereto:
 Which, even by Land nigh T R A I N durst not doe.

Of

65.

Of INDIA, TARRE, and CARMANIAN HILLS,
The strange and uncoth Nations they beheld :
Noating the sev'rall Customes, sev'rall Skills,
Which sev'rall Regions doe produce, and yeild.
But from such Distant parts (joynd to the Ills
Of so rough journeys) Men return but feld.

In fine, there did these dye ; they stuck fast there :
For back they come not to their Country deare.

66.

Seems, gracious HEAV'N reserv'd for Thee alone,
EMANUEL, and for thy great desart
So hard a worke : For Thee with thoughts high-flown
Inspir'd, and cut out fit to all this part.
MANUEL (succeeding IOHN, both in the Throne,
And in the haughty purpose of his Heart)
When first he took on Him the Kingdoms Charge,
The Conquest undertook oth' OCean large.

67.

Hee, as a person, whom the noble thought
Of th' obligation he inherited
From his Fore Fathers (who intirely sought
The Realm's advancement) hourly combated ;
When PHEBUS, quitting the supernal Vault,
Vnto the low ANTIPODES was fled,
And setting starrs (which in his place arose)
With twinckling eyes invited to repose :

68.

Extended now upon his golden Nest
(Such are the beds where thoughts tumultuous brood)
And there revolving in his silent Brest
The obligation of his place, and blood :
Slumber possest his Eyes, nor dispossesseth
His Heart of Cares, which made that station good :
For his tyr'd Lidds whilst sleep (resisted) shutts,
MORPHUS a thousand shapes before him putteth.

69.

So high above ground seems he lifted heer,
That his proud Crown the Firmament doth peirce :
From whence new worlds before his eyes appeir,
Nations of num'rous people strange and fierce :
And yonder (to the springing MORNIN gneer)
As through the Ayre his visual Raies disperse,
Hee sees, farr off, from high and antient Mountains,
Melt down a payre of deep and crystall Fountains

With

70.

With *Birds* of monstrous Forms, *wild-beasts* and *Flocks*,
 One of those *Mountains* was inhabited ;
 Where thousand savage Trees with leavie Locks
 The intercourse of people hindered.
 The shaggy *Forrest*, and the craggie *Rock's*
 Inextricable *Knots*, demonstrated,
 That to those days of *ours* from A D A M's sin,
 No humane Foot had ever trod therein.

71.

Out of these *Waters* (as to *Him* apperees)
 Addressing towards him their hasty pace,
 Two *Fathers* rise, both wondrous struck in yeares,
 With *Rustick* both, yet *venerable*, Face.
 Their *Snowy* Curles distill in *silver* Teares
 Which bathe their Bodyes down in every place.
 Taun'd were their *Skins*, and rusty : Their *Beards* kept
 Rough and unshorn, with which the ground they swept.

72.

The Temples of their heads, were trimly bound
 With health-restoring *Druggs*, and *Fruits* unknown.
 The one lookt weather-beaten and halfe-drownd,
 As if a longer voyage *Hee* had gone ;
 And (fierce, ev'n at his *Fountain*) underground
 Seem'd to have stoln from a remoter one :
 As from *Arcadian* plains *A L P H E O* fly
 To *ARETHUSA*'s bed in *SICILY*.

73.

This (as the more authoriz'd of the Twain)
 Spake thus (farr off) unto the *King*. O *Thou*
 For whose high *Crown*, and *Empire* sovereign,
Much *World* is kept, that's hid from the *world*, now.
Wee (through the *Earth* so fam'd, whose *Necks* in vain,
Strave *others* wholly to their *yoaks* to bow)
 Are come to wish *thee* send some Men That may
 Receive large *tributes*, we to *Thee* must pay.

74.

I am illustrious *GANGS* : born and nurst
 In *PARADICE* : where is my *mother-spring*.
 My *Mate* (That from the *Cliffes* thou seeft, doth burst ;
 Nor other *Cradle* knows) is *INDUS KING*.
 Yet a severe *Warr* shall we cost thee first :
 But *Thou* (persisting) in the end shalt bring,
 By *Victories prodigious*, to the *Bitt*,
 All these *viewd Nations* humbly to submit.

35.

The *Holy* and *illustrious River*, sed
No more : But in a moment vanisht *Both*.
E M A N U E L L wakes surpriz'd with a strange dread,
And earthquake in his Bosome. **P H E B U S** goeth
In the meane time his glittring Cloke to spred
Over the **W O R L D**, buried in *downe*, and *sloath*.
A U R O R A came : who, when *she* forth doth rush,
Strikes *Lilies* pale, and makes the *Roses* blush.

36.

The **K I N G** in hast to councell calls his *Lords*,
To *them* the figures of the *Vision* shows ;
To *them* repeates the *Holy Elder's Words* :
Whence in them *all* great admiration grow's.
A N A V Y is resolv'd on by the **B O A R D'S**
Vnanimous *Voate* : In which (magnanimous) *Those*,
Whom *hee* shall find to plough the **O C E A N** blew,
Must seek new *Nations* out, and *Clymates* new.

37.

I, who despayr'd to see put in effect
What had so long been tumbling in my mind :
(For my presaging *Soule* could nere be checkt
From prompting great things to mee of this kind)
Comprize not for what *cause*, for what *respect* ,
Or for what *merit*, he in *mee* could find ;
But the good *King* was pleasd to pick out *mee*
To be this weightie *enterprize's Key*.

38.

And with *Intreaties*, and with *sugard phrase*
(Which are the pow'rfullest *commands* of **K I N G S**)
He sayd to me. " Through deep, and rugged ways,
" **V E R T U E** attains the *best* and *nobleſt* things.
" A *Life* well *left*, or *hazarded*, to *Bays*
" Of everlasting *Honour* persons brings :
" For (if to sordid *Feare* it never bends)
" The *shorter*'tis, the *Farther* it extends.

39.

You have I chose (and all the rest set by)
To a *Taske* fit for *you* to undergoe :
A *Taske* Heroick, difficult and high,
Which (for my sake) you will think light, I know.
I could not suffer more : but *thus* reply,
O my dread **L E I G E** ! through *swords*, through *fire*, through *snow*,
For *Thee* to venture, only is *Annoy*
When I consider, *life* is such a *Toy*.

80.

Put me on *Tasks* as great as those of yore
 Suborn'd EURISTEUS to ALCIDES gave ;
 The fruitful HYDRA, ERIMANTHIAN BORE,
 The HARPIES dire, NEMEAN LYON brave.
 In short, to visit the *infernal shore*,
 Where Styx moats PLUTO's House with its black Wave :
 For *hee* (O KING) worse dangers, and worse Toyls,
 My Spirit leaps at, nor my Flesh recoyles.

81.

With sumptuous Boons ; and words, that those exceed ;
 My good will He doth praise, and gratifie :
 " For *Virtue*, spurr'd with praise, doubles her speed ;
 And is inflam'd to *Enterprises* high.
 To second me in this Exploit, agreed
 (Oblig'd by *Nature's*, and by *Friendship's* Tye,
 Thirsty alike of *Honour*, and of *Fame*)
 My dear and loving Brother PAUL DE GAME.

82.

NICH'LAS COELLIo makes a *Third* : for pains
 Most indefatigable. And These are
 My two Supporters strong of Hand, and Brains :
 Experienc't both, both no less bold in warr.
 I get me a young Crew of sturdy Swains,
 Whose budding Valour itcht for martial jarr :
 All metled Lads ; And so, it well appeers,
 That came to such a businesse Volunteers.

83.

These too have gifts from MANUEL's hand, t'equip
 Themselfes, and make the love they bear him more :
 And with the praising bounty of his Lip,
 Are arm'd 'gainst All, hard Fates can have in store.
 Thus man'd KING PELIAS that prophetick ship
 In which (through Euxine Seas, unsayl'd before)
 With AEson's Heyre the vent'rous youth of GREECE
 He sent to COLCOs for the Golden Fleece.

84.

Now in the famous Port of LISBON-TOWN
 (Where golden TAGUS mingles his sweet Flood
 With the Salt OCEAN, and his Sands doth drown)
 With noble longings, and transported mood,
 The SHIPS lye ready. There no sullen frown,
 No frosty Fear, beamms the youthful blood :
 For both the Sea-men, and the Land-men there,
 Will go with me about the WORLD, they sweare.

85.

Upon the shore the strutting soldiers sayle
 In cloathes of sev'rall colour, sev'rall curt,
 Their minds, more brave: bent to extend our pale,
 And plant in lands unknown their daring foot.
 The gentle wind breathing a tempting Gale,
 On the tall Shippes the Standards ope and shutt.
 The Shippes expect, for this new Navigation,
 To bee (like A R G O) made a Constellation.

86.

Wee (fitted and provided thus, with All
 That such a Voyage doth require and crave)
 To fit our soules for death devoutly fall:
 Which Saylers see in ev'ry rounding Wave.
 From Him, whose presence Beatificall
 Is all the Food that Saints and Angels have,
 Favour we beg, for to prepare our way,
 And to conduct us with his heavenly Ray.

87.

Thus of that Temple took we a long leave,
 Which (on the Margent of our Ocean plac't)
 From the blest City did it's name receive
 Where G o d was born (a Gem in Clay enczac't)
 I promise thee (O K I N G) how wee did heave
 Our Anchors from that shore, when I recast;
 With doubt of ever seeing it again,
 Scarce can my bridled eyes from Tears refrain.

88.

Th'Inhabitants of L I S B O N, that sad day
 (For Frendship some, and some for Kindreds Tyes)
 Others, as meer spectators, flockt: dismay,
 And solitariness, writh in their Eyes.
 And wee (whom thousand Priests upon our way
 Did bring with Psalms, and all solemnities
 Of grave procession) praying to our G o d,
 Went to take shipping in the Noble Road.

89.

In so long Voyage, and so doubtfull ways,
 The gazing people give us All for lost,
 This, by their Teares the softer sex bewrays:
 The Men by Sighs, as they would yeild the Ghost,
 Sisters, and Mothers; And poor Wives (always
 Where there is most of love, there feare reigns most.)

Increase the doubt upon the generall score,
 That she shall never see our Faces more.

90.

One, following, Cryes : O Son ! (the only gage,
The prop, the stay, the comfort and the joy,
Of this my weake unprofitable Age,
Which Floods of bitter Tears drown in Annoy)
Why leav'st thou mee in this sad equipage ?
VVhy wilt thou goe, and leave mee (my deate Boy !)

To make the greedy Seas thy Sepulchre,
And Fishes feed That take their pastime there ?

91.

Another (with loose Hayr) O my deer Mate,
Without whom Love tells mee my roote must pine !
Why wilt thou goe , and venture at this rate
That life to Gullies, which is not thine but mine ?
How canst thou change , for so uncertain Fate,
The chaste embraces of thy constant Vine ?

Our loves, our joyes (in vain how sweet !) must they
To Sea ? and with this wind be blown away :

92.

In these and other speches of this kind
(Which from deer love, and soft compassion rose)
Old men and children (to like Ruth inclin'd
By diff'rent Ages) imitated Those
The neigb'ring mountayns in dull consort joyne :
And, melting, bare the burthen of their woes.
The golden Sands the Silver Tears bedew'd :
Which seemd to strive with them in multitude.

93.

W e e (not so much as lifting once our Eyes
On VVife, or Mother: though our Soules it grinds)
Whereby in vain laments to Sympathize,
Or change the purpose of our fixed minds)
T'embarque our selves, conceiv'd it was most wise,
Without those Farewells to which custom binds :
Which (though it bee Love's most indeering way)
Galls more, both Those That goe, and Those that stay.

94.

But an Ould man of Venerable look
(Standing upon the shore amongst the Crowds)
His Eyes fixt upon us (on ship-board) shook,
His head three times ore-cast with sorrows clowds :
And (streining his Voyce more, then well could brook
His aged lungs : It rattled in our shrowds)
Out of a science, practise did Attest,
Let fly these words from an oraculous Brest.

95.

O Glory of commanding ! O vain Thirst
Of that same empty *nothing*, we call *Fame* !
O *Ignis fatuus*, kindled and nurst
With vulgar breath (and this we Honour name) !
What *Plagues*, what *stings*, what secret *scourges* curst,
Torment those *Bosomes* which thou doest inflame !
What *deaths* ! what *dangers* ! what impetuous *storms* !
What *cruelties* on them thy Hand performs !

96.

Fell *Tyrant* of the *soules* ! life's swallowing *VVave* !
Mother of *Plunders*, and black *Rapes* unchaft !
The *secret miner*, and the *open Grave*,
Of *Patrimonies*, *Kingdoms*, *Empires* vast !
They call thee *noble*, and they call thee *Brave* :
(Worthy t'have other names upon thee cast !)
They call thee *Fame*, and *Glory* sovereign :
Titles, with which the foolish *Rout* is tane.

97.

What new *disaster* dire intendest *Thou*
To lead these *Kingdoms*, and these *Folk* into ?
What *deaths*, what *Horrows* must they swallow now,
Vnder pretence to spread *Religion* true ?
What *holdings forth* of *golden Mines*, and how
Great *Kingdoms* shall be conquer'd by a Few ?
What *Fames* do st thou advance ? what *Histories* ?
What *Palms* ? what *Triumphs* ? and what *Victories*.

98.

But *Thou* (the lignage of that *Foole*, who twice
Undid thee by his *disobedience* :
Not only when he lost thee **P A R A D I C E**,
Into this *Vale of Teares* exild from thence ;
But when by growth of his *infections Vice*
He forfeited thy *second Innocence*,
And *Thee*, out of a *golden exile* hurld
Into an *Iron* and *contentious world*.)

99.

Since with this sweet and pleasing vanity
Thy giddie *Brain* is so bewitcht, and drownd ;
Since bloody *Rage* and *Inhumanity*,
Valour, and *Braw'rie*, in thy language sound ;
Since thou doest valew, and esteem so high,
The disesteem of *life*, which we are bound

To cherish, and in great accompt to have it :
(Since so much feard to loose it, *Hee who gave it*)

100.

Hast thou not, close at hand, the I S H M A E L I T E
 To cut thee work out, more then thou canst doe?
 If for the sacred Law of C H R I S T thou fight,
 Th' A R A B I A N 's false one does not He pursue?
 Hath Hee not thousand Cities, Infinite
 Of Land, if Power's availe, if Wealth's one too?
 Hath not Hee got in Arms a mighty Name,
 If Honour, and not Bootie be thy Ayme?

101.

Leav'st thou a growing Foe just at thy dore,
 To goe and seek another Foe so farr,
 Dispeopling an old Realm, wafting her store,
 Quitting thy Countrey, and thy private L A R ?
 That flatt'ring Fame to Hess'n may make thee soare,
 Through waves uncertain seekst thou certain warr?
 In thy swoln Style in words at length to find,
 A R A B I A , P E R S I A , E T H I O P I A , Y N ' D ?

102.

Accurst be Hee, who first forsook the Ground,
 And fastned canvas wings to a dry Tree!
 Worthy, in endlesse darkness to be bound;
 If that, which I was taught, R E L I G I O N bee,
 May never Judgment, solid and profound,
 May never Happy Veyn in Poetrie,
 Retrive his memory, adorn his Fame:
 But dye, with Him, his Glory, and his Name.

103.

The son of I A P E T stole from P H E B U S ' s Carr
 Fire, which in humane Breast he did infuse;
 Fire, which the world did kindle into Warr,
 Plagues, and debaucheries (a great abuse!)
 P R O M E T H E U S , had it not been better farr
 For Us, and for the world (which wee misuse)
 Thy noble Statute had excus'd that fire,
 Which made it with Ambition's wings aspire?

104.

Then had not the much pittied youth been driving
 His Sire's gilt charet; nor that great contriver
 Through th'empty Ayre sayld with his Son (This giving
 The sea a name, Hee Fame unto a River)
 Nothing so high, nothing so bard the living,
 Through Fire, Sword, Water, Calm and Cold: what ever:
 Which M A N projecteth, and attempteth not,
 A strange Condition! an unquiet Lot!

End of the fourth Canto.

Fifth Canto.

STANZA. I.

THe rev'rend Father hood inculcating
 These *Sentences* ; when *Wee* to a serene
 And gentle Gale expand our *Canvas wing* :
 When from the loved Port our selves we weane :
 And sayles unfurling make the *Welkin ring*
 (After the manner of *Sea faring Men*)
 With *Boon Voyage*. Immediately the *Wind*
 Does on the *Trunks* his Office and his kind.

2.

The ever burning *Lamp*, that rules the day,
 In the *Nemean Bruite* began to rage ;
 And the *great world* (which doth with time decay)
 Limpt in his *Sixt infirm*, and crooked *Age* :
 Thereof (accompting in the *CHURCH* 'is way)
 Of *sol's* incessant *Race* the *THOUSAND stage*
Four hundred, Ninetie Seav'nth, was running whan,
 In all their *trim* the *Shippes* to saile began.

3.

Now by degrees out of our sight did glide
 Parts of our *Country*, which abode behind.
 Abode deer *T A G U S* : and we *then* did hide
Fresh SYNTRA (About this our eyes did wind)
 In the *lov'd Kingdom* likewise did abide
 Our *Hearts*, whose stings could not be thence untwind,
 And, when as *all* the *Land* did now withdraw,
 The *sea* and *Firmament* was *all wee saw*.

4

Thus went we opening those seas, which (save
 Our *own*) no *Nation* open'd ere before :
 See those new *Iles*, and clymates near ; which brave
PRINCE HENRY shewd unto the *world* before.
 The *Mauritanian Hills*, and *Strand*, which gave,
ANTEUS birth, who *there* was King of yore,
 Upon the *left hand* left (for there is none
 Upon the *right*, though now suspected, known)

Wee

5.

We the great *Island* of MADERA pass,
 Which from it's *Wood*'s abundance took the name ;
 The first, which planted by our *Nation* was,
 Of which the *worth* is more then the great *fame* :
 Nor (though the last place in the *world* it has)
 Doth any, VENUS loves, excel the same :
 Who (rather) were it *Hers*, would lay aside
 For *This*, CYTHERA, CYPRUS, PAPHOS, GNIDES.

6.

We leave adust MESSILIAS barren Coast,
 Where AZENGUE'S lean *Heards* take their repast ;
 A People, That want *water* to their *Roast* ;
 Nor *Herbs* it self in any plenty tast :
 A LAND in fine, to bear no *Fruit* dispos'd :
 Where *Birds* in their hot stomachs Iron waste :
 Suff'ring of all things great Necessitie :
 Which ETHIOPIA parts from BARBARIE.

7.

We pass the *Bound* that hedges out the *Sun*
 When to the frozen *North* he bends his way :
 Where *People* dwell, whom CLYMBENE'S rash Son
 Denyde the sweet Complexion of the *day*.
*Here NATION*s strange are water'd one by one
 With the fresh Currents of black SENGHA.
Here ARSINARIUS Aloof is seen,
 That lost his name : confirm'd by Us CAPE GREEN.

8.

CANARIAN ISLES (the same men call'd of old
 THE FORTUNATE) declined : After *These*
 Among the Daughter-*Islands* we did fall
 Of aged HESPER, term'd HESPERIDES.
Locks, in the which the Fleets of PORTUGAL
 To wonders new before had turn'd the *Keys*.
There did we touch with favourable wind,
 Some fresh provisions for our *Ships* to find.

9.

It's Name the *Isle* on which we Anchor cast
 Did from the warlike ST. IAGO take.
 The *Saint* That holp the SPANIARD in times past
 Such cruel havock of the MOORS to make.
 Thence, when the *North* renew'd his kinder blast,
 We cut again the circumfused *Lake*
 Of the salt OCEAN ; And that *Store-House* : leave,
 From which Refreshment sweet we did receive.

I O.

Winding withal about your *Affrick shore*,
 Where to the E A S T (like a *half-moon*) it bends ;
 About J A L O S O 's Province (which doth store
 The world with B L A C K s, whom, forc't Aboard, it sends.)
 The large M A N D I N G A that affords the *Ore*
 The which doth make Friends Foes , and of Foes Frends;
 (Which suck't G A B M A 's crooked water laves
 That disimbogues in the *Atlanick Waves*)

I I .

We pass the G O R G A D E s, peopled by faire
Sisters, in ancient time residing *there* :
 Who (rob'd of *seeing*) did amongst them share
 One onely *Eye*, which they by turns did weare.
Thou onely, *Thou* (the *Net* of whole curl'd Haire
 Caught N E P T U N E , like a Fish, in his own *Were*)
 Turn'd of them all at last the ugliest *Lout*,
 With *Vipers* sow'dst the burning sands about.

I 2.

Ploughing in fine before a *Northern Wind*
 In that vast G U L P H the *Navy* went embayd ;
 L E O N A 's cragie mountains left behind,
 The C A P E O F P A L M s (so call'd from *Palmie shade*)
 And that great R I V E R , where the *Sea* (confin'd)
 Against the shores, which we had planted, bray'd :
 With th' *Ile* that boasts *his name*, who would not trust
 Till in the side of G o d his Hand he thrust.

I 3.

There lies of C O N G O the wide-spreading *Ream*,
 By *Vs* (before) converted to C H R I S T 's Law ;
 Through which long Z A Y R E glides with crystal stream :
 A River, this, the Ancients never saw.
 In fine through this vast ocean from the Team
 Of known B o o T E s I apace withdraw :
 Having already past upon the *Maine*
 The B U R N I N G L I N E that parts the *World* in twain.

I 4.

There we before us saw by it's own light
 In this new E P I C I C L E a Star new :
 Of which the other Nations ne're had sight,
 And (long in darkness) no such matter knew.
 The world's Antartick Henge (less gilt, less bright,
 For want of Stars, then th' Artick) we did view :
 Beneath the which, a question yet depends,
 Whether more Land begins, and the *Sea* ends.

15.

Past in this sort those equinoxiall clymes
 By which his steeds twice yearly drives the sun;
 Making two Summers, Winters, Autumns, Primes,
 Whilſt he from one to other Pole doth run:
 Now ſoft, now calm'd (A ſufferer in all Times :
 By want, and plenty, equally undone.)

I ſaw both BEARS (the little and the Great)
 Despight of JUNO in the Ocean ſet.

16.

To tell thee all the dangers of the DEEP
 (Which humane Judgment cannot comprehend)
 Suddain and fearfull storms, the Ayre that ſweep;
 Lightnings, that with the Ayre the Fire doe blend;
 Black HURRACANS; thick Nights; THUNDER, that keep
 The World alarm'd, and threaten the last End:
 Would be too tedious: indeed vain and mad,
 Though a braffe Tongue, and Iron lungs I had.

17.

I ſaw those things, which the rude Mariner
 (Who hath no Miftrefſe, but Experience)
 Doth for unquestionable Truths aver,
 Guided belike by his exterrall fence:
 But ACADEMICKS (who can never err,
 Who by pure Wit, and LEARNING's quinelleſſe;
 Into all NATURE's ſecrets dive and pry)
 Count either Lyes, or coſnings of the Eye.

18.

I ſaw (as plain as the sun's midday light)
 That fire the Sea-man ſaints (ſhining out faire
 In time of Tempeſt, of teirce winds despight,
 Of over-clowded Heaven's and black despayre :)
 Nor did wee all leſſe wonder (and well might,
 For twas a fight to bridle up the Hayre)
 To ſee a ſea-born Cloud with a long Cane
 Suck in the ſea, and ſpout it out againe.

19.

I ſaw with theſe two eyes) nor can presume
 That theſe deceiv'd mee) from the Ocean breathed
 A little Vapour, or a erialiſtume,
 With the curld wind (as by a Turnor) wreathed.
 I ſaw it reach to Heaven from the ſalt ſpume,
 In ſuch thin Pipe, as theſe where ſprings are ſheathed ;
 That by the Eye it hardly could be deemed :
 Of the ſame ſubſtance which the Clouds it ſeemed.

20.

By little *this* and little did augment,
 And swell'd beyond the Bulk of a thick *Mast*.
Streightning and *widening* (like a *Throat*) it went,
 To gulp into it self the water fast.
 It *wav'd* upon the *wavy* Element.
 The top thereof (impregnated at last
 Into a *Cloud*) expanded *more*, and *more*,
 With the great load of *Water* which it bore.

21.

As a black *Horse-leech* (mark it in some *Pool!*)
 Got to the *Lip* of an unwary *Beast*,
 Which (*drinking*) suck't it from the *water cool*,
 Upon another's blood *it self* to feast;
 It swells and swells, and feeds beyond all Rule,
 And stuffs the paunch; a rude, unsober, *Gueſt*:
 So syvell'd the *Pillar* (vvith a hideous *Crop*)
 It self, and the black Clovvd vvhich it did prop.

22.

But, vwhen that novv'tis full, the *Pedestal*
 Dravvs to it self, vvhich in the *Sea* vvas set;
 And (flutt'ring through the Ayre) in shovv'r doth fall:
 The *couchant Water* vvhith new vvater vyet.
 It pays the vvaves the *borrow'd Waves*; but all
 The *Salt* thereout did first extract and get.

Novv tell me, S C H O L A R S, by your Books; vwhat skill,
 Dame N A T U R E us'd these waters to distil?

23.

If old P H I L O S C P H E R S (vvhho travayld through
 So many Lands, *her* secrets out to spye)
 Had viewd the *Miracles* vvhich *I* did vievv,
 Had sayled vvhith so many *winds* as *I*;
 What *writings* had they left behind! vwhat nevv,
 Both *Starres*, and *Signs*, bequeath'd to *Us*! What high
 And strong *Influxes*! What hid *Qualities*!
 And all pure *Truths*, vvhithout a lay of *Lyes*!

24

But vwhen that *Planet* (vvhich her *Court* doth keep
 In the *firſt ſphere*) five times vvhith speedy Race
 Had, since our *Fleet* vvas vvand'ring on the D E E P,
 Shevv'd sometimes *half*, and sometimes *all* her *Face*:
 A quick-eyd *Lynx* cryes, from the *Scuttle steep*,
 L A N D ! L A N D ! vvhith that, upon the *decks* apace
 Leaps the transported *Crew*: their *Eyes*, intent
 On the *Horizon* of the O R I B N T.

At

25.

At first the *dusky Mountains* (of the *Land*
Wee made) like congregated *Clouds* did look :
 Seen *plain*, the heavie *Anchors* out of hand
 Wee ready make : *approach'd*, our *sailes* we strook,
 And (that we might more clearly understand
 The parts *remote* in which we were I took
 The *A S T R O L A B E*, a modern *Inſtrument* :
 Which with sharpe *Judgment SAGEs* did invent :

26.

We diſembarke in the moſt open ſpace :
 From *whence*, themſelves the rafher *Land-men* ſpread
 (Greedy of Novelties !) through the wyld Place :
 Which never *Stranger's* Foot before did tread.
 But *O* (not paſſing the *Land's* ſandie Face)
 To find out where we are, with *Sea-men* bred
 Stay taking the *Sun's* heighth by th'O C E A N curld ;
 And with my *Compaſſe* trace the painted *World*.

27.

We found, we had already wholly paſt
 Of the *halfe-Goate*, halfe *Fiſh*, the noted *Gole* :
 Between the *ſame*, and that cold *Coutry plac't*
 (If ſuch there be beneath the SOUTHERN Pole.
 When, loe ! (lockt in with my *Companions* paſt)
 I ſee a NATIVU come, black as the *Cole* :
 Whom they had took perforce, as in the *Wood*
 Getting out *Honey* from the *combe* he stood.

28.

He comes with *horrour* in his *looks* : as *Hee*
 Who of a *ſnare*, like this, could never dreame.
Hee understood not *Us*, neither *Him VVee* :
 More Savage then the brutiſh *POLYPHEMUS*.
 Of *COLCOS*'s gliſtring Fleece I let him ſee
 The *mettle* which of *mettles* is ſupreme :
 Pure *Silver*, ſparckling ſtones (continuing ſuite ;)
 But in all *theſe* was unconcern'd the *Bruſte*.

29.

I bid them ſhew him lower prized Things
Beades of transformed crystall ; a fine noyſe
 Of little *Bells*, thridde on ſawdry ſtrings,
 A red Cap, Colour which Contents, and joys.
 Streight ſaw I by his *looks* and *beckonings*,
 That he was wondrous taken with theſe *Toys*.

Therewith I bid them they ſhould ſet him free :
 So to the *Village* nigh away went *Hee*.

30.

But the next *morn* (whilst yet the skyes were dim)
 All naked, and in colour like the shades,
 To seek such Knacks as had been given to Him,
 Loe, by the Craggs descending his Camerades!
 Where now their cartage to us is so trim,
 So tractable, and plyant; as perswades

VELOS is with them to venture through the Cover,
 The Fashions of the Countrey to discover.

31.

VELOS says, his pledge shall be his Blade,
 And walks secure in his own Arrogance,
 But, having now away a good while stayd
 And, I out-prolling with my countenance.
 To see what signs for our Adventer made,
 Behold him comming with a vengeance
 Down from the Mountain-top towards the shippes!
 And faster homeward, then hewent, he skips.

32.

The long-boate of COELLO made hast
 To take him in: but, ere arrive that could,
 AN. ETHIOPIAN bold his weapon past
 Full at his bosome, least escape he should.
 Another, and Another too: Thus chact
 VLOSE, and those farr off That help him would,
 I run, when (just as I an Oare lift up)
 A Troop of Negroe's hides the mountain-top.

33.

A Clowd of Arrows, and sharpe Stones they rain,
 And hayle upon us without any stint:
 Nor were These uttered to the Ayre in vain,
 For in this leg I there receiv'd a dint.
 But wee (as prickt with smart, and with disdayne)
 Made them a ready answeare so in print,
 That (I believe in earnest) with our Rapps
 Wee made their Heads as crimson as their capps.

34.

And now (VELOS, off, with safety brought)
 Forth with repayre we to the Fleet agin,
 Seeing the ougly Malice, the base Thought,
 This false and brutish people hid within:
 From whom of INDIA (so desired) noug t
 Of Information could we pick, or win,
 But that it is remote, So once more I
 Vnto the Wind let all the Canvas fly.

Then

35.

Then to V E L O s o said a Jybing lad
 (The rest all laughing in their sleeves) Ho ! Frend
 V E L O S E : the Hill (it seems) was not so bad
 And hard to be come down , as 'twas t'ascend.
 True (quoth th' Advent'rer bold) Howe're , I had
 Not made such haste , but that the D o g g e s did bend
 • Against the Fleet : And I began to doubt me
 It might go ill , that you were here without me.

36.

He tells us then , he past no sooner was
 The Mountain's top , but that the people black
 Forbid him any farther on to pass
 And threat to kill him if he turn not back ;
 And (turn'd) they lay them down upon the grass
 In Ambuscade , whereby they Us might pack
 To the dark Realm , when we in haste should fally
 To rescue Him , before we well could rally.

37.

The Sun five times the Earth had compassed
 Since We (from thence departed) Seas did plough
 Where never Canvas-wing before was spred,
 A prosp'rous Gale making the top-yards bow :
 When on a night (without suspect , or dred ,
 Chatting together in the cutting Prow)
 Over our Heads appear'd a sable Cloud ,
 Which in thick darkness did the Welkin shrowd.

38.

So big it lookt , such stern Grimaces made ,
 As fill'd our Hearts with horror , and appall ,
 Black was the sea , and at long distance brayd
 As if it roar'd through Rocks , down Rocks did fall .
 O Pow'r inhabiting the Heav'ns , I said !
 What divine threat is ? What mystical
 Imparting of thy will in so new form ,
 For this is a Thing greater then a storm ?

39.

I had not ended , when a humane Feature
 Appear'd to us ith Ayre , Robustious , rull'd
 Of Heterogeneal parts , of boundless Stature ,
 A Cloud in's Face , a Beard prolix and squallid :
 Cave-Eyes , a gesture that betray'd ill nature ,
 And a worse mood , a clay complexion pallid :
 His crispt Hayre fill'd with earth , and hard as Wyre ,
 A mouth cole-black , of Teeth two yellow Tyre .

of

40.

Of such portentous Bulk was this COLOSSUS,
That I may tell thee (and not tell amiss)
Of that of RHODES it might supply the loss
(One of the WORLD'S Seav'n Wonders) out of this
A VOYCE speaks to us : so profound, and grosse,
It seems ev'n torn out of the vast ABYSS.

The HAYRE with horror stands on end, of mee
And all of us, at what we hear, and see.

41.

And this it spake. O you, the boldest Folke
That ever in the world great things assayd,
Whom such dire WARS, and infinite, the smoke
And TOYLE of GLORY have not weary made;
Since these forbidden bounds by you are broke,
And my large Seas your daring keeles invade,
Which I so long injoy'd, and kept alone,
Unplough'd by forreign Vessel, or our owne.

42.

Since the hid secrets you are come to spye
Of NATURE and the humid Element,
Never reveal'd to any MORTAL's Eye
Noble, or Heroes, that before you went:
Hear from my mouth, for your presumption high
What losses are in store, what PLAGUES are meant,
All the wide OCean over, and the LAND,
Which with hard WAR shall bow to your command.

43.

This know ; As many SHIPS as shall persever
Boldly to make the Voyage you make now,
Shall finde this POYNT their enemie for ever
With winds and tempests that no bound shall know:
And the first FLEET OF WAR that shall indeaver
Through these inextricable WAVES to go,
So fearful an example will I make,
That men shall say I did more then I spake.

44.

Here I expect (unless my hopes have lyde)
On my discov'rer full Revenge to have,
Nor shall He (only) all the Ills abide,
Your pertinacious confidences crave :
But to your Vessels yearly shall betide
(Unless provok'd, I in vain do rave)
Shipwracks, and losses of each kinde and Race,
Amongst which, death shall have the lowest place.

And

45.

And of the first that comes this way (in whom
With heighth of *Fortune*, heighth of *Fame* shall meet)
I'll be a new, and everlasting Tomb,
Through God's unfathom'd judgement. At these Feet
He shall drop all his Glories, and inhume
The glitt'ring *Trophies* of a *Turkish Fleet*.
With me conspire his Ruine, and his Fall,
Destroyd Quiloa, and Mombassa's Wall.

46.

Another shall come after, of good fame,
A Knight, a Lover, and a lib'ral Hand;
And with him bring a fair and gentle dame,
Knit his by Love, and Hymen's sacred Band.
In an ill hour, and to your loss and shaine,
Ye come within the *Purlews* of my land;
Which (kindly cruel) from the sea shall free you,
Drown'd in a sea of miseries to see you.

47.

Sterv'd shall they see to death their Children deare;
Begot, and rear'd, in so great love. The black
Rude Cafres (out of Avarice) shall teare
The Cloathes from the Angellick Lady's back.
Her dainty limbs of Alabaster cleare
To Heate, to Cold, to Storm, to Eyes's worse Rack
Shall be laid naked; after she hath trod
(Long time) with her soft Feet the burning Clod.

48.

Besides all this; Their Eyes (whose happier lot
Will be to scape from so much miserie)
This Yeake of Lovers, out into the hot
And unrelenting Thickets turn'd shall see.
Ev'n there (when Teares they shall have squeez'd and got
From Rocks and Desarts, vwhere no waters be)
Embracing (kind) their souls they shall exhale
Out of the faire, but miserable, Layle.

49.

The ugly Monster vvent to rake into
More, of our Fate; vvh'en, starting on my feet,
I ask him, Who art Thou? (for to say true
Thy hideous Bulk amazes me to see't.)
H e b (vvreathing his black mouth) about him threvv
His savvcer-Eyes: And (as his soul vwould fleet)
Fetching a dismal groan, replide (as sory,
Or vext, or Both, at the Interrogatory.)

50.

I am that great and secret H E A D O F L A N D,
 Which you the C A R R I O R T E M P E S T S well did call,
 From S T R A B O, P T O L O M E E, P O M P O N I U S, And
 Grave P L I N Y hid, and from the A N T I E N T s all.
 I the but-end, that knits wide A F F R I C K S strand;
 My Promontory is her Moun'd and Wall,
 To the A N T A R T I C K P O L E; which (neyerthelesse)
 You, only, have the boldnes to transgresse.

51.

Of the rough sons oth' E A R T H, was I: and T w i n,
 Brother to Him, that had an hundred Hands,
 I was call'd A D A M A S T O R, and was in
 The Warr 'gainst Him, That hurls hot V u l C A N S Brands.
 Yet Hills on Hills I heapt not : but, to win
 That Empire, which the S E C O N D J O V N commands
 Was G E N E R A L L at Sea, on which did sayle
 The Fleet of N E P T U N E, which I was to quayle.

52.

The love I bare to P E L E U S's spouse divine
 Imbarqu'd mee in so wild an Enterprize.
 The fairest G O D D E S S E that the Heav'n's inshrine
 I, for the Princesse of the Waves despise.
 Vpon a day when out the Sun did shine,
 With N E R E U S's daughters (on the Beach) these eyes
 Beheld her naked: straight I felt a dart
 Which Time, nor scorns, can pull out of my H e a r t.

53.

I knewt impossible to gain her Love
 By reason of my great deformitie
 What force can doe I purpose then to prove:
 And, D O R I S call'd, let Her my purpose see,
 The Goddess (out of feare) did T H E T Y S move
 On my behalfe: but with a chaste simile shee
 (As vertuous full, as she is fayre) replide,
 What N Y M P H can such a heavy love abide?

54.

How ever Wee (to save the sea a part
 In so dire War) will take it into thought
 How with our honour we may cure his smart.
 My Messenger to mee thus answer brought.
 I, That suspect no stratagem, no art,
 (How easily are purblind Lovers caught)
 Feel my selfe wondrous light with this Return,
 And fann'd with Hopes, with fresh desire doe burn.

Thus

55.

Thus fool'd, thus cheated from the warr begun,
 On a time (D O K I s pointing where to meet)
 I spy the glitt'ring forme, ith'evening dun,
 Of snowy T H E T Y S with the silver feet.
 With open Armes (farr off) like mad I run
 To clip therein my *Joy*, my *Life*, my *Sweet* :
 And (clipt) begin those orient *Eyes* to kis,
That Face, that Hayre, that Neck, that All that is.

56

O, how I choake in utt'ring my disgrace !
 Thinking I *Her* embrac'd whom I did seek,
 A *Mountain* hard I found I did embrace
 O'regrown with Trees and Bushes nothing sleek.
 Thus (grapling with a *Mountain* face to face,
 Which I stood pressing for her *Angel's* cheek)
 I was no *Man* : No but a stupid *Block* .
 And grew unto a *Rock* another *Rock*.

57.

O *Nymph* (the fayrest of the O C B A N's Brood) !
 Since with my *Features* thou could'st not be caught,
 What had it cost to spare me that *false* good,
 Were it a *Hill*, a *Cloud*, a *Dreame*, or *Thought* ?
 Away fling I (with *Anger* almost *wood*,
 Nor lesse with *shame* of the *Affront* distraught)
 To seek *another World* : That I might live,
Where none might *laugh*, to see me *weep*, and *grieve*.

58.

By this my *Brethren* on their Backs were cast,
 Reduc'd unto the depth of misery :
 And the *vain Gods* (all hopes to put them past)
 On *Those*, That *Mountayns* pyl'd, pyl'd *Mountains* high.
 Nor *I*, that mourn'd farr off my deep distast,
 "(H E A U 'N, H A N D S in vain *resist*, in vain F E E T *fly*.
 For my *design'd* Rebellion, and Rape,
 The vengeance of pursuing *Fate* could scape.

59.

My *solid flesh* converteth to *tough Clay* :
 My *Bones* to *Rocks* are metamorphosed :
 These *leggs*, these *thighs* (behold how large are *they* !)
 O're the long *sea* extended were and spred..
 In fine into this C A P E out of the way
 My monstrous *Trunk*, and high-erected *Head*,
 The G O D S did turn : where (for my greater payn)
 T H E T Y S doth *Tantalize* me with the M A Y N.

60.

Here ends. And (gushing out into a *Well*
 Of *Tears*) forthwith he vanish from our sight.
 The black *Cloud* melting, with a hideous yell
 The OCEAN sounded a long way forthright.
I (in their presence, who by *miracle*
 Had thus far brought us, ev'n the ANGELS bright)
 Befought the LORD to shield his *Heritage*
 From all that ADAMASTOR did presage.

61.

Now PHLEON and PYROUS pulling come
 (With other Two) the *Charet* of the DAY;
 When that high LAND (to which this Gyant grum
 Was turn'd) doth to our Eyes it self display.
Doubling the point, we take another Rumb;
 And (coasting) plough the *Oriental Sea*.
 Nor had we plough'd it long, when underneath
 A little) in a *Second Port* we breath.

62.

The People That this *Country* did posses
 (Though they were likewise ETHIOPIANS All)
 Did more of *humane* in their *moens* express,
 Then *Those*, into whose hands we late did fall.
 Upon the sandy *Beach*, with cheerfulness
 They meet us, and with *Dances* Festival.
 With them, their *Wives*: and their mild Flocks of *Sheep*
 Which *fat* and *faire*, and *frisking* they did keep.

63.

Their *Wives* upon straw-Pillions (black as *jet*)
 Slow-paced *Oxen* (like EUROPA) ride:
Beasts, upon which a higher price they set
 Then all the *Cattle* of the *Field* beside.
 Sweet *madrigalls* (in *Ryme*, or *Prose* compleat,
 In their own *Tongue*) tornstick-*Reed* apply'de,
 They sing in *Parts*, as gentle *Shepherds* use,
 That imitate of TITYRUS the *Muse*.

64.

These (and no less was written in their *Faces*)
 Love and *Humanity* to Us afford:
 Bringing us *Hens*, and *Muttons*, in the places
 Of *Merchandizes* which we had *Aboard*.
 But, for (in fine) our men could spye no traces
 (By any *Sign* they made, or any *word*
 From their dark *Tongue*) of what we wisht to know:
 Our *Anchors* weigh'd, to *Sea* again we go.

65.

Now had we giv'n the tother demi wheel
 About black A F F R I C K , And (the burning Hooke,
 That girts the World, inquiring with my Keel)
 To the A N T A R T I C K P O L E I turn'd my Poope.
 By that small Isle (such emulous Thoughts we feel)
 Discover'd by a former Fleet, we Sooke ;
 Which fought the C A P E O F T E M P E S T S , and (that found)
 Pitcht here a C R O S S : our then D I S C O V R I E S Bound.

66.

Thence , many nights , and many sadder days ,
 Betwixt rough Storms , and languid Calmes , we grope
 Through the great ocean , and explore , new ways :
 No Lanthon to pursue , but our high Hope .
 One time above the rest (as danger Plays
 At Sea the P R O T H E U S) with strange Waves we cope .
 So strong a Current in those parts we meet ,
 As ev'n obstructs the passage of our Fleet .

67.

More violent without comparison
 (As our reculing Vessels plain did shew)
 The Sea was , That did there against us run ,
 Then the fresh Gale , that in our favour blew .
 Not us (disdaining much to be out-done
 By That ; and, as he thought , on purpose too
 To affront Him) puffs , blusters , reinforces
 His angry Blasts : and so we pass T H E C O U R S E S .

68.

The Sun , reduc'd the solemnized Feast ,
 On which , a K I N G laid in a Cratch to find ,
 Three Kings did come conducted from the E A S T ,
 In which O N E K I N G , three K I N G S at once are joynd .
 That day took we another Port (possest
 By People , like to Those we left behind)
 In a great River : Giving it the Name
 Of that great-day when thereinto we came .

69.

Here fresh Provisions of the Folks we take :
 Fresh-water from the River . But , in summ ,
 No gues concerning I N D I A could we make ,
 By People , unto Us as good as dumb .
 See (King) how many Cannareys we did take
 Without a door found out from that rude scumm ,
 Without descrying the least Track , or scent ,
 Of the so much desired O R I E N T !

Imagine,

70.

Imagine, Sir, in what distress of mind,
 How lost we went, how much perplext with Cares,
 Broken with Storms, and All with Hunger pin'd,
 Through Seas unknown, through disagreeing Ayres,
 (So far from hope, the wished LAND to find,
 As, ev'n with hoping, plung'd into despaires)

Through Climates rul'd by other heav'nly SONS;
 And where no Star, of our acquaintance, shines.

71.

The food we have too, spoyl'd; and what we crave
 As nutriment, ev'n turn'd into our Bane:
 No Entregens, no news, to make us wave
 Our Griefs; or feed us with a hope, though vain.
 Think'st Thou, if this choyce band of soldiers brave
 Were other then of Lusitanian straine,
 They had obedient held to this degree
 Unto their King, and his Authoritie?

72.

Think'st Thou, they had not risen long ago
 Against their GENERAL (cross to their desire)
 Turning Free-booters, forced to be so
 By black despair, by Hunger, and by Ire?
 If ever Men were try'de, These are: since no
 Fatigue, no suff'ring, were of force, to tyre
 Their great and Lusitanian excellency
 Of loyalty, and firm Obedience.

73.

Leaving, in fine, the sweet fresh-water Flood,
 And the salt Waves returning to divide;
 off from the Land a prety space we stood,
 Our whole Fleet bent into the Ocean wide:
 Lest the cold Southern wind (increasing) shou'd
 Impound us in the Bay and furious Tyde
 Made in that Quarter by the crooking shore,
 Which to SOFALA fends the golden Ore.

74.

This part (and the swift Rudder streight up resign'd
 To good St. NICH'LAs, as in case deplor'd)
 Towards that Part we steered, where the Wind
 Possessed Waves against the Beaches roar'd:
 When the 'twixt hope and fear suspended mind,
 And which confidet in a painted Board,
 (Falln from small hope to absolute dispaire)
 Lookt up by an Adventure rare.

'Twas

75.

'Twas thus. When to the *Coast* so nigh we drew
As to see plain the *Country* round about:

A *River* broacht into the *Sea* we view,
Where *Barks* with *Sails* went passing *in and out*.
To meet with Men, That *Navigation* knew
Surpriz'd us with great joy, thou canst not doubt:

For amongst them, of things from *Vs* so hid,
We hop't to hear some *News*: and so we did.

76.

These too are *E TH I O P S*: yet it should appeare
They had in better company been bred.

Arabick words we pickt out here and there,
By which was reacht the scope of what they sed.

A kind of *Torbant* each of them did ware,
Of *Cotton* fine, pres't close unto his head:

Another *Cotton*-cloth (and this was blew)
About those-parts that should be kept from *view*.

77.

In the *Arabick-Tongue* (which They speak ill,
But *FERNAND MARTYN* understandeth though)

They say; in *Ships* as great as these we fill,
That *Sea* of theirs is travers't to and fro;
Even from the rising of the *Sun*, untill

The *Land* makes *Southward* a *FULL P O I N T*, and so
Back, from the *South*, to *East*: conveying, thus,
Folks, of the colour of the *D A Y*, like *Vs*,

78.

If with the *sight* of *These* so joy'd we were,
The newsthey give us makes us much more glad.

This (for the *signes* by *us* collected *there*)
We call *THE RIVER OF GOOD SIGNS*. We add
The *Land-mark* of *A C R O S S*, the which we reare,
Whereof some number in our *Ships* we had

For such Intents: *This* bar the fair *Guides*'s name
Who, with *TOBIAH* unto *GABABL* came.

79.

Of Slyme, scales, shell-fish, and such filthy stuff,
(The noysome Generation of the *D E P*)

The *Ships* (that come therewith sordid, and rough,
Through so long *Seas*) there do vve cleanse, and syveep.
From our kiad *Hofts* vve, had supply'de, enough
Of the *Provisions* usual (as sheep,

And other things) vvhich smooth, and jocund *meen*,

And as clear *hearts*: vvhich through their *ey*s yyere seen.

But

80.

But the high pregnant Hopes, we there embraced,
Bred not a joy unmixt with some Allay.
To ballance it, in t'other scale was placed
A new disaster by R H A M N U S I A.
“ Thus gracious HEAV'N's their Boons have interlaced :
“ These are the interfearings, This the way,
“ Of humane Things. Black sorrow holds the Dye :
“ Light joy fades in the twinkling of an Eye.

81.

And this it was. The loathsom'ſt, the most fell
Disease, that ever these sad eyes beheld,
Reft many a life, and left the Bones to dwell
For everlasting in a forreign Field.
Who will believe (unseen) what I shall tell ?
In such dire manner would the gumms be swell'd
In our mens Mouths ; that the black flesh thereby
At once did grow, at once did putrifie.

82.

With such a horrid ſtench it putrifiſide,
That it the neigb'ring Ayre infected round.
We had no circumſpect PHYSITIAN try'de :
No Lady-handed SURGEON was there found.
But by a CARVER might have been supply'de
The laſt. 'Twas handling of a dead-man's wound.
The raweſt NOVICE, with his Instrument
Might cut, and never hurt the PATIENT.

83.

In fine, in this wild LAND, adieu we bad
To our brave Friends (never to see them more)
Who in ſuch Ways, in ſuch Adventures ſad,
With us an equal burthen ever bore.
“ How eaſily a burying place is had !
“ The leaſt wave of the Sea, any ſtrange ſhore,
“ Serve, as to put our Fellow's Reliques in,
“ So of the bravest Men that e're have bin.

84.

Thus, from this fatal HAVEN we disjoine
With more of joy then what we brought, and less
And (coaſting upward) ſeek ſome farther ſigne
Of INDIA, to make out our preſent queſts.
At MOZAMBIQUE we arriv'd in fine ;
Of whose false dealing, and hard-heartedneſſ,
Thou muſt have heard : as alſo of the Vile
And barb'rous dealing of MOBABBA'S Iſle.

Then

85.

Then to the *Sanctuary* of thy *Port*
 (Whose soft and Royall *treatment* may suffice
 To *heale* the *sick*, to *cheer* the *Alamort*,
 We were conducted by *propitious* *Skyes*.
Heer sweet *Repose*, *Heer* soveraign support,
Heer Quiet to our Breasts, Rest to our Eyes,
 Thou doest impart. Thus (if thou hast attended)
 whou hast thy wish; my NARRATIVE is ended.

86.

Judge now (O King) if ever *Mortalls* went
 Upon so *long*, upon so *desprate* ways.
I think'st Thou ENEAS, and the eloquent
 VLYSSES travayl d so much *World*, as These?
 Durst either (of the watry Element,
 For all the Verses wri:ten in their prayse)
 See so much through his *Prowe*, through his *Art*,
 As I have seen, and shall, or the eighth part?

87.

THOU, who didst drink so deep of HELICON,
 For whom sev'n Cities did contend in fine,
 Amongst themselves, RHODES, SMYRNA, COLOPHONE,
 Wise ATHENS, Chyos, Argos, SALAMINE,
 And TROY, whom ITALY is proud to owne,
 Whose *Voyce*, first low, then high(allways divine,
 And sweet) thy native MINCUS (hearing) fell
 Asleep, but TIBER did with glory swell:

88.

Sing, and advance with praises to the skye
 Your DEMI GODS, stretching your twanging lungs
 With WITCHES, CIRCLES, GIANTS OF ONE EYE;
 SIRENS, to rock and charm them with their songs:
 More, give them (both with Sails, and oars) to fly
 CICONIANS; and that Land, where there mates Tongues
 With LOT o' toucht, makes them forget they're slaves
 Give them, to drop their pilot in the waves:

89.

Project them winds (carried in baggs) to take
 Out, when they list, Am'rous CAPPPOSES bold;
 HARPIS, their meat to force them to forsake;
 Hand them to the Elysian shadowes cold:
 As fine, and as re-fin'd, as ye doe make
 Your tales (so sweetly dreampt, and so well told)
 The pure and naked Truth, I tell, will git.
 The hand, of all the Fabricks of your Wit.

Q

Upon

90.

Upon the *Captain's* honeyed lips depends
 Each gaping *Hearer* with fresh *Appetite* ;
 When his long *Story* he concludes and ends,
 Fraught with *high deeds*, with *Horror*, and delight.
 The vast *Thoughts* of our *Kings*, the *King* commands :
 And their *Warrs*, known where're the *Sun* gives light:
 The *NATION'S* ancient *Valour* he extols :
 The *loyalty*, and *Brav'ry*, of their *Souls*.

91.

The *PEOPLE* tell (with *admiration* strook)
 To one another, what they noted most.
 Not one of them can off those *People* look,
 That came so far, That such dire *Seas* have crost.
 But now the *Youth* of *DELOS*, who re-took
 The rains, which *LAMPE TUSA'S* Brother lost,
 Turns them, to sleep with *THEETYS* in the *DEEP*:
 The *KING* leaves that, in his own *House* to sleep.

92.

"How sweet is *PRAYSE*, and justly purchas't *GLORY*
 "By one's own *Actions*, when to *Heav'n* they soare !
 "Each nobler *Soul* will strain, to have his *story*
 "Match, if not darken, All That went before.
 "Envy of other's *Fame*, not *transitory*,
 "Screws up illustrious *Actions* more, and more.
 "Such, as contend in *honorable deeds*,
 "The *Spur* of high *Applause* incites their speeds.

93.

Those glorious Things *ACHYLLES* did in *War*
 With *ALEXANDER* sank not half so deep,
 As the *GREAT TRUMPET* That proclaim'd them, far
 And neer; He envies this, This makes him weep.
 The *Marathonian Trophies Larums* are,
 Which suffer'd not *THEMISTOCLES* to sleep:
 He said, no *Musick* pleas'd his ear so well,
 As a good *Voyce*, that did his prayses tell.

94.

VASCO DE GAMA takes great payns, to show
 Those *NAVIGATIONS* which the *World* up-cries
 Deserve not in such gorgeous Robes to go,
 As his, which doth astonish *Earth*, and *Skyes*.
 True: But that *WORTHY* (who did foster so
 With *Favours*, *Gifts* *Rewards*, and *Dignities*
 The *MANTUAN Muse*) made that *ENEMASING*,
 And set the *ROMAN GLORY* on her wing.

SCIPIOS

95.

SCIPIOs, and CÆSAR, Portugal doth yeild,
 Yeilds ALEXANDRS, and AUGUSTUS; But with those lib'ral Arts it doth not guild
 Them though, which would file off their roughnesses.
 OCTAVIUS made compt Verses in the Field,
 Filling up so the blanks of Business,
 Forfaken FULVIA will not let me lye
 Through CLEOPATRA's charm on ANTHONY.

96.

Brave CÆSAR marches conquering all FRANCE;
 Nor was his Learning silenc't by his drumme:
 But (in this hand a Pen, in that a Lance)
 To th' eloquence of TULLY he did come.
 SCIPIO (whose Wit in other's Socks did dance)
 Wrote plays, ev'n writh that Hand, which had sav'd Rome.
 Our HOMER doted ALEXANDER so,
 That th'I LIAD was his constant Bedfellow.

97.

All, That have ere been famous for COMMAND,
 Were learned too; or lov'd the Learned All:
 In LATIUM, GREECE, or the most barb'rous Land,
 But only in unhappy PORTUGAL.
 I speak it to our shame; the cause no grand
 Poets adorn our Country, is the small
 Incouragement to such: For how can He
 Esteem, That understand's not PUBLIUS?

98.

For This, and not for want of Ingénie,
 VIRGIL and HOMER, are not born with Use.
 Nor will ENEAS, and Achilles, bee,
 (This feirce, Hee pious) if the World hould thus; but
 But (which is worst of all) for ought I see,
 FORTUNE hath shapt our Lords, so boisterous,
 So rude, so carelesse to be known, or know,
 That they like well enough it should be so.

99.

Thankt let the Muses be, by our DAME,
 To my deer Countrey that my zeale was such,
 As to commend her noble Toyles to FAME,
 And her great deeds with a bould hand to touch:
 For Hee, That's like him (only in his name)
 Deserves not of CALIOPE so much,
 Or TAGUS's Nymphs; That They their golden Loom
 Should leave, to carve his ANCETORE a Tomb.

100.

Love to my Brethren, and to do things just,
Giving all Portingal Exploits their dues,
To serve the Ladies, to procure their gusts;
Are th'only spurr, and im'rest of the Musk
Therefore, for fear of black Oblivion's Ruff,
Heroick Actions let no man refuse:
For by my hand, or some more lofty strain;
VIRTUE will lead him into HONOUR'S FANE.

End of the fifth Canto.

Sixth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

THe Pagan King could never entertain
 The NAVIGATORS well enough he thought,
 The friendship of the Christian King to gain
 Of men, whose courage had such wonders wrought.
 It troubled him, his lot should be to reign
 So far from EUROPE, withall good things fraught
 And that his happy Station had not bin
 Whete HERCULES the MID-Land-Sea let in.

2.

With Games, Masks, Revels, Gambals on the Green,
 With Moorish-Dances (their sport natural),
 With jovial Fishings (such as EGYPT'S Queen
 Pleas'd the out-witted ANTHONY withal,
 When Carbonadoed Fish were hang'd unseen
 On her dropt Hooks) he treats the PORTINGAL
 Each day, with Bauquets, of unusual Fare;
 With Fruits, with Fowles, with Flesh, rarest and

3.

But now the Captain (seeing time spend fast)
 And that the fresh Wind woos him to be gone)
 From the indulgent Land taking in haste
 Th'appointed Pilots, and Provision,
 Resolves to quit it: of the Ocean vast
 Having no little Portion yet to run.

His leave now takes he of the PAGAN free,
 Who prays from ALL a lasting Amity.

He

4.

He prays them more, that *Port* (such as it is)
That all their *Fleets* would visit, when they pass:
For, greater good he doth not wish, then this,
To give such men his *Realm*, and all he has.
And, whilst he breathes, whilst what he has is his;
Whilst the least sand is running in his *Glas*,

He will be always ready to lay down
For such a *King*, and *People*, *Life*, and *Grown*.

5.

G A M A went not behind, in *Complement*,
And, weighing *Anchor* without more delay,
To the rich *Kingdoms* of the **O R I E N T**,
(Which he so long had sought) pursues his way.
Now a direct and certain *Course* he went,
The *Fleet*, this *Pilot* means not to betray,
Which (therefore) from the hospitable shore
Goes now securer, then it came before;

6.

The *Oriental Billows* they divide,
Now in the *Indian Seas*: and (spying than)
T h' Alcove, whence **P H E B U S** rose as from a *Bride*,
See their desires fullfill'd within a span.
But spightful **T H Y O N E U S** (grudging the *Tyde*)
Of *Happiness*, which then to smile began,
On **P O R T I N G A L S**, who well had earn'd the same),
Repines, fumes, curses, and with Rage doth flame.

7.

He saw the *Stars* unanimous, to make
Of **L I S B O N**, a new **R o m e**, and that in vain
It was for *Him* to hope (alone) to shake
That, which the **S U P R E M E P O W E R** did ordain,
Desperate, in fine, **O L Y M P U S** doth forsake,
To seek below what *There* he could not gain,
Enters the *humid Realm*; and to the *Court*
Of *Him*, that bears the *Trident*, doth report.

8.

In the abstrusest *Grottoes* of the **D E E P**,
Where th'**O C E A N** hides his head far under ground;
There, whence to play their pranks the *Billows* creep,
When (mocking the lowd *Tempests*) they resound,
N E P T U N E resides. *There*, wanton *Sea-Nymphs* keep,
And other *Gods* That haunt the *Seas* profound:

Where arched Waves leave many *Cities* dry,
In which abides each *merry Deity*.

The

9.

The never fadom'd Bottom doth expand
 A Levell, gravell'd o're with Sibuer fine; Where lofty Turrets rise from dreyned Land,
 Of Massive stuff, Transparent, crystalline; To which, the neerer you shall hap to stand,
 The less will you be able to define:
 If it be crystal which your Eye surveys,
 Or diamond, which cast such glorious Rays.

10.

The Gates are Massive Gold, richly imbold
 With ragged Pearlez in their Mother-shellye, In goodly Sculpture wrought, of wondrous cost,
 On which vext LIBER's eyes did feed and dwell.
 Where first old CHAOS (in it own selfe lost)
 Varied with proper shadowes, doth excell.
 Then the FOVVER EBBMINTS (transcribed faire
 From that foule Copy) in their Colours are.

11.

There active FIRRE got highest on the wing,
 Which without matter did it selfe sustayn,
 Till (to give Soule to ev'ry living Thing)
 By bold PROMETHEUS from the Sun twas cane.
 Next subtle AYRE with the invisible Ring,
 Gaping for places (importuning, vain)
 Now viuant in the world, which that doth not
 Step streight into, though nere so cold, or hot.

12.

Warted with Mountains (then) was the low EARTH,
 In her green gown shadow'd with fruitfull Trees:
 Giving those Creatures, to which she gave birth,
 Such sustenance as best with each agrees.
 The carved WATER serves her for a yrb,
 And brancht (like Veyns) ore all her Body is:
 Innumerable sorts of Fishes breeding;
 Men with her Fish, Earth with her myghty feeding.

13.

Another door upon it carved has
 The War, between the Gods, and Gyants bold,
 Beneath great ETNA crushit TIPHOIUS was,
 Whence crackling flames in sulphur Baits are roll'd.
 NEPTUNE himself stood here, of breathing Brays,
 Striking the ground, in that contentious old,
 When the first Horse, to the rude world, gave Hee;
 And PALLAS the first peacefull olive-Tree.

LYEUS's

14.

L Y S U S's Cholar would not let him stay
 To view the rest ; and, passing through this Gate,
 The G O D, who (told of his Approach) did stay
 At th'inner Court, receiv'd him there in state :
 Accompanied with Nymphs in bright Array,
 Of whom, each seems to wonder, with her Mate,
 To see the Waters's King, paid one in fine,
 Of many Visits made the King of Wine.

15.

N E P T U N E (quoth he) O ! never think it strange,
 That B A C C H U S comes thy succour to implore :
 " For highest pow'rs, and most secure of change,
 " 'Tis envious F O R T U N E's pride , to triumph o're.
 Call all thy Peers that in the Ocean range,
 Ere more I speak (if thou wilt hear me more)
 Down-weight of misery they shall discern.
 Let them All hear the wrongs which All concern.

16.

N E P T U N E (presuming it some hideous thing
 He would impart) doth T R I T O N streight command
 To call the D E I T I E S inhabiting
 The frigid Waves, on one ; and t'other hand.
 T R I T O N , who vaunts himself son of the King
 By S A L A C E E (ador'd in L U S U S's Land)
 Was a great nasty Clown with all that boast :
 His Father's Trumpet, and his Father's Poast.

17.

His thick bush-beard, and his long hair (which hung
 Dangling upon his shoulders from his head)
 Were spungy Weeds ; so wet, they might be wrung :
 Which never Comb seem'd to have harrowed.
 The nitty points thereof, were tag'd, were strung
 With dark blew Mussels, of their own filth bred.
 He had (for a Montera) on his Crown
 The shell of a red Lobster overgrown.

18.

His Body naked, and his genitalis,
 That he might swim with greater speed, and ease :
 But with Maritine little Animals
 By Hundreds, cover'd, and all hid , vvere these ;
 As Crayfish, Shrimps, and other Fish that cravvles,
 (Receiving theirs from the pale Moon's increase)
 Oysters, and Periwinkles vvith their flyme ;
 Snayles, vvith their Houses on their backs that climbe.

His

19.

His great wreath'd *Shell*, to his black mouth apply'de,
 With all the *might* he had, he now did sound ;
 Whose shrill and piercing noyse (heard far and wide
 O're all the *Sea*) from *wave* to *wave* did bound.
 Now all those *Gods* (without excuses) high d
 To the bright *Palace*, from their Quarters round,
 Of that moist God, who built the Walls of *T R O Y*,
 Which angry *G R E E K S* did afterwards destroy.

20.

Old *Father O C E A N* first (with all the *sons*
And Daughters, he begat, environ'd) went :
N E R E U S (That married was to *D O R I S*) runs,
 Who peopled all the *Cryſtal Element* :
 The Prophet *P R O T H E U S* (his *Flocks* left for once
 To range the *bitter Meade* at full content)
He likewise came; but *He* already knew
 What, *F A T H E R B A C C H U S* to the *Ocean* drew.

21.

Another way came *N E P T U N E*'s snowy *Wife*
(U R A N and V E S T A's daughter sovereign)
Grave in her *Gate* (yethad her *Gravenels life*)
 And with a *Face*, that calmd the wand'ring *Main*.
A Robe of *Lawn* (whose *Spinſter* had a strife
 With *Her*, That with *M I N E R V A* strove in vain)
 Of her bright *limbs* was the transparent *Lid* :
 For they had too much beauty to be hid.

22.

Fair *A M P H I T R I T E* (then the flow'r's in *May*
 Fresher, and sweeter) would not wanting bee :
The Dolphin (who advis'd her to obey
 The love of the *Seas K I N G*) with *Her* brought *Shee*.
The Sun in all his glory, yields the *Day*
 To either's *Eyes* (more worth then all they see).
 They marched hand in hand (an equal paire)
 For *Both*, the Spouses of *one Husband*, are.

23.

That *Queen* (who, flying *A T H A M A S* run mad
 Came *so* to compafs an *immortal State*)
 Went ; and with *Her* her pretty *Infant* had.
(Him too, the *Gods* did to their Ranks translate)
 Toying before his *Mother* tript the *Lad*
 With painted *Cackles*, which salt Seas create :
 Whom when the looser sand molefts and harms ;
 Fair *P A N O P E A* bears him in her *Arms*.

Likewise

24.

Likewise that *God*, who had been once a *Man*,
 And, though a powerfull *Hearb* he chanc'd to tast,
 Was chang'd t' a *Fish*; so from that loss began
 A glorious life, turn'd *Deitie* at last;
 Came adding water to the *Ocean*,
 Still weeping the lewd Tricks by C I R C E past
 On his lov'd S C Y L A (*Hee belov'd by This*):
 "Hate, where it springs from *love*, so mortall is.

25.

Seated (in short) the *Powers* that rule the *seas*
 In the great *Hall*, majestick, and divine;
 On gorgeous *Cushions* first the *Goddeses*,
 The *Gods* in carved *Chayres* of *crystall* fine,
 The *King* with gracious gestures *All* did please;
 His *Throne* deviding with the *King* of *Wine*.
 The *House* is filld with that rich sea-bred masse,
 Which doth *Arabian Frankincense* surpasfe.

26.

When now the *whisprings* of the *Gods* were ceast
 And *ceremonies* done between the *Kings*:
 Burst T H Y O N E U S began from hidden Breast
 To powre the *Cause* out of his *sufferings*.
 Knitting his brow a little (which confess
 His leaden *Heart* hung heavy on the strings)
Hee, that with *other's* weapons he may slay
 The men of L u s u s, thus his cards did play.

27.

P R I N C E, who (of right) from one to t'other pole
 The angry *sea* doft awe, and doft command,
Thou that all *earthly* creatures doft comptroll,
 And bridleſt *Nations* with a *roape* of *sand*;
 And (Father O C E A N) *Thou* whose *Billows* roll
 About the *world*, and circumſcribe the *Land*,
 Least thofe meet *Bounds* which are for *All* decreed,
 It's proper *dwellers* ſhould preſume t' exceed.

28.

And you, S B A G O D S, that wont not to permit
 Your *Kingdom*'s high *perogatives* be broke;
 But, whoſo dar'd to trespass upon *It*,
 Felt, what it was, your *vengeance* to provoke:
 What *tameness* this? what dull *lethargick* Fit?
 Who had ſuch pow'r to stay your *Anger's* stroke,
 Ready (with cause) upon *mankind* to fall,
 Frayle as the *Glaſſe*, yet venturing at *All*?

29.

You saw, with what unheard of Insolence
 The highest H E A V' N S they did invade of yore :
You saw, how (against Reason, against sense)
 They did invade the S E A with Sail and Oare :
Actions so Proud, so daring, so immense,
You saw; and *We see* dayly more, and more :
 That in few years (I fear) of Heav'n and Sea,
Men, will be called G O D S ; and but *men*, W E E .

30.

You see a little Generation now
 (Call'd by the name of one that serv'd me too)
 With haughty Bosom, with undanted Brow,
 Both *you*, and *me*, and all the World subdue.
You see, your Sea with winged Oak they Plough.
 Farther, then R O M A N E A G L E S ever flew.
You see, your Wealth how they propose to drayn,
 Your Statutes cancel, and your walks profane.

31.

When first the M Y N I A E went about (ye know)
 To cut a way through the forbidden F l o o d ,
 How B O R E A S , and his Fellow A Q U I L O ,
 (With all the rest) the T r e s p a s then withstood :
 If They so stormd, if they concern'd were so,
 That, as their own, *your* wrong they understood ;
You (whom it touches in a neerer way)
 Why sit ye still? for what do ye delay?

32.

Nor think (O Gods) that, for your sole concern,
 And for the great A ffront which put I see
 On *you*, I have forsook the C O U R T S U P E R N :
 But for *That* likewise which is offer'd *me*.
 For, all those Honours which my fword did earn,
 When (as the World, and *you*, can witness be)
 I N D I A I quell'd, and quell'd the O R I E N T ,
 I by this People see trod down, and rent.

33.

For the H I G H R U L E R , and his Fates (who deale
 The under-world, as pleases best their mood)
 Have markt these men for Glory, Pow'r, and Weale,
 Greater then ever, in the Ocean-Flood.
 And (Gods) from *you* I must not now conceale,
 That they teach sorrow, ev'n to Gods. 'Tis good :
We too, are slaves to their preposterous Will ;
 Which gives Ills to the Good, Goods to the Ill.

Now

34.

Now therefore from OLYMPUS am I tost,
 To seek some Cure, some Balsome for my wound :
 To see, if that esteem, I there have lost,
 May happily within your Seas be found.
 More would have said : But Tears the passage croft,
 Which (trickling down his Cheek in Ropes, that bound
 His words) with sudden fury did inspire
 And set the watry Deities on fire.

35.

So rough the billows of their Anger went,
 So swiftly and so high their rage did mount ;
 That no mature advice it did consent,
 Permit no pawse, no weighing, no discount.
 Orders from NEPTUNE are already sent
 To mighty EOLUS, that without Count
 He slipt the strugling Winds from their strong Caves,
 And let no Vessel live upon the waves.

36.

PROTHEUS rose twice to speak, and went about
 His judgement in the matter to propound :
 Nor ANY who were present, made a doubt
 But that it was some Prophecy profound.
 But still a rising tumult put him out,
 And in their fence the Gods did so abound,
 That THETYS stuck not to exclaime; Will you
 Be teaching NEPTUNE what he hath to do?

37.

Then doth the proud HIPPOADES enlarge
 From their close prison the enraged Winds ;
 And them with animating words discharge
 Against the Men of never-danted minds.
 For a thick cloud hides Heav'n (as with a Targe)
 And ARGUS's hundred Eyes, that guild it, blinds.
 The swelling blasts have in a trice o'rethrown
 Tow'rs, Mountains, Houses. —— But of that Anon.

38.

Whilst in the DEEP was held this Parliament,
 The wearied Fleet (yet free from sad dismay)
 Before a gentle Wind pursuing went
 Thorough the tranquil Ocean their long way.
 That Time it was, when from the ORIENT
 Removed is the Lamp that rules the Day :
 Those of the first did lay them down to sleep,
 And others come the second Watch to keep.

29.

Conquer'd they come with sleep, and (ill awake)
 Repose their nodding heads against a saile.
 Their Cloathes (thin, thin) but weak resistance make
 To the *Night's Ayre*, which blows a nipping Gale.
 Yawning, they stretch their Limbs; themselves they shake;
 With their *Seal'd Eyes* to ope can scarce preuale.
Cures against sleep they practise, they devise:
Tell thousand Tales, tell thousand Histories.

40.

What better *spur* (said one) to *post away*,
 Or *pastime to deceive* the hours, that creep;
 Then by some *pleasant Tale*, wherewith we may
 Knock off the *leaden shackles* of dull *sleep*?
 Quoth **L E O N A R D O** then (who, whilst a day
 He hath to live, will faith to **C U R I D** keep)
A pleasant Tale? then what can do so well
As one of Love? and *That*, my self will tell.

41.

Reply'd **V E L O S O**; 'tis not fit, not *just*,
 To treat *soft subjects* in so *hard extremes*.
 For a *Sea-life* (replenish't with *disgust*)
 Permits not *love*, permits not *melting Theames*.
 Our *Story* be of **W A R**, bloody, Robust;
 For *we* (the *Wefis*, and *Pilgrims* of the *streames*)
 Are onely born to *horror*, and *distress*:
 Our *future dangers* whisper me no less.

42.

To *This* they *All* agreed: and pray'd **V E L O S E**,
 What he *commended*, that *himself* would *doe*.
 I shall (quoth *He*); then listen to my *Froze*:
 I promise you an *old Tale*, and a *true*.
 And (to incite, with apt *examples*, Those
 That hear me, *great Beginnings* to pursue)
 Of our own *Country-men* shall treat my *story*:
 And let it be the *Twelve* of **E N G L A N D**'s glory.

43.

When **J O H N** the son of **P E D R O** rul'd our Land
 (Temp'ring his *People's mouths* with a soft *Bit*)
 After he had with a *victorious Hand*
 From potent neighbour's jaws deliver'd it,
 In merry **E N G L A N D** (which, from *Cliffs* that stand
 Like *Hills of snow*) once **A L B I O N**'s name did git)
E R Y N N I S dire rank *seeds of strife* did sow,
 Whence *Lusitanian Lawrels* chanc't to grow.

Twixt

44.

*Twixt the *fair damsels* of the ENGLISH COURT,
And Barons bold That did attend the same,
A hot dispute, beginning but in *sport*,
To end at last in *down-right-earnest* came.
The Courisers (though the *Courtship* is but short
That gives reprobacious terms to any Dame)

Said : They would prove, that such, and such of Them,
Had been too lavish of their Honor's gem.

45.

And if with *Lance* in *Rest*, or *Blade* in *Fift*,
To take their parts they had, or *Knights*, or *Lords* ;
That *They*, in *open Field*, or *closed List*,
Would do them dye, with *Spears*, or else with *Swords*.
The weaker *sex* (unable to *resist*)
With *deeds*, and less to *swallow* such base *words*)

Condemning *Nature*, That deny'de them *force*,
Unto their *Kin*, and *servants*, had recourse.

46.

But their *Accusers* (mark you !) being *great*
And *potent* in the Kingdom; neither *Kin*,
Nor *humble servant*, durst their *Cause* abet,
A their *Fame's Champions*, which they should have bin.
With *beauteous Tears* (which, from their *blissful seat*,
Might all the Gods to their assistance win)
Distilling down each Alabaster Cheek,
Unto the D U K E O F L A N C A S T E R they seek.

47.

This puissant Branch, of ENGLAND'S royal Tree,
Had warr'd against CASTELL with PORTUGALL;
Where his *Camarades*'s great Hearts he try'de did see,
And their *good stars* which bare them out in All;
Like proof of their respect to *Dames* had He,
When to that Land his daughter he did call ;
With whole bright *Beautie's beams* our Monarch strook,
The virtuous *Princess* for his *Consort* took.

48.

He (loath to give them ayd with his own Hand,
Left, so, he should foment a *civil flame*)
Says : when I past to the IBERIAN LAND,
To the CASTILIAN CROWN to lay my clayme ;
Such heavenly parts in PORTINGAL'S I scand,
Such *Courtship*, *Courage*, such high thirst of *Fame*,
That they alone (unless I much mistake)
With fire and sword your just defence can make.

To

49.

To them then (*injur'd Ladies*) if you please
Ambassadors from me (for you) shall go,
Who, with meet *Letters* and smooth *Sentences*,
The wrong which *you* sustain to *them* may show.
Let *Letters* likewise from *your selves*, your Seas
Of *Tears* indeare; and from your Pens let flow
Nectar of *Words*, to charm them to your *Ayd*:
For there's your *Tow'r*, There all your *hopes* are laid.

50.

Th' experienc't Duke the *Dames* this counsell gave,
And streight to them *Twelve* valiant *Knights* did name;
And, that each *Dame* may know her Champion brave,
Bids them cast *Lots*, their number being the same:
And, by this way of *Lottry* when they have
Dscry'de which *Knight* belongs unto which *Dame*;
To her own *Knight*, in varied phrase, each writes;
The *King*, to *All*; the *Duke*, to *King*, and *Knights*.

51.

The messenger arrives in *Portugal*:
The *Novelty* doth ravish all that *Court*:
The gallant *King* would be the first of *All*,
Might it with *Regal Majestie* comport.
Each *Courtier* longs, it to his chance would fall
In such a brave *Adventure* to consort;
And each one's glory doth in this consist,
To hear his name from the *Lancastrian* List.

52.

In the old loyal *City* there, whence took
Was the eternal name of *P O R T U G A L E*;
He, to the *Rudder* who thereof did look,
Bad fit a *Frigat* light, with Oare, and Sayle.
Armours and *Cloathes* (delays they cannot brook)
All, of the fashion that did then prevail,
The *Twelve* provide: *Helms*, *Crests*, *Knots*, *Motto's* neat.
Horses, and gay *Caparisons* compleat.

53.

Leave from that *King* is had, their sayles to losen
And pass out of the celebrated *D W E R E*,
By Them that had the honor to be chosen
Of famous *J o h n O f G a u n t*, who knew them there.
A better, or a worse, in all the dozen
(For skill, or force) there was not: *Peers* they were.
But one (*M a g r y s.e*) in whom new thoughts did rise,
Bespeak his valiant *Fellows* in this wife.

Brothers

54.

Brothers in Arms, There hath been long in me
 A strong desire through *forraign Lands* to range ;
 More *Streams*, then *T njo's*, and fresh *D w R E S*, to see ;
Strange Nations, Cities, Laws, and Manners *Strange*.
 Since in the *World* then many *Wonders* be,
 And now I find this purpose cannot change ;
 I'll go before by Land (with your good leave)
 To meet in *ENGLAND*, traversing the *S L E V E S*.

55.

And if (arrested by *his Iron Mace*
 Who is the period of each mortal thing)
 I hap to fail th'appointed time and place ;
 To *you* small damage can my failing bring.
 Fight for *your selves*, and *me* to, in that case.
 But in my *ang'ring* Eare a Bird doth sing ;
Chance, Rivers, Mountains (all their malice meeting)
 In *L O N D O N-T O W N* shall not prevent our greeting.

56.

This said, about his valiant Friends he cast
 (In fine) his *Armes*; and, licenc't, went his ways.
 He past rough *LEON*: both *C A S T E E L S* he past :
Towns, won by *Lusitanian Arms*, survays :
NAVARRE: With *Pyrenean Mountains* (plac't
 'Twixt *SPAIN*, and *France*, as if to part their *Frays*):
 Survey'd (in fine) all that is rare in *FRANCE*,
 To *B E L G I A S* great *Emporium* doth advance.

57.

Heer (whether *sickness* 'twere, or fresh *Adventer*,
 Advancing *not*) He many days did stay.
 But our lev'n *Worthies* the salt *Ocean* enter,
 And to the *Northern Climate* plough their way.
 Arriv'd in the first *Port*, to the great *Center*
 Of populous *ENGLAND* (*London*) travail'd They :
 Lodg'd by the *Duke* upon the Bank of *THAMES* ;
 Eggd on, and complemented by the *Dames*.

58.

The *day* was come, and now the hour at hand,
 When with the dozen *ENGLISH* they must fight:
 The *King* secur'd the *Lifts* with an arm'd *Band* :
 In compleat *Steel* begins to cloath each *Knight* :
 Before each *Dame* (her *Honour's Shield*) did stand
 A *SPANISH MAR S* in dazeling *Armour* bright:
 Themselves in *Colours*, and in *Gold* did shine,
 With thousand *Jewels*, joyful and divine.

But

59

But she, to whom M A G R I S O (who was not
Arrived) fell; in mourning Rayment came;
Because to have, it was her hapless lot,
No Knight, to be the Champion of her fame.
Howe're: th'Eleven (before they leave the Spot)
That they will so behave themselves, proclaim;
As that the Ladies shall victorious be,
Though of their number wanted two or three.

60.

Upon a high Tribunal took his place
T H E E N G L I S H K I N G, with all his Court about.
The Combattants by Three and Three did face,
And fowre, and fowre, their Foes; as it fell out.
The Sun, from GANGES, till he ends his Race,
Sees not another Twelve more strong, more stout,
More highly daring, than those ENGLISH were,
Who the lev'n P O R T I N G A L L S confronted there.

61.

The golden Bits the foaming Palfreys champ:
Upon the glitt'ring Armes, the Sun curvets,
As when roll'd Cakes of Ice reflect his lamp,
Or (mingling Rays) on Dancers' gems it beats.
Now in the Ladys's hearts some little damp
(The Troops prepar'd to charge) the odds begets
Of Twelve t' elev'n; when (Loe!) incontinent,
A murmur'ring uproare round the Scaffolds went,

62.

Unto that common Center, where the Rout
Began this tumult, ev'ry Face inclines.
Enters a Knight on Horse-back, arm'd throughout,
As one, who battail presently designes:
Salutes the King; the Dames; faceth about,
And, with th'Eleven, the great M A G R I S O joynes.
His greedy Arms upon his Friends he throws
(Sare Card) to lay them next upon his Foes.

63.

Then she that well perceiy d this was the Knight
Who came her honour to defend and rayse,
Cloathes too with Helle's Fleece; which (more then bright
Vertue) the brutish soule loves, and obays.
The signall giv'n, the Trumpets blasts, incite
The warlick minds, inflam'd with rage and praise.
Spurrs are clapt to, Reyns slackned in a trice,
Speares coucht in Rest, Fire from the struck ground flies.]

The

64.

The furious *Genets* seem, in their Career,
To make an Earth-quake with their thund'ring Hooves.
The Shock, in All that then Spectators were,
At once Fear, Pleasure, Admiration, mooves.
This, doth not fall, but flye (dismounted cleer);
That, Steed, and all (He better Horseman prooves):
One, his white Armour in Vermillion washes:
One, with his Helmet's plumes his horse-croop lashes.

65.

There fell asleep for ever, more then one,
And a short step from life to death did make:
Here, runs a Horse (the Man strook down) alone:
There, stands a Man, whose Horse the Foe down strake.
The English Honor tumbles from it's Throne:
For two or three of them the Lists forfike.
With Shields, Arms, Maile, Those who to Arms appeale,
And Hearts of Spanish mettle, have to deale.

66.

To lay out words in counting ev'ry gash,
Each cruel thrust in that most bloody Fight,
Is of those Prodigals of Time, and Trash,
That tell you stories which they dreamt last night.
Suffice it, I inform you at one dash,
Through courage high, through never-equalld might,
The Victory went on the Ladies's side:
Curs crop the Bays, and They are justiside.

67.

With Balls the Duke, with Feastings, and with joy,
Treats the twelve Victors in his Palace faire;
With Cooks, the Bavy of bright Dames employ
Nets, Hounds, and Haulks, in Water, Earth, and Aire.
For These, their brave Compurgators, would cloy
Each day, and hour, with thousand banquets rare,
Whilst they in ENGLAND are content to roam,
Without reverting to their dearest Home.

68.

But great MAGRISO (if we trust reports)
Great things abroad still greedy to behold,
Clung to those parts: where at the Gallick Courts
Highly he serv'd the Flandrian Countess bold,
For there (as one unpractis'd in no sports,
To which Thou MARS inurst thy Schollers old)
He, hand to hand a FRENCH-MAN in the Field
(Like ROMA's TORQUATUS, and CORVINUS) kill'd.
Another

69.

Another of the *Twelve* laucht out, into
H I G H G E R M A N Y: where with an **A L M A N H e**
Had a fierce *Combat*, who by means undue
Thought to have shorn his thred of destinie.
V I L O S O come to a full point; the *Crew*
Pray him, he would not with such brevitie
Pass the *French Duel*, but be more exact
Therein: as likewise, in the *German Fath*.

70.

Just here (to drink his words, they list'ning *All*)
The *Master* (Loe! (who in the *Skye* did peepe)
His *whistle* sounds. From ev'ry Corner crawle
The *Saylors*, half-awake; and half-asleepe;
And, for the *wind* augments, he bids them fall
The *Top-sayles*, climbing to the *Scuttle* steep.
Awake (he said) ope, and unseale, your Eyes:
From yon black clowd, ye see, the *Wind* does rise.

71.

Not fully lor'd the windy *Top-sayles* were
When a great *Gulf* upon a suddain came.
Strike, cry'd the *Master*, (so that all migh t hear)
Strike, strike, the *Main-sheet*; thrice he did exclaime.
The hasty *winds* (for *7yrants* have no *Eare*)
Ere strick it could be, rushing thwart the same,
Rend it to rags, with such a hideous rash,
As if (the *World* destroy'd) the *Poles* did clash.

72.

Then did the *Men* strike **H E A V'N** with a joynt-groane,
Themselves with *horror* struck, and pale dismay:
For (the *Sayle* split) the *Vessel*, hanging prone,
A pow'r of Water scoops up from the *Sea*.
Lighten (the *Master* cryes with mournful tone)
Lighten the Ship: if ye would live, obey,
Run others to the *Pump* (w're at the Brink
Of perishing) unto the *Pampe*: We sink:

73.

Unto the Pumpe th undanted *Soldiers* ran:
To which no sooner come, their parts to do:
But the *Ship* (stagg'ring like a drunken Man)
Their heels tript up, them to the *Larbord* threw.
Not three the sturdies of the *Saylors* can
Manage the *Hel'm*, with all their strength put to.
The *Ship* is bound with *Ropes* in every part:
The *Land-men* lose their *strength*, *Sea-men* their *Art*.
about

Such

74.

Such the impetuous winds, that to have shoun
 More force, and fury, they could not devise;
 Had they at once from all the Quarters blown
 To throw down BABEL, which did threat the skyes.
 The AMMIRALL upon the overgrown
 Mountains of water, shrinks into the size
 Of her own cock-boat: wondring her selfe, how
 She did to live in such a sea till now.

75.

The second ship (in which was PAUL DE GAMME)
 Had her main mast snapt in the midst and broke:
 The people in her (almost drown'd) the name
 Of Him, that came to save the world invoke,
 With like vain Echoes to the Ayre, exclame
 In the Third, all COULLIOS daunted folk;
 Although that master so good order took,
 That, e're the storm ariv'd; her sayles were strook.

76.

Now All to Heaven are hoysted by the fury
 And rage of NEPTUNE, terrible and fell:
 Now to the bottom of his waves All hurry,
 As if their keels would knock the Gates of Hell.
 The East, West, South, and Northern winds (to woory
 The world by turns) from ev'ry corner swell.
 Her self with Torches the deformed Night
 (With which the Pole is all on fire) doth light.

77.

The Halcion along the ratling shore
 With strayned voyce cryes in a dolefull Key,
 Rubbing with this the overplayst red soare
 Of her own los; by like tempestuous sea,
 The amorous Dolphins hide them, which before
 Did friske and dance about the watry sea;
 Flying the cruell storm in Caves obscure,
 Nor in the very bottom are secur

78.

Never such red-hot Thunder-bolts were made,
 Rebelling Gyants to confound and awe,
 By that foule Smith, who (by his faire wife pray'd)
 Forg'd a rich Armour for his son in law:
 Nor ever (by the Thunderer displayd)
 That frightened paire such flakes of lightning law
 In the great FLOOD (they only left to mourn)
 Who stoned to people (a hard race) did turn.

79.

How many *mountains* did the *waves uncrown*,
 Bouncing against them like a batt'ring *Ram* !
 How many aged *Trees* the *wind rusht downe*,
 Which by the *Cable-roots* at once up came !
 Little thought *They*, the *earth* swept with their crowne,
 To turn their *Heels* to *Heav'n* in the low *dam*,
 As little thought the *sands*, which there were hid,
 To floate upon the *top*, as then they did.

80.

V A S C O D E G A M A (seeing his *Hopes* crost,
 Just at the *Butt* and *end* of his desire,
 Seeing the *Billowes* now to *Hell* goe post,
Now with fresh fury unto *Heav'n* aspire:
 Confus'd with *borreour* giving *All* for *lost*,
 Seeing no *humane Fence* against such *Ire*)
 To that H I G H P O V V ' R E (who is the *sov'raine Ayd*,
 And can *Impossibilities* thus pray'd.

81.

Protector of the *Quires Angelicall*,
 Whom *Heav'n*, and *Earth*, and angry *seas* obey;
Thou, who the *Read-sea* mad'st a double wall,
 Through which thy flying I S R E L L to convay;
Thou, who didst keep and save thy servant P A U L
 From *open Rocks*, and *Shelv's* that *bidden* lay.
 And sav'd'st (with *His*) from *Cataracks* down hurl'd
 The second P L A N T E R of the drowned W O R L D:

82.

If we have past *new* dangers numerous
 Of other S C Y L L A S and C H A R I B D E S S E S ;
 Other dire Syrts, and Quicksands, infamous
 A C R O C E R A U N I A N R O C K S in other seas;
 Why, in the *Close*, doest thou *relinquish us*?
 Why, throw us off, after such scapes a *beze*,
 If with our *labours* thou art not offended,
 If thy sole service be hereby intended ?

83.

O happy men, whose lot it was to dye
 On whetted point of *Mauritanian Lance* ;
 Whil st, smear'd with *beawteous dust* of A F F R I C K
 The C H R I S T I A N F A I T H they (fighting) did advance
 Whose glorious *deeds* re main in *History*,
 Or carv'd in everlasting *Verse* perchance,
 Who losing a *short life*, a *long*, did git :
 Death sweetned with the *Fame* attending it.

Whilst

84.

Whilst this he says, contending *Winds* (that roar
 Like two wild *Bulls* when one with t'other copes)
 Augment the *horrid Tempest* more and more,
 And (ratling) whistle through the Spiny Ropes.
 The flashing *Lightning* never does give o're ;
 The *thund'ring* such, that there are now no hopes
 But that *HEAV'N'S Axles* will be streight unbuilt :
 The ELEMENTS at one another tilt.

85.

But, see, the amorous star, with twinkling Ray,
 Conspicuous in the EASTERN HEMISPHERE !
 Fair Harbinger, and Usher of the Day,
 It visits Earth, and Sea, with forehead cleare.
 She, from whom arm'd ORION slinks away,
 And who this Star fits guiding in her Spheare;
 Spying what Risk her deare Armada ran,
 At once with Anger, and with feare, grew wan

86.

Here hath been BACCHUS (says she), I am sure:
 Will he ne're leave this rancour ? but in vain.
 He shall not wag the Ruine to procure
 Of mine, but I will have him in the Train.
 She stoops like Lightning from OLYMPUS pure
 Upon the troubled Kingdom of the MAYS ;
 Her Nymphs to crown them (as for wagers) bids
 With waking ROSES that new ope their lids.

87.

With thousand-coloured Garlands she commands
 Their flowing locks a little be comptroll'd :
 (Who would not judge, LOVE there, with his own hands,
 In amell'd painted flow'r's upon true gold ?)
 Her purpose is, to fetter in those bands
 Th'inamour'd Winds, where there they wander bold :
 The Faces of those loved Nymphs to shew them
 (More faire then Stars) to charm and to subdue them.

88.

And so it prov'd. For she no sooner did,
 But presently they faint, they dye away.
 Under their wings their bashful heads they hid :
 In humble posture at those feet they lay.
 The slip, THOSE take them up in ; is the thrid
 Of that bright Hair, which scorns the mid-day's Ray.
 Then, to her servant BOREAS, thus did say
 His sweet and bosom friend, ORYTHIA.

Fierce

89.

Fierce BORIAS, This is not the way to prove
 That e're thou lov'dst, as thou pretend'st to doe;
 For meek, and soft as his wings down, is LOVE:
 And fury ill beseems a Lover true,
 Either this madnes from thy mind remove.
 (What shall I say? couldst thou indure a shrew?
 I shall be frightened with it, wee must sever:
 " Feare choler may ingender, but love never.

90.

Fayre Galatea likewise lays the case
 To blustring NOTS, who, full well she knows,
 Hath many a long sigh fetcht for that sweet Face,
 And is at her devotion doth suppose.
 The Raunter (scarce believing such a grace)
 His heart, too ample for his bosome grows.
 The pleasure of his Mistresse to fullfill,
 He thinks it a cheap bargain, to sit still.

91.

The others take the other winds aside,
 And her too boystrous lover each reproves.
 They give them to the Queen of Beautie, tyde,
 Calme as the Lambs and gentle as her doves.
 she gives them back to them, and (their faith tryde)
 Promis'd return eternall of their loves:
 Worn on the Nymphs's white hands, e're thence they stir,
 In the whole voyage to be true to Hir.

92.

Now rising SOZ with gold those Mountayns lips
 Which GANGES (murmuring) washes: when a Boy
 From the tall Am'rall's scuttle shews the shippes
 LAND, to the prow, with that (late storm's) Annoy,
 And halfe their Voyage, over (each heart skips,
 Repriev'd from its vain fears. For now with joy,
 The Pilot (whom MELINDIANS to them put)
 Cryes: if I err not, LAND of CALICUT.

93.

This is that Land (I'm sure) for which y'are bound:
 This, the true INDIA, which we see before:
 Then (if your vast desires one world can bound)
 Quiet your Hearts, ye have what ye explore.
 Now GAMMA could not hold, when as he found
 (To his high joy) the Pilot knew the shore,
 With Knees sticht to the decks, Hands spread to Heaven,
 Eternall thanks by him to GOD are given.

Thanks

94.

Thanks he did give to *God* (and well he might)
 Who was not onely pleas'd, to *Him* to shew
 That *Land*, which he had sought through so great fright,
 And for the same such *shocks* did undergo :
 But snatcht him with *strong Hand* that very night
 From watry *Grave*, through *winds* that raged so,
 Through *Thunder's stroke*, through blasting *Lightning's beame*
 As one awak't out of some horrid dreame.

95.

By dreadful *dangers*, by such *Bunts* as these,
 By such *Herculean labours*, and *vast toyles*,
They That in *GLORIE'S Schools* take their *degrees*,
 Acquire *immortal Lawrels* and *fat spoyls* ;
 Not wholly leaning, against rotten *Trees*
 Of *ancient Houses*, not, on empty *Style's* ;
 Not, on rich *Couches*, wrapt in *Sables soft*,
 Of the *Muscovy Merchant* dearly bought.

96.

Not, by *new-fangled dishes* exquisite ;
 Not, by eternal *Visits* tedious ;
 Not, by *successive pleasures* infinite,
 Effeminating *Bosomes* generous ;
 Not, by a never quenched *Appetite* :
Whereby, *old Wantons Fortune* makes of us
 To that degree, We know not how to rise,
 Or step, to any *Vertuous Enterprise*.

97.

No, but by tearing out of *Horror's mouth*
Honours, which we may truely call our owne ;
 By cloathing *Steel*, incountring *Hunger*, *Drownish*,
VVatchings, *high winds*, and *Billows overgrown* ;
 Conqu'ring dull *cold*, in *Bosome* of the *South*,
 T'other *extreme* of the inflamed *Zone* ;
 Gulleting in, corrupt and putrid meat,
 The *Spice*, and *Sawce*, with which the *Paliament* eat.

98.

And, by accustoming a *Face* (where doubt
 Sate once) *secure*, *serene*, *fearless* of *Harm*,
 To march through *Bullets* whizzing round about,
 And taking *here* a *leg*, and *there* an *Arm*.
These (*Honour's Brawns*) make a man proof throughout,
 Make him scorn *Money*, and *false Honour's charm* :
 Money, and *Honours*, which light *Fortuna* made ;
 Not *Virtus*, who is *jast*, *solid*, and *stayd* :

SHEB,

99.

S H E, shapes an understanding round, and clear,
 EXP E R I E N C E the Hammer and the File:
 S H E constant sits (as in a Throne or Spheare)
 Regarding busie Mortalls with a smyle:
 S H E (where discretion doth a Kingdom steer,
 Nor partiall Favour merit doth beguile)
 S H E suddenly caught up, High Rooms to fill:
 Not, by her seeking; but, against her will.

End of the sixth Canto.

Seventh Canto.

STANZA. 1.

V V Ellcom, O wellcom (Friends) to that good L A N D
 Which by so many hath been coveted,
 'Twixt I N D U S, and the silver G A N G B S's strand,
 In the Terrestriall Heav'n that hides his head.
 Valiant and Happy men, put forth a Hand
 To crop the Lawrells which from others fled:
 For (loe !) ye see ; before your faces, loe !
 The Territory where all Riches flow.

2.

To you I speake , ye sons of L u s u s old ;
 Who, of the world compose so small a stake.
 What talk I of the world : of that small fold
 Belov'd by him, who the round world did make.
 You, whom from conquering of Nations rold
 In vice not only dangers did not take ;
 But neither avarice, or want of love
 To Holy C H U R C H, whose Head is crown'd Above.

3.

You (P O R T I N G A L L s) as stout, as ye are Few ;
 Who never care how small your numbers be :
 You, who are Usurers of losses : you,
 Who frail life chaffer for eternitie
 Thus P R O V I D E was pleas'd That him (who drew
 The shortest lot) we of more use should see
 T'extend the Fayth, then all the C H R I S T I A N K I N G S :
 " So much thou (C H R I S T) exaltest little Things !

The

4.

The haughtie G E R M A N S , a great Flock (behold !
 In a large pasture, into Factions broke ;
 Who (not to be restrayn'd within one Fold,
 Nor yet content to justify with stroke
 Of Argument what sev rally they hold)
 Some for, and some against the Roman Yoke,
 Their fatall pistols in that Quarrell span,
 Which should be all discharg'd at O T T A M A N .

5.

See E N G L A N D 's Monarch, styling himself yit
 For deeds long past K I N G of the H O L Y T O V V N E ,
 The filthy I S M A E L I T E possessing it
 (What a reproaching Title to a C R O V V N E !)
 How in his frozen Confines he doth sit,
 Feeding on empty smoake of old Renown ;
 Or gets him new, on Christian Foes alone,
 Not, by recov'ring what was once his own !

6.

Meane time an U N B E L I E V E R is for Him
 Head of I E R U S A L E M on earth, whilst love
 Of : arth, hath made him an unusefull tim
 Of the I E R U S A L E M which is Above:
 O' the F R E N C H then, what shall we say, or deem,
 Who (call d M O S T C H R I S T I A N) doth his style disprove.
 Who doth not only in her Ayd not come :
 But ev n invites the scourge of C H R I S T E N D O M E S .

7

To C H R I S T I A N 's Lands findst thou thy Title good
 (Having so faire a Kingdom of thine own).
 Not, to C Y N I F I U S , and N Y L E 's sev'nsfold Flood,
 Old Enemies to true Religion ?
 There shouldest thou vent the heate of thy French blood,
 'Gainst the Rejectors of the Corner-stone.
 L E V V I S , and C H A R L E S , left thee their Name and seat :
 Not that which stily'd one S A I N T ; the other G R E A T .

8.

In the last place, what shall we judge of Them,
 Who by base sloath, and Ryot (rather Rot)
 Shorten their days, drown'd in their own wealth's stream,
 Their ancient Valour, buried, and forgot ?
 From Lux, Oppression springing ; from this stem,
 Dissensions in a people giv'n to plot :
 I speake to Thee (O I T A L I B) broughtloe
 With thousand Vices, and thine own worst Foe.

T

Ah

9.

Ah, foolish C H R I S T I A N s ! are *you*, happilie,
Those Teeth which C A D M U S did to Earth commit,
Self-Bane (for Children of one wombe ye bee,
And All one heav'ly Father did begit)?
The H O L Y S E P U L C H E R do ye not see
Posset by dogs ? how Those, themselves can knit,
To wrest from *you* your old Inheritance,
And on your shames their name in Arms advance ?

10.

Ye see it is a principle of state,
A rooted custome, in the H A G A R E N E ,
Armies on Armies to accumulate
Against the people That on C H R I S T doe leane.
But, amongst *you*, doth sow rank seeds of Hate,
And Tares of strife, the Enemie unclean.
How can ye sleep secure, how can ye close
Your Eyes, having both them, and *you*, your Foes ?

11.

If love of powre, and empire uncomproll'd.
Set you a work to conquer others Lands ; !
Both H E R M U S and P A C T O L U S's streams behold,
Rouling into the Ocean golden sands !
A S S Y R I A spins, and L Y D I A , thrids of gold ;
A F F R I C K 's rich Mynes imploy her Negroes hands.
Against T H E T U R K E let Bootie league you all :
If not, to see T H E H O L Y C I T Y Thrall,

12.

That Hellish project of the I R O N A G E ,
Those Thunderbolts of Warr (the Cannon-Ball)
At T U R K I S H G A L L E Y S let them spit their Rage,
And batter proud C O N S T A N T I N O P L E S Wall.
Thence, to their Holes in Caspian Clifffes, ingage
The frightened monsters back again to craw'l,
And Scythian Wains, that in your E U R O P E build,
With barb'rous spawn her civill Countreysild.

13.

The T H R A C I A N , G E O R G I A N , G R E E K , A R M E N I A N ,
Cry out upon you, that ye let them pay
(Sad Tribute !) to the brutish A L C O R A N
Their Christian-children, to be bred that way:
To scourge the arrogant M A H U M E T A N
Your hands unite, your heads togerher lay.
Unwise, ungodly, Glory, cease pursuing :
By being valiant to your own undoing.

But

14.

But whilst (*mad People*) you refuse to see,
 Whilst thirst of your own blood diverts *you All*,
Christian-Indeavours shall not wanting be.
 In this same little *House* of *P O R T U G A L L*,
Strong places upon *A F R I C K*'s *Coast* has *she* ;
 In *A S I A* a *Style Monarchicall*,
Dominions in *A M E R I C A* *she has* ;
 And, were there more *Worlds*, *Thither* *she would pass*.

15.

And turn we to behold in the mean while,
 To our Sea-faring *Worthies* what befell,
 After that gentle *VENUS*, with a *File* of *BEAUTIES*,
 Of *B E A U T I E S*, the *inamour'd Storm* did quell :
 After they came in sight of that vast *soyle*,
 Sought with a purpose so unchangeable,
 The *C H R I S T I A N F A I T H* into the same to bring,
 To introduce *new Laws*, and a *new King*.

16.

No sooner come at that *new Land*, a sort
 Of little *Fisher-barks* they light among,
 Directing them the way into the *Port*,
 Of *C A L I C U T*, whereto the same belong.
 Thither they bend their *Prows* (being the *Court* and *Palace*
 Of *M A L A B A R*) *A City* fair, and strong :
 In which a *King* his *Residence* did hold,
 Who, round about, a spacious *L A N D* comprold.

17.

On this side *G A N G E S* and the *Y N D* beyond
 A large and famous Province is markt forth ;
 On the *South* bounded by the *Ocean-Strand*,
 By the *Emodian Mountain* on the *North*,
 Sundry both *Laws* and *Kings* obeyth this *Land*,
 Sundry pretended *Deities* ador'th :
 Some, beastly *M A H O M E T*; some, *Idols* dead ;
 Some, *Living Creatures* in that *Region* bred ;

18.

In that long *Mountain*, which all *A S I A* laces
 (Running athwart so vast a *Continent*,
 And borrowing sev'ral names of sev'ral places
 Through which it runs) Two *Fountains* have their vent ;
 Whence *Y N D*, and *G A N G E S* (starting for two *Races*)
 At the same *Post*, and at the same length spent)

Dye in the *I N D I A N S E A*: Now *This*, and *They*,

Make the true *I N D I A* a *Pen-Insula*.

19.

'Twixt these expiring Rivers's Mouthes wide
From the broad Countrey along *piste* extends,
In fashion not unlike a *Piramide*,
Which (fronting C E Y L A N ' S I s l a) in th' Ocean ends.
And where (first thrust out of the Mountain-side)
The great *Gangetic Arm* a Richness lends,
Tradition says, the Folk, That there did dwell,
Of dainty flow'rs were nourish'd with the Smell.

20.

But the *Inhabitants* That now are found
(In names and manners diff'rent from the old)
Are D E L I S, the P A T A N S, who most abound
In People, and in Countreys which they hold;
The D E C A N I S, the O R R A I S, That fount
Their hopes of beeing sav'd, in what th'are told
Of sounding G A N G O S; Then, B E N G A L A ' S Land,
With which can none in Competition stand.

21.

C A M B A Y A ' S Warlike Kingdom (this of yore
Held great K I N G P O R U S, as the fame doth goe):
The Kingdom of N A R S I N G A, powerful more
In Gold, and Jewels, then against a Foe.
Here (from the I N D I A N O C E A N ' S Billows hoare)
Discerned is of Mountains along Rose;

Serving for Nat'r'l Walls to M A L A B A R,
Inroads of those of C A N A R A to bar.

22.

G A T E the Countrey's Natives call this Ridge:
From foot whereof skirts out a narrow Down,
Which (backs by that) is by a natural Seige
Of angry Seas affronted. Here the Town
Of C A L I C U T (undoubted Sov'reign Liege
Of all her Neighbours) reares her lofty Crown:
seat of the E M P I R E, Fair, and Rich; and Him
That's Lord thereof, they stile the S A M O R I M.

23.

The Fleet arriving close to that rich strand,
A P O R T I N G A L L is sent in a long-Boate
To let the Pagan Monarch understand
Their coming from a Region so remote.
He (through the River entering the Land,
Which enters there the Sea by a wide Throate)
With his strange Colour, Physnomy, Attire,
Makes all the flocking multitude admires.

Amongst

24.

Amongst the *Rout*, which *Him* did swarm to see,
 Comes one, trayn'd up in the **ARABIAN'S** Lore,
 Having been born in Land of **BARDARIE**,
 There, where **ANTEU**s was obey'd of yore:
 Whether, the *Lusitanian* People, *He*
 Knew meerly as a *neighbour* to that shore; *whether*
 Or (bitten with their *steel*) was sent so far
 On **FOR TUNA**'s errand by the chance of War.

25.

The *Messenger* with Jocund Face survey'd,
 He, in plain *Spanish* gave him thus the *Haile*,
 How, to *this World*, in name of *Heav'n*, (*Com'rado*)
 So distant from thy native *Portugall*!
 Op'ning a passage through rough *Seas* (he said),
 Which never *mortal Wight* before did sayle,
 We come to seek of, In *du'st're* the great streme,
 Whereby to propagate the **GO P E L**'s beam.

26.

Astonisht at so great a *Voyage* stood **MONSAYDE**,
 The **MOOR** (his name **MONSAYDE**) briefly told
 Their sad *disasters* on the *Azure Flood*,
 And hair-breadth *Scapes*, by this same *Lusitan* bold.
 But since, his main Affair (he understood)
 Unto the *King* alone he would unfold;
 He tell's Him, *He* at present is not there:
 Being retir'd into the *Country neer*.

27:

So that (until the *News* at *Court* have bin
 Of their prodigions passage through the **M A Y N**)
 Please him, to make his homely *Neſſ*, his *Inne*;
 With Victuals of the *Land he'e'l* entertain
Him There: and, being well refreſht therein,
Himself will bring him to the *Fleet* again.
 For that, the *World* hath not a thing more sweet,
 Then in a *distant Land* when *Neighbours* meet.

28

The **P O R T I N G A L L** with *Bosome* not ingrate
 Accepts the Offer, kind **MONSAYDE** made.
 As if their friendship were of ancient date,
 With *Him*, he eat, and drank, as he was pray'd.
 Towards the *Ships* (that done) return they straight:
 Which the *Moor* knew, when he the *Build* survey'd.
 They climbe the *An'ral*: where both *Man* and *Boy*,
 Receive **MONSAYDE** with a gen'ral joy.

The

29.

The Captain (rapt) His in his Arms did squeeze,
Hearing the Musick of the Spanish Tongue;
And (seated by him) Shreives him by degrees
Touching the Land, and things thereto that long
But, as in THracian Rhodope the Trees,
And Bruits, to hear his golden Lute did throng
Who did his lost EURIDICE deplore:
So throng'd the common-men to hear the MORETTO

30.

He thus begins. O men! whom NATURE plac't
Neer to the Nest where I my birth did take,
What Chance, or stronger Destiny, so swift
So hard a Voyage, made you undertake
For some hid cause from T'AGUS are ye past,
And unknown MINIUS, through that horrid Lake
On which no Barke before did ever floate,
To Kingdoms so conceal'd, and so remote.

31.

GOD, GOD hath brought you: He hath (sure) some grand
And special bus'ness here for you to do:
For this alone, he leads you by strong Hand
Through Foes, Seas, Stormes, and with a heav'nly Clew.
INDIA is this, with sev'ral Nations man'd:
Great NATURE's bounty All beholding to
For glist'ring Gold, for sparkling Stones of price,
For oderiferous Gums, for burning Spice.

32.

The Province ye are anchor'd now upon,
Is called M A L A B A R. In the old way
It worships Idols: The Religion
That bears in all these parts the greatest sway,
Held tis, by sev'ral Kings: yet only one
Rul'd it of old, as their Traditions say.
The last King, was S A R A M A P E R I M A L,
Who in one Monarchy possest it All.

33.

But, certain strangers coming to this Realm
From M C H A in the Gulph of ARABIE,
Who brought the Law of MAHOMET with Them
(In which my Parents educated me)
It so befell, with their great skill, and stream
Of Eloquence, These to that hot degree
This PERIMAL unto their Faith did win,
That he propos'd to dye a Saint therein.

ships

34.

*Ships he provides and therein (curious)
For Offerings lades his richest Merchandise ;
To turn Monastick, and Religions,
There, where our LEGISLATIVE PROPHET lies.
Having no Heir, left of the Royal House ;
Before he parted, he did cantonize
His Realm. Those servants, he lov'd best, he brings
From want, to wealth ; from Subjects, to be Kings.*

35

*To one, COCHIN ; t'another, CANANOUR ;
CHALE, t'a Third, t'a Fourth, the PEPPER-ISLES ;
To This, COULAN ; To That, gives CRANGANOUR ;
The rest, to them who most deserv'd his smile.
One young man onely (who had mighty pow'r
On his Affections) was forgot the while.
For whom was left poor CALICUT alone,
A City since ; Rich, great, by Traffick growne.*

36.

*This gives he Him : and (to eke out the same)
A shining Title Paramount the Rest.
That done, his Voyage takes ; his life to frame
So, as to reign hereafter with the Blest.
And hence remain'd of SAMORIM the name
(By which imperial pow'r, and heigh'ts exprest)
To that young man and to his Heirs : from whom
This (who the EMPIRE now injoys) is come.*

37.

*The NATIVES's manners (poor, as well as rich)
Are made up all of Lyes, and vanitie.
Naked they go : onely a Cloth they stitch
About those Parts which must concealed be.
Two Ranks they have, of People ; Nobles, which
Are NATURES stil'd : and Those of base degree
Call'd POLEAS. To Both the Law prescribes
They shall not marry out of their own Tribes.*

38.

*And Those That have been bred up to one Trade,
Out of another may not take a Wife ;
Nor may their Children any thing be made,
But what their Parents have been all their life.
To touch a NATURE with their Bodye's shade,
A scandal is to his prerogative.
If themselves chance to touch them as they meet,
With thousand Rytes himself he washes sweet :*

Just

39.

Just so the JEWISH PEOPLE did of yore
 The touch of a SAMARITAN Eschew.
 But, when ye come into the Country, more,
 And things of greater strangeness ye shall view.
 The NAYRES onely go to war: Before
 Their King, they onely stand a Rampire trew
 Against his Foes. A sword they alway weild
 With their right-hand, and with the left a Sheild.

40.

Their Prelates are call'd BRAMENS (an old name,
 And (amongst them) of great Preheminence):
 Of his fam'd Sect, who Wisdom did disclame,
 And took a stile of a more modest fence.
 They kill no living thing, and highly blame
 All flesh to eat with wondrous abstinence:
 But other flesh their Law doth not forbid,
 Yet They as prone thereto, as if it did.

41.

Their Wives are common: but are so to none
 Save those, who of their Husbands's Kindred are.
 (O blessed lot, blest Generation,
 On whom fierce jealousy doth wage no war!)
 These are the Customes, but not these alone,
 Which are receiv'd by Those of MALARBAR.
 The LAND abounds in Trade of all things; Isle,
 Or firm-Land yields from CHINA unto NYL.

42.

Thus did the MORO recount. But Gossip FAME
 Crying the Newes about the City went
 Of a strange people come, with a strange name:
 To be inform'd the truth when the King sent:
 Now, through the gaping streets, invirond came:
 With either Sex, and Ages different,
 The noble Men dispatch'd by the King
 The Gen'ral of the Fleet to Him to bring.

43.

And Hee (thus licenc't by the SAMORIM
 To disembarque) departs without delay,
 The noblest of his LUSIANS hon'ring Him
 As his bright Trayn (himself more bright then They)
 The sweet variety of colours trim
 Dazles the ravish't people all the way,
 The compast Oare strikes, leisurely the water
 Of the sea first; of the fresh River after.

Upon

44.

Upon the Key a potent Officere,
 Whom in their Tongue the C A T U A L they call,
 Begirt with N A Y R E S, stood to welcome There
 The brave D E G A M E with Pompe unusual:
 Whom in his Arms himselfe to land did beare,
 Then poynts him to a Cowch Pontificall :
 On which (their custome of most auntient date)
 Upon mens shoulders he is born in state.

45.

Thus Hee of Lusus, Hee of M A L A B A R,
 Move to the place where them expects the King.
 The other P O R T I N G A L L S, and N A Y R E S are
 Their Infantry advancing in a Ring.
 The multitudes (like Baggage in a War)
 Confused, pester one and t'other Wing.
 They would aske questions but have not the power :
 Their mouths were stopt for that in B A B E L ' S Tower

46.

Ride talking G A M A, and the C A T U A L,
 Of things which the Occasion ministred :
 M O N S A Y D E the Interpreter of All,
 As understanding what by each is sed.
 Thus marching, and ariving where the tall
 And sumptuous F a b r i c k did erect it's head
 Of arich T E M P L E in the C l i t e ' s Center,
 At the large two leav'd door abreast they enter.

47.

There stand the Figures of their Deities
 Carv'd in cold stone, in dull and stupid wood :
 In various shapes presented to the Eyes,
 In various postures as the Feind thought good.
 Some, in yet more abominable wise,
 (C H I M E R A - like) with shapes repugnant stood.
 The C H R I S T I A N S (us'd t'adore G O D M A N) deride
 To see Men Beasts, and Monsters deifie.

48.

One's humane Head a payre of Horns disgraces
 (J U P I T E R H A M O N stood in L Y B I A so) :
 Another had one Body, and two Faces,
 (Thus the old R O M A N S did old F a n u s show) :
 A Third, with hundred Hands, fifty embraces
 (Like B R I A R E U S) pretends at once to throw :
 A Fourth Hee grinns with a dogs Face (the plain,
 Ador'd A n u b i s in M e m p h i t i c F A N E).

U

Hee

49.

Here, by the *barb'rous* people of that *Sett*
 Their *Superstitious Worship* being payd,
 Their course, without digression *both* direct
 To where the *King* of these vain *GENTLES* stayd.
 The *Trayn* augments; through *Those*, who the aspect
 Of the strange *Captain* to behold, assay'd.
Women, and *Boys*, from all the *Houses* gaze:
These style the *Roofs*; *Their Eyes*, the *Windows* glaze.

50.

Now they approach with slow and solemn pace
 The beautiful and oderiferous *Bow'r's*,
 Which barr'd the *prospect* of the *Royal Place*;
 In *structure* sumptuous, though not high in *Tow'r's*.
 For *They* their nobler *Buildings* interlace
 With fanning *Groves*, and aromatick *Flow'r's*.
 Thus liv'd enjoying that rude *people's King*
 In *City*, *Country*; and in *Winter*, *Spring*.

51.

On the fair *Frontispieces*, *Ours* deliry
 The subtlety of a *Dedalian Hand*,
 Fig'ring the most remote *Antiquity*
 In lasting *Sculpture* of the *INDIAN - LAND*.
 So lively are presented to the Eye
 Those *Ancient Times*; That *They*, who understand
 From learned *Writers* what the *Actions* were,
 May read the *Substance* in the *shadow* There.

52.

Appears a copious *Army*, which doth tread
 The *oriental Land*, *HYDASPE'S* laves.
 By a sleek ruddy *Warriour* was it led,
 Fighting with leavy *Javelins* curl'd in waves.
Nysa stood by her *Founder*: by *Her*, slid
 The *River's* self, washing her *winy Caves*.
 So right the *God*, that *THEBAN - SEMELE*
 (Had she been present) would have cry'de; 'Tis *He*.

53.

Farther, a vast *Affyrian* multitude,
 That drank whole *Rivers* e're they quencht their thirst.
 A *Woman Captain*, with rare Form inclide;
 And of a *Valour*, great, as was her *Lust*.
 By her side (never cold) her *Palfrey* chew'd
 The foaming *Bit*, and (fiery) paw'd the *aust*,
 (Her *NINUE'S Rival*) with whom yet 'twas done
 More innocently, then she lov'd her *Son*.

Yet

53.

Yet farther ; trembled in the *fancied* wind
 The glorious *Ensignes*, G R E E C E triumphant bore
 (The world's T H I R D M O N A R C H Y) spreading from Y N D
 One con'q'ring wing to the *Gangetick* shore.
 A young man led them, of a *boundless* mind,
 From head to foot wi: h *Lawrells* cover'd ore :
 Who would not bee (so high his Thoughts did rove)
 The son of P H I L I P , but the son of I O V E .

54.

The L U S I A N S feasting with these *Act's* their eyes,
 The C A T U A L unto the *Captaine* sayd,
 The time draws neer, when *o'er* *Victoryes*,
 Shall blot *these* out, which thou hast now survayd,
 Heer shall be graven, *modern Histories*
 Of a *strange people*, that shall us invade.
 Such our deep *Sages* find to be our doom,
 Poring into the things which are to come.

55.

By the *black Art* they doe moreover tell ;
 'I hat, to prevent so great approaching *Ill*
 By *humane wisdome*, tis impossibel :
 " For vaine, is *earthly wit*, against *Heav'n's will*.
 But, say withall ; Those *Strangers* shall excell
 So much in *Martiall* and in *civill* skill ;
 That through the *World* it will in after story,
 Be sed : The *Conquerors* are the *Conquer'd*'s glory.

56.

Discoursing thus they enter the gilt Hall,
 V. here leanes that E M P E R O R magnificent
 On the rich *Cowch* (which take it worke, and all)
 Could not be matcht beneath the *Firmament*.
 His *Face* and *posture* (that Majesticallyl ;
 And this *secure*) his *Fortune* represent :
 His *Robes* are *cloth of gold* : A *diadem*
 Upon his *head*, with many a flaming *gem*.

57.

An old man (at his elbow) with grave meen
 Upon the knee did ever and anon
 Of a hot *plant* present him a leaf green ;
 Which, as of custome, he would chaw upon.
 Then did a *Bramen* of no mean esteem,
 Approach D E G A M A with slow motion ;
 To present *Him* unto the M O N A R C H great :
 Who there before him, nods him to a seate.

59.

DE GAMA seated neer to the rich Bed
 (His, keeping off) with quick and hungry Eyes,
 The SAMORIM upon the Habit fed
 Of his new Guests, their uncouth bew, and Guyse
 With an emphatick Voyce from a deep head
 (Which much his embassie did authorize
 Both with the King, and all the People there)
 The Captain thus accosts the Royall eare.

60.

A potent King (who governs yonder, where
 Heav'n's ever-rolling wheles the day adjourn,
 Benighting earth with earth ; that Hemisphere
 Which the sun leaves mourning till his Return)
 Hearing from FAME (which makes an Echoe there)
 How this IMPERIAL GROVWN by Thee is worn.
 (The sum'd up Majestie of INDIAN LAND)
 Would enter with thee into Friendship's Band.

61.

And (through long windings) to thy COURT sent me,
 To let the know ; that whosoever stores
 Goe on the Land, or goe upon the sea,
 From TAGUS there, to NYLE's enriched shores :
 All that by Zeland Merchants laden be :
 By tributary Ethiopian-MORES :
 From seething River, or from frozen Barr :
 Heapt up and centerd in his Kingdom, are.

62.

Then if thou wilt, with leagues and martiall Tyes
 Of Peace and Friendship (stable and divine)
 Allow commerce of superfluities,
 Which bounteous NATURE gave his Realms and Thine,
 (For Trade brings Opulence and Rarities,
 For which the Poor doe sweat, the Rich doe Pine)
 Of two great fruits, which will from thence redound,
 His shall the glory ; thine, the Gain be sound.

63.

And (if it so fall out, that this fast knot
 Of Amitie be knit between you two)
 He will assist thee in all adverse lot
 Of Warr, which in thy Kingdom may infue,
 With Soldiers, Arms and Shippes, and coldly, not,
 But as a Brother in that case would doe.

It rests, that thou resolve me in the close,
 What he may trust to touching this propose.

This

64.

This was the *Errand* of the *Captain bold*,
 To whom the *Pagan Monarch* answer'd thus :
Ambassadours from such farr parts, we hold
 No little honour to our *Crown*, and *Us*,
 Yet shall not in this case our *will* unfold)
 Till with our COUNCILL we the thing discus's :
 What this King is, informing our self well,
 The people and the Land whereof you tell.

65.

In the mean time repose you from the *Quoyle*
 Of labour past, and nauseating *Seas* :
 Whom we will back dispatch, within a while,
 With such an *answear* as shall not displease.
 Now *Night* (Task-mistresse of all earthly Toyle)
 Gives humane labours wonted stint; to ease
 Exhausted lims with sweet *Vicissitude*:
 Eyes, with the leaden Hand of sleep subdue

66.

In the most noble lodgings of the *Court*,
 The PRIMERE MINISTER of INDIAN LAND
 (With the Applause of people of each sort)
 Did feast DE GAMA, and his valiant Band:
 The CATUALL (that he may make report
 To his dread *Leige*, who gave him in command
 To find it out; which way the strangers came,
 What *Laws*, what *Faith*, what *Countrey*, and what *name*)

67.

Soon as he spies the fired *Axel-tree*
 Of the fayre *Delian* youth the day renew,
 Sends for MONSAYDE; upon Thorns, to bee
 At large informed of this NATION new.
 Prompt and inquisitive, he asks if *Hee*
 Can give him full *Intelligence* and *trewe*,
 What those strange people are (for he did heare,
 That to his *Country* they are neighbours neer.)

68.

A punctuall accompt, of every thing
 He knew of them, he charg'd him to afford ;
 As that which was a service to the *King*,
 Whereby to judge of the propos'd accord.
 MONSAYDE answers : That which I can bring
 Of light thereto, is spoken in a Word.

Thus much I know; they are of yond same SPARTN,
 Where PHEBUS, and my Nest, bache in the Mayns

69.

By them a certain Prophet is ador'd,
 Born of a pure and incorrupte *Maid*,
Conceiving by the Spirit of the Lord,
The Lord of life, by whom the *world* is swayd.
Of them, that which my *Parents* did Record,
 Was that of bloody *Warr* the noble Trade
 To it's full pitch by their strong *Arm* is wound:
 Which to our cost *their predecessors* found.

70.

Them (arm'd with *virtue* above humane strayne)
 They threw out of their delectable *Seates*
 By golden *T A G U S*, and fresh *G U A D I A N E*,
 Through glorious and memorable Feats :
 Nor so content (ploughing the stormy *Mayn*
 Toth' *Affrick side*) ev'n in our owne *Retreates*
 Let us not live secure : but pull us out
 From our Strong *walls*, and there our *Armies* rout.

71.

Nor have they shwon lesse strength of *Hand* and *Brayn*,
 In whatsoever other warrs did chance
 With many warlick *Nations* of their *S P A Y N E*,
 And some that fell down by the way of *F R A N C E*.
 So that, in fine, no story doth remayne,
 That ever they were quell'd by *forreign Lance* ;
 Nor for those *H A N N I B A L S* (I will be bound)
 As yet, was ever a *M A R C E L L U S* found.

72.

But if this *Information* (as I make
 Accompt it does) appear to *Thee* too short,
 Of *them*, let *them* inform thee. Thou mayst take
 (So doe they hate a *lye*) their *own report*.
 Goe view their *Fleet*, their *Arms*, and how they rake
 With *founnded Brass*, which tames the strongest Fort :
 And it will please thee, of the *P O R T I N G A L L*
 To see the *civill Arts*, and *Martiall*.

73.

To see the things the *M O O R* exalted so,
 Now the *I D O L A T E R* is of a flame,
 Calls for his *Barge* in haft, for he will goe
 To view the *ships* in which *D e G A M A* came.
 Together from the cover'd *shore* they rowe :
 Cov'ring the *sea*, the *N A Y R E S* doe the same.
 They climbe the strong and goodly *Ammirall* :
 By her long side *aboard* doth *hand* them *P A U L*.

Her

74.

Her *waste-cloaths* Scarlet, and her *Banners* are
 Of the rich *Fleece* which by a *worm* is bred :
 In *them* are painted glorious deeds, in War
 Achiev'd by valiant Hands of W o r t h i s dead.
Here a *pitcht-Field* and *there*, a *single jar* ;
 Fierce one, and t'other : *Pictures* full of dread !
 From which, since *them* the *Pagan* first did spy,
 He never could recal his greedy *Eye*.

75.

To know, the Things he sees, he doth beseech.
 But first, D e G a m a prays him sic, and prove
 A little of those delicacies, which
Those of the *Sect* of E p i c u r u s love,
 The foaming *Coblets* with the *Liquer* rich,
 Devis'd by N o a h , swell, their banks above.
 The *Pagan* sits ; but cannot Eat (he saith)
 Truth is, it crost a *precept* of his *Faith*.

76.

The *Trumpet* (which in *Peace* doth represent
War, to the *Fancy*) rends the Ayre. In *Thunder*
 The fired *Diabolick-Instrument*
 Speaks audibly to it's infernal *Foundre*.
 The *Pagan* observes *All*: but (most intent
 On the *Defunct*) seems to confine his wonder.
 To those brave *Deeds*, which in a little *Spheare*
 Are by *Mute Poetry* described there.

77.

He starts upon his Feet ; with *Him* (betwixt
 Whom, he was plac't *both* the D e G a m e s : and, from
 V a s c o 's ride side C o n c l i o . The M o o r fixt
 His Eyes, upon the warlike *Transcrips* dumb
 Of an old man, who in his Face had mixt
 Something divine, nor, till the *World*'s one Tomb,
 Shall ever dye. Clad in the *Greekish mode*.
 A *Bough* in his right hand, what he was show'd.

78.

His right hand held a *Bough* — But O blind man
I ! That (unwise, and rude) without your clew
 (*Nymphs* of M o n d e g o , and the *Tagan Stran*)
 A course so long, so intricate, pursue.
 I lanch into a boundless *Ocean*,
 With *Wind* so contrary ; that, unless you
 Extend your favours, I have cause to think
 My brittle Barke will in a moment sink.

Behold

79.

Behold how long, whilst I strain all my *pow'rs*
 Your *Tagus* singing, and your *Portugale*,
Fortune (new Toyles presenting, and new Sow'rs)
 Through the *World* draggs me at her *Charets-Tayle*):
 Sometimes committed to *Seas*'s rolling *Tow'r's*,
 Sometimes to bloody dangers *Marteale*!

Thus I (like desperate *Canacee* of old)
 My *Pen* in *this*, my *Sword* in *that hand* hold.

80.

Now by declin'd and scorned *poverty*
 Degraded, at Another's Board to eat.
 Now (in possession of a Fortune high)
 Thrown back again, farther then ever yet.
 Now scapt, with my life onely, which hung by
 A single Thrid (ev'n *that* a load too great):
 That 'tis no les a wonder, I am here,
 Then *Juda*'s King's new lease of fifteen yeere.

81.

Nay more (*my Nymphs*) I thus being made an *Iste*
 And *Rock* of *want* (surunded by my *Woes*)
 The same, whom I swam singing all that while,
 Gave me, for all my *Verses*, but course *Prose*.
 Instead of hoped *Rest* for long *Exile*,
 Of *Bays* to thatch my head (which bald now grows):
 Unworthy *scandals* they therein did hayle,
 Which laid me in a miserable Jayle.

82.

See, *Nymphs*, what learned Lords your *Tagus* breeds!
 What *Patrons* of *good Arts* we live among!
 Are *these* the *favors*, and are *these* the *meeds*,
 For *Him* That makes *them* glorious with his *Song*?
 What *Precedents* are *these*, what likely seeds
 To raise in future curious *Wits* and strong,
 To register the *Acts* of all those men,
 That merit *Fame* from an *immortal Pen*?

83.

Then in this *Flood* of *Ills* let it suffice
 That *your sole grace* and favour I obtain;
 And chiefly *here*, where such Varieties
 Of honorable *deeds* I must explain.
 Give it me onely *you*: For (by your *Eyes*)
 On any, that deserves it not, one grain
 I will not spend: nor flatter *Dux E's*, nor *KINGS*,
 Pain of ungrateful to your *sacred springs*.

Nor

84.

Nor think, O Nymphs, I'll waste your pretious Fame
 On Him, who to his King and Countrey's weal
 Prefers his private interest (The same
 Will from the Throne, yea from the Altar, steale).
 No, no Ambitious man shall hide his shame
 Under my leaves, who mounts, that he may deale
 More largely to his Lusts, and exercise
 His Office, not, but his impieties.

85.

No man, That stalks with popularity,
 Thereby to catch the Prey he hath design'd :
 Who, with the erring Vulgar to comply,
 Changeth as oft as P R O T H E U S , or the Wind.
 Nor (M u s E s) fear, that ever sing will I
 Whom, with grave Face, grave case, grave pace, I find
 (To please the King in the new Place he's in)
 Fleece the poor People to the very skin.

86.

Nor Him, who finds it just (and so it is)
 The King's Laws should be kept in ev'ry thing :
 But does not find it just (and that's amis)
 To pay the sweat of those that serve the King.
 Nor Him, who says his Book, and thinks with This
 (Though unexperienc't) he hath wit to bring
 All to his Rules : and, with a niggard Hand,
 Rates services, he doth not understand.

87.

Those (and those W O R T H I B S onely) will I sing,
 Who their dear lives have ventur'd and laid down,
 First for their G O D , and after for their K I N G ;
 To be repaid with use in due renown.
 Help me A P O L L O , and the Muses's Ring,
 With doubled rage their Lawrell'd heads to crown :
 Whilst (almost tyr'd) I here take breath a while,
 So with fresh Spirits to renew my Toyle.

End of the seventh Canto.

Eighth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

ON the first *Figure* stuck the HAGAREN,
Which in the waving Flag did come and go :
Upon a leavie staffe it seem'd to leane,
With a long combed Beard, white as the snow.
Who this grave Warrior is, and what should meane
That same device he bears, he longs to know.
PAUL tells him : whose wise words which here insue,
MONSAYDE rendred; who both Idioms knew.

2.
These FIGURES all (which, moving, seem alive)
As fierce and warlike as they shew, for here ;
By the bright fame that doth of them survive,
In truth, and Fact, more fierce and warlike were.
They stand far off in time : Through perspective
Of clear WIT's yet, they doon both great and neer.
This thou now feest, is Lusus, from whom FAME
Gives to our Kingdom LUSITANIA's name.

3.
He was that THIBAN'S son, or else Gunnade, a VICTORIAN
Who in so many Lands did Laurels gaine,
Following the Wars (which he did make his Trade) ;
This Lusus built at length a Nest in SPAIN, where he did oft
With those delicous Fields so well apaid, (Th' Elysian once) 'twixt DWARF, and GUARDIAN,
That there he set up his long REST. I He gave him a
A NAME, to Those ; and Those, to him, a GRAVE.

4.
The leavie staffe (he bears for his Device)
The Thrysus is, That BACCHUS self did beare ;
Which is to US, a letter of Advice
And this was his own Son, or Friend as deare.
Seest Thou Another, who long Seas did slice
With wand'ring Keele, and Lands by TANGUS there,
Where he, a FANE to PALLAS sacred calls,
And is the Author of eternal WALLS ?

5.

It is *Ulysses*: who that *Temple* founded
 For *Her* with Eloquence his *Tongue* that guilded.
 If he in *ASIA* here fair *TROY* confounded,
 In *EUROPE* there great *LISBON* hath he builded.
 Who may this *other* be, which *dead* and *wounded*
 That sows the *ield* (his sword with both hands weilded)
Death and *Destruction* oh great *Hoasts* that flings;
 Where *painted Eagles* flye with *true ones* wings?

6.

Thus said the *Pagan*. Thus replyes *D E G A M B*.
This, thou *now* seeft, a keeper was of *Ewes*
 (And know, that *VIRIATUS* was his name)
 But, better then a *Hook*, a *Sword* could use.
 With *this*, he did affront the *Roman Fame*,
 Invincible: nor *Fame* once got, did loose.
 No, *R O M E* had ne're with *Him*, nor shall (that's more)
 That luck, with *P Y R K H U S* which *she* had before.

7.

By *Valour* not, but creeping *treachery*,
 They rob'd him of his life. Why doest thou wonder?
 In desp'rate Cases *MAGNANIMITY*
 It self, doth teare it's proper laws in funder.
 Behold *Another* (for Indignity
 Receiv d) with *Us* that did his *Country* thunder!
 To gain immortal *Honour* he chose well,
 With whom to do it, if he must rebell.

8.

With *Us*, behold, *He* likewise puts to flight
 Those *Birds* that are the *Favourites* of *JOV E*!
 So long ago, *Nations* of greatest might
 Knew how to yield, when *against ours* they strove.
 See with what *wyle*, and artificial *slight*,
Our People he to fight *his Quarrel* drove,
 Th'inspiring *Hind*, that helpt him with Advice!
He, is *SERTORIUS*: *she*, is *his DEVIC*.

9.

Behold that *other Flag*! There painted, see,
 Of our first *Kings* the great *Progenitor*!
 We make him an *HUNGARIAN*; but, there bee,
 That do affirm, he was a *LORRAIGNOR*.
 After that overcome the *Moors* had he,
GALLEGOS, and the *LEON-WARRIOR*,
 Went holy *HENRY* to the *Holy War*:
 To sanctifie the *Trunk* whence our *Kings* aie.

10.

Surpriz'd with wonder, *who is this* (demands)
 Tell me, *who this* is (cryes the C A T U A L S)
 That doth, so many Troops, so many Bands,
 Destroy and scatter with a Force so small !
 So many Battails strikes with his own hands ?
 With whose fierce Rams so many strong Towns fall ?
 That fights in blood up to the Saddle-bow,
 Whilst Flags and Crowns fall at his feet like snow ?

11.

'Tis first ALPHONSO (doth D E G A M E return)
 Who from the Moor all PORTUGALL did take.
 FAM is by the waters of black STYX hath sworn
 Ne're more to sing of ROMAN for his sake.
 He, lov'd of Heav'n, with love of Heav'n did burn ;
 Whom GOD the scourge of Moors (his Foes) did make:
 Their Throne and Walls broke down to let CHRIST in,
 And nothing left there for his Heys to win.

12.

Had CÆSAR fought, had ALEXANDER GREAT,
 With such thin Troops, so slender, and so short,
 Against such num'rous Armies, as were beat
 By this brave King, of every kind, and sort :
 Believe t nor He, nor He, with JOVE had eat ;
 Nor their proud Fames made such a lowd report.
 But leave his Acts (too glorious to unfold !)
 His Vassails deeds are worthy to be told.

13.

This, whom thou seest upon his pupil (broke)
 All patience lost, casting an angry Face ;
 Bidding him rally up his scatt'red Folke,
 And turn again to justifie the place ;
 Turns the young man, turns the old man That spoke,
 And turns with them the day in a small space :
 E G A S the name, which the brave old man hath,
 Tutor of MARS, myrrour of Subjects faith.

14.

There, how he marcheth with his children, look,
 (Barefoot, and Ropes about their Necks) t his end ;
 Because the young man, as he undertook,
 To pay CASTELL low Homage could not bend !
 He rays'd the Seige with Craft, and oaks he took,
 When vain were Arms the Rampire to defend.
 He pays the forfeit with his Babes, and Wife :
 And, to preserve his Master, gives his life.

15.

Lets did that CONSUL, who through folly was
 Caught at the CAUDINE GALLows in a Trap,
 When Him insulting Samnites forc't to pass
 Under that shameful yoke they there did clap.
 He, (brave and constant) did himself disgrace,
 To save his Army in so sad mishap:

This gives to shame, and death, himself, his dear
 Children, and guiltless Spouse: the last goes neer.

16.

Seest thou this man, who from an Ambuscade
 Beats up a King, besieging a strong Town,
 The Leaguer's rays'd, the King his pris'ner made:
 A deed great MARS could wish had been his own!
 See him again (now Head of an Armada)
 Massacring MOORS upon the watry Down!
 Boarding their Galleys, carrying clear away
 PORTUGAL's mayden Victory at Sea!

17.

It is DON FUAS ROUPINIO; on the Land,
 And on the Ocean, gaining equal Fame:
 Which from the fired Galleys (near the Strand
 Of AVILA) shines glorious in their flame.
 See, how conteat he falls by the same Hand,
 The Fortune alter'd, but the Cause the same!
 Like Palme (deprest in vain) through shafts of MOROS
 His happy Soule to Heav'n triumphant soars.

18.

Seest thou not, landing there in strange Attire
 From a great Navy, Troops auxiliar;
 Not without which, our first King did acquire
 LISBON (their Prologue to the Holy-War)!
 Of these, did HENRY (famous Knight.) expire.
 Behold Palms sprouting from his Tomb! They are
 CHRIST's supernatural Badge, for Him to weare
 Who, born a GERMAN, dyed a Martyr there.

19.

See a Priest brandish (not in vain) his Blade
 Against ARRONCHEZ, with revenge sharp whet,
 To quit for LIBYRIA, which They taken had
 Who couch the Speare in Rest for MAHOMET!
 'Tis PRIOR TEUTON.— But, a Seige is laid
 To SANTAREN. Look, how Secure, and Great,
 That FIGURE plants upon her scaled wall
 The ever-winning Cinques of PORTUGAL!

Behold

20.

Behold once more (where **S A N C H O** overthrows
In a fierce war the **A N D A L U S I A N M O O R E**,)
He kills th' **A l f e r e z** charging through the Foes,
And makes **S E V I L I A**'s Standard mat the floore.
M E M M O N I Z 'tis; (How like his **Sire** he shows,
The **Phenix** of his **Ashes**?) worthy sure
The Royal Flag, and This; who his, did put
Up, with his Hand, the Foe's feld at his foot.

21.

See Him, that by his **Lance** descending slid
With the two **Centenell's** two heads by night,
To where he hath his men in **ambash** hid,
With whom he gains the **Town** by force and flight!
That takes for **Arms** the **Knight**; who take that did,
And the cold **Heads** in one hand of the **Knight**.

He, That atchiev'd this unexampled deed,
His name, is **G E R R A R D**: **Surname**, without dread.

22.

Doest thou not see a wrong'd **C A S T I L I A N**
By their ninth King **A L P H O N S O** (for old gall
To those of **L A R A**) to the **M o o r s** That ran,
Making himself a Foe to **P O R T U G A L L**?
A B R A N T E S with those **Infidels** he wars
With whom into our Countrey he did fall:

But a bold **P O R T I N G A L L**, with a small Force,
Here takes him pris'ner, routed Foot and Horse.

23.

D O N M A R T I N L O P E Z is the man, that crops
The **Lawrels** he was grasping. But behold
An **Apostollick Warriour**, That chops
For **Lance** of Steel his **Croisers staffe** of gold!
See, how erect the **stage'ring** minds he props!
How hot to fight the **M o o r**, his men grown cold!
Behold his **Vision** in auspicious skyes,
With which the few he has, he fortifies!

24.

Then **S E V I L L**'s King, and **He** of **C O R D O U A**,
With other two, Loe routed! Nor alone
Routed, but slain! The strength that got this Day,
Was not of **Man**: **G O D** claim'd it as his owne.
See now **A L C A C E R** hath no more to say,
Though, lin'd with steel, her Battlements of stone.
To **M A T T H E W** (**L I S B O N**'s **Bishop**) she submits:
Who Sprigs of **Palme** into his **Miter** knits.

Behold

29.

Behold a Master poud'ring from C A S T E L
 (A P O R T I N G A L L by Birth) A L G A R V E S Land
 How he does conquer, his devou'ing Steel
 Incount'ring none that can the same withstand.
 Strong Towns (by broad day scal'd) see, what they feel:
 Such his good star, so certain is his Hand.
 Big with Revenge (Loe!) T A V I L A he takes,
 And makes it smart for the S E V ' N H U N T E R S's sakes.

30.

See, how of S Y L V E S Master he became
 By Stratagem! (the M O O R paid dearer for't)
 C O R R E A D O N P E L A Y O is his name,
 In whom (to envy) Wit and Force consort.
 But the P A Y R - R O Y A L thou o'refrest of F A M E,
 That did such Fears in French and Spanish Court.
 By Jousts, and Tournaments, and Duels, there,
 Immortal Lawrels they did win and weare.

31.

Loe, by the name of K N I G H T S A D V E N T U R E R S,
 Into the Kingdom of C A S T E L they come; called for him and I
 Where, in B E L L O N A 's sports, not one but beares
 The prize away (they prove untrue jests to some).
 See, dead, the prow'd Castilian Cavaleers,
 That challeng'd one of them by sound of drum!
 R I V E R S G O N Z A G U E was He, Propt with his sword,
 His Gyant-Fame did L E T H E 's River ford.

32.

Mark well that Knight, by F a m e so lov'd and sung,
 That her old Theames are scorn'd, are out of date!
 Of his dear Countrey, by one third that hung,
 On his strong shoulders he sustaynid the weight.
 See, where (with Anger dide) a peale he rung
 To a cowd People, and degenerate,
 That they a stranger's yoke might from them fling,
 And take the sweet one of their native King.

33.

See, through this Counsel, and his prowess too,
 Guided by God, and his good star alone,
 What was impossible in humane view,
 The vast Castilian Army overthrown!
 See, through his Valour, force, and care, anew
 Cleer Victory (inferior unto none),
 Over a People, fierce as nimrous, Here
 'Twixt G U A D O A N and G U A D A L Q U I V R S and nigh
 blest.

Seest

30.

Seest thou not There how almost routed is
 The *Lusitanian Hoast*, through the retreat
 Of this Religious Leader (whom they miss)
 Th' assistance of the Lord of Hoasts t'intreat?
 See, with pale hastes he's now found out by his,
 Who tell him, there's no dealing with so great
 A Pow'r; that he himself would look thereto,
 And with his presence cheer his fainting Crew!

31.

But see, with what a holy carelessness
 He answers them; 'Tis yet too soon to goe:
 As who, by Faith, already did possell
 The Victory which GOD will streight bestow.
 POMPILIO thus (his Kingdom in distress
 By sudden inroad of a potent Foe)
 To Them That bring him the ill News, replies;
 And I (ye see) am offering sacrifice.

32.

What his name is thou long'st to know (I see)
 That with such boldnes on his GOD did seize:
 The LUSITANIAN SCIPPIO it should bee,
 Were not a greater NUNIO ALVAREZ.
 O Country blest in such a Son as He,
 Indeed thy Father! whilst SOL compasses
 This Globe of NEPTUNE, and of CERES yellow,
 To mourn again, thou ne're shalt own his fellow.

33.

Victorious, see, in the same war, and Cause,
 Another Captain of a squadron small!
 He routs Commendum'd Knights, and lays his paws
 On the great Prey they marcht away withal.
 See where his reeking Blade again he draws,
 Rescuing his Friend from Foes That lead him Thrall:
 His Friend, a martyr for his loyalty!
 PEDRO RODRIGUEZ LANDRAL was Hee.

34.

See you Faith-breaker, paying an old score
 And the base pelfe he up at int rest took!
 GIL-FERNAND-ELVAS plays his Auditore,
 And with the Debtor's death crosses the Book.
 Here drowns, in their Castilian Owners gore,
 The SERRREZ-Fields (their sacks they may go look).
 But see PEREYRA; who, like Lightning thrown
 Upon the Foe's Armada, shields his own Land and Country
 Behold

35.

Behold, how poor *sev'nteen* of P O R T U G A L E
 (Upon a Mountain) brave resistance make
 Against four hundred of C A S T E L , That wall
 Them in on ev'ry side , to-sweep the Stake !
 But (to their cost) these find a crew so small
 More then *Defendants* in that bloody Wake.

A deed deserving everlasting *Rimes* :
 Match it elsewhere, in old or modern Times.

36.

Of ours (I grant) three hundred did ingage
 And rout a thousand R O M A N S , in that Time
 When V I R I A T U S came upon the Stage,
 And his *Fame* lightned through each wond'ring *Clime*.
 Whence *Those*, who follow'd him in that brave *Age*,
 Left to their *Race* this *Legacie* sublime,
 Never to fear a Foe for multitude :
 Which , that we do not , pretty well w'have shew'd.

37.

Two Princes here (P E D R O , and H E N R Y) see
 Generous Progenie of our first J O H N !
 The one, forc'd F A M E into H I G H G E R M A N I E
 To lacquay him (defrauding death of one) :
 T'other, to trumpet *Him* through the wide S E A
 For it's discov'r'ez , and (his Pen by thrown)
 Makes enter'd C B U T A see on t'other side
 His *Lance* can prick the bladder of her Pride.

38.

Behold the Earle D O N P E D R O , holding out
 Two Seiges , 'gainst the pow'r of B A R B A R I E !
 Behold another Earle, as strong, as stout,
 As M A R S himself, and fam d for Chevalrie !
 Who, not content (with Foes claspt round about)
 A L C A C E R to defend most gallantly,
 Of his K I N G too the pretious life defends ;
 And (as his Bulwark there) his own expends.

39.

Many a F I G U R E , in these Flags that wants,
 The P A I N T E R (truly) did to add intend,
 But Pencils he doth lack, lacks Oyle, and Paints :
 " Meed, Honour, Favour, are Arts's Life, Nurse, Friend."
 The fault in our degenerating Plants
 From those high Trunks of which they do descend.
 Of Vanitie we see sufficient Flow'rs :
 But where's the good Fruis of their Ancestours ?

40.

Those truly noble Ancestors of theirs
 (From whom this swelling greatness had it's *Rise*)
 For VERTUE's love, digested bitter Cares,
 And of their Houses to enhance the Price.
 Blind ! to intaille (with wealth) float on their Heirs
 (VERITUE supplying jewel unto Vice)
 Disfig'ring them to boot : For, in this case,
 "The Founder's Glory is his Seed's disgrace.

41.

Others there are, with wealth, and Pow'r that flow
 Above their Banks ; nor nobly born, nor faire.
 The fault of KINGS : who on one Minion throw
 (Sometimes) more then a thousand worthier share.
 Of These wouldst thou behold the Pictures ? No :
 It is a vanity their Friends can spare.
 As monstrous Creatures MIRRORS fly, or break :
 So these men hate the PICTURE that doth speak.

42.

I not deny, but some (whom I could name)
 Deriv'd from great and worthy Ancestry ;
 By high and honorable Parts proclaim,
 And correspond with, their nobility ;
 Who, if the light of their Fore-Fathers Fame
 Their brighter Virtue do not clarify ;
 Yet, keep it in they do. But, of this Crew,
 The PAINTER tells me there are very few.

43.

Thus PAUL DE GAMMA blazons those great deeds
 Which there in various Ink are written faire ;
 Which by a Master's hand (whose skill exceeds)
 In so clear Perspective there painted are.
 Th' inventive CATUAL distinctly reeds
 The History, as legible, as rare :
 A thousand times he asks, a thousand heard,
 The Battails delicate which there appear'd.

44.

But cleft was now the Sun's ambiguous light
 Between the one and t'other Hemisphere ;
 In neither was it day, in neither night,
 But morning's twilight here, and Ev'nings there :
 When, from the warlike SHIP, the FAVOURITE
 And noble NAYRES, to the City steer
 To court dull sleep ; which broods all living Things
 Of sable Night under the downy wings.

Meane

45

Mean time the famous *Augurs* of the Land
 (Who falsely think, or so are thought at least,
 To see by *magick* all things beforehand
 In entrails of a sacrificed Beast)
 Do their *black office*, at the King's command,
 To scrutinize, what shall befall the EAST
 By the arrival through the hanstell'd *Maine*,
 Of these unheard of *Guests* from unknown SPAIN.

46.

Of Lyes the Father shews them here signes true;
That a strong yoake, which they should ne're remove,
Their endless Bondage, shall, this People new,
Their wealth's consumption, and their people's prove.
The frightened AUGURS with pale horror flew
To tell the KING, that which infernal JOVE
Made legible by their astonish't Eyes
In the red letters of the Sacrifice.

47.

Confirming THIS, T'a Priest (a zealous one,
 And pillar of the Law of M A H O M E T,
 Whose Bosome with that Gall did over-run
 Wherewith both Sects against C H R I S T'S LAW are set,
 In that false Prophet's shape, who from the Son
 Of Bond-mayd H A G A R did descend) the yet
 Inraged B A C C H U S, and who never cleers
 His filthy stomack, in a Dream appears.

48.

And, guard you, guard you, People mine (quoth He)
 From Ills provided for you by the Foe,
 That cuts a passage to you through the Sea:
Guard you, before the danger neerer row.
 Th'amazed M O O R starts from his Rest, to see
Who gave him this larum. Thinking Tho,
 'Tis but a Dream (like common Dreams, in deep
 Of Night) returns into the Arms of sleep.

49.

B A C C H U S returns, and says. Knowst thou not (M O R E)
 The great Law-Giver, who the A L C O R A N
 Shew'd thy Fore-Fathers, without which Thy store
 Would fail, and half thy Flock be C H R I S T I A N?
 Rude, do I watch for Thee, and doest thou snore?
 Well, those white Guests (I'd have thee to know, than)
 Shall bring great dammage to that Law, my Pen
 Deliver'd over unto stupid Men.

50.

Now whilst this People's strength is not yet knit,
 Think how ye may resist them by all ways.
 For, when the *Sun* is in his *noonage* yit,
 Upon his *morning Beauty* Men may gaze ;
 But let him once up to his *Zenith* git,
 He strikes them *blind* with his *Meridian Rays* :
 So *blind* will ye be, if ye look not too t,
 If ye permit these *Cedars* to take root.

51.

This said : both *be*, and *sleep*, vanish at once.
 The *Moor* remains : rockt in his Bed with fright.
 Th'infused *poison* working in his sconce,
 He starts, and to his servants cryes a *light*.
 When the new light (which doth precede the *sun's*)
 Disclos'd it self *Angelical*, and *white* :
 The *Chief* of that vile *Sect* he did convoke,
 To whom his *Dreame* in every point he spoke.

52.

Then sev'ral, and cross Reasons they discourse ;
 As they from *others*, or *themselves*, dissent.
 Secret *way-layings*, open *Feud*, and *Force*,
 And sev'ral ways of each they do invent.
 But, when *those* seem'd too *fine*, and *these* too *course*,
 To take a middle way is their intent.
 To do *their* buis'nis with *another's* Hand,
 They mean to bribe the *Grandes* of the *Land*.

53.

With *Gold*, and other *Presents* underhand,
 The *ruling men* they to their *Partie* gaine ;
 Giving them *speciously* to understand,
 These *Guests* will put a *period* to their *Raigne* :
 That of lewd *Vagabonds* they are a *Band*,
 Who, plying to and fro the *Western Mayne*,
 Live on *Pyratick* spoyle, without (in fine)
 Or *KING*, or *LAW*, or *humane*, or *divine*.

54.

O how a *Perfect KING* it doth behove
 To chuse his *FAVOURITES* and *COUNSELL* such
 As are lind through with *VERITUDE*, and *her love* ;
 As feel of *CONSCIENCE* a true *inward touch* !
 For *He* (who in the *highest Orb* doth move)
 Of things *remote* can onely have so much
 Intelligence, whereby to judge, as *They*
 That are his outward *Organs* will convey.

Nor

55.

Nor ev'n on VERTUE let him so much dote,
 T'adore't in picture, or without Controule
 T'employ't; as some, who in a simple Coat
 Have trust an Hypocrite (a preying Foule).
 And, if a Saint indeed, hee'l speak by rote
 In worldly matters: For the Dove like soule
 Seeld with an ANGEL'S Quill, hath Eyes to find
 The way to Heav'n, but to the Earth is blind.

56.

But here, these avaritious CATAULS,
 Who did that Pagan-Kingdom rule and sway,
 Brib'd by infernal People to play false,
 The Portingal-Dispatches did delay.
 Now the wise Leader of the PORTINGALS,
 Of all the Indian Prince can do, or say,
 Caring for nothing back with him to bring
 But news of this discou're to the King:

57.

In this alone takes pains. For well he knew,
 When he should carry back this news alone,
 That Navies, Arms, and soldiers would infue
 From MANUEL, who fills the Regal Throne;
 With which to CHRIST, and Him, he would subdue
 The Globe of Earth, and sea: That Himselfe's one
 Sent out but as a Dove, as a Line hurld,
 To spy, and sound, this OCEAN, and this WORLD.

58.

Resoly'd he is, the Pagan King to find,
 And pray dispatch, that he may take his leave;
 Which now he sees, those spightful People mind
 (If they can help it) he shall ne're receave.
 The King, who with suggestions of that kind
 Was shook and startled you must needs conceave
 (Toocredulous to ev'ry AUGUR's word,
 Much more to All, and when the MOORS concurr'd):

59.

Freez'd with this fear hath his ignoble Breft.
 On t'other side the sacred Thirst of Gaine
 (A Vice in Him that's Paramount the rest)
 Kindles a fire which thaws that Frost againe.
 For his advantage he sees manifest,
 If he with cleer intentions entertaine,
 And with firm Actions cherish, and pursue,
 The League which PORTUGAL invites him to.

His

60.

His COUNCIL then commanded to attend,
He found no one that did in this comply :
Because on *Those*, who should their judgements spend,
Money had done it's office pow'rfully.
For the magnanimous *Captain* he doth send.
To whom (arriv'd) with a Majestick Eye ;
If, here, the pure and naked *Truth*, to me
Thou wilt confess ; I pardon thee (quoth He).

61.

I am assur'd, th' *Ambassage* thou hast done
To me in thy King's name, is meerly coyn'd :
For that, nor *King*, nor *Country* doest Thou own,
But (*vagabonding*) sayl'dst with ev'ry wind.
From farthest *SPAIN'S* remotest *Region*
Would any *King*, or *Prince* (in his right mind)
A single *ship* much les a *Navy* send,
Through so *incertain* ways to the *WORLD'S end* ?

62.

And, if thy *King* support his *Majesty*
Which great and potent *Realms*, which he commands ;
Thy *unknown Truth* to prove and testifie,
What pretious *presents* knit this *friendship's bands* ?
" In *Presents* rich, in sumptuous *Gifts* and high,
" Kings speak their loves : Their *Rhet'rick's* in their *Hands*.
A *Hand*, that gives not *Any* falsifies :
Nor will a *Sea-man's* testing it suffice.

63.

If banisht from thy *native soyle* thou be
(As many a *man* hath been of great *Renown*)
Welcom, by *Jove*, both to my *Realms*, and me :
" For to the *Valiant* ev'ry *Land's* his own.
Or if, a *Pyrat*, thou infest the *Sea* ;
Spare not through *fear*, or *shame*, to make that known :
" For in all times, a vital breath to draw,
" *NECESSITIE* hath been exempt from *Law*.

64.

He said. *D B GAMMA* (finding this *new Face*
Of *Things*, is from the greedy *CATUALLS* ;
Suborn'd, by *ISHMAEL'S* malicious *Race*,
The *Royal Ear* to poysen with *things false*)
With such a high *assurance*, as the *Cafe*
Requir'd, instead of fresh *Credentials*,
(Which *VENUS ACIDALIA* did inspire)
To his wise Breast (surcharged) thus gave fire.

If

65.

If the gilt *Cup of Lyes* (which M A N betrayd
Out of his *Paradice*) had not *pledg'd bin*
By our *first Parents*, and by them *convayd*
From *hand to hand* through foul *original sin* ;
Till in the *hand* of M A H O M E T it stadyd,
Who suckt the very *dreggs* that were therein :
Most mighty King, thou never had'st receiv'd
This *Calumny* by that damn'd *Self* conceiv'd.

66.

But, in as much as there's no *good* that's *great*
Done without *great Contract* ; and *Actions tall*
(For man his bread in his Brows sweat must eat.)
That stand *on tiptoe*, are tript at by. *All* ;
Therefore they brand me for a *Counterfeit*,
Therefore doest Thou my *Truth* in question call,
Although so *clear*, that *see it* needs thou *must*,
Didst thou not *credit* whom thou shouldst *MISTRUST*.

67.

For, if I liv'd by robbing on the *Sea*,
Or (*wreck of Fortune*) banisht my dear *Homē* ;
What need I go so far to seek my *Prey* ?
For unknown *Mansions* need I hither roam.
What *gain*, what *hopes*, could make me in this *way*
To tempt the fury of the *waves* that foam,
Antarick colds, Heats of the *burning line*,
Where *Aries* hangs, the *Equinoctal sign* ?

68.

If on great *Gifts* of estimation high
The *credit* due to me thou pin and cast ;
My comming now was onely to defcry
Where *N A T U R E* hath thy ancient *Kingdome place* :
But to my *Country*, and *Dread Leige*, if *I*
Through *Fortune's* goodnes get, long *Seas* re-past ;
At my return I promise thee (O King)
That such *CREDENTIALS* never man did bring.

69.

If unto *Thee* an uncouth thing it show,
That, where her farthest Arm *H E S P E R I A* flings,
A *King* should send me to thee, *Thou* shouldst know
That nothing possible is hard to *Kings*.
Then *Kings* of *P O R T U G A L S* (if *this* be so)
May be allow'd, for spreading of their wings,
Something of greater, and of larger scope,
Then what is giv'n for *common Kings* to hope.

Know

70.

Know, that for several Generations past,
 Our Kings have firmly purpos'd in their hearts,
 With all those Toyles and Dangers to contrast
 Where with Heroick deeds whole NATURE thwarts:
 And (Enemies to sloath) of th'OCean vast
 Piercing into the undiscover'd Parts,
 Aspir'd to know the end of it, and where
 The farthest Countrey, which it washes, were.

71.

The worthy Project of the learned Branch
 Of that victorious King, who, to displant
 From his dear Neß, did through the Sea first lanch,
 Of AVILA the last Inhabitant.
 He joyning one unto another planch,
 (As far from Idle as from Ignorant.)
 Discover'd all those Parts, which lighted are
 By Argo, Hydra, th'Altar, and the Hare.

72.

Gath'ring fresh courage then from the event,
 In that those first endeavours prov'd not vain,
 Discov'ring farther new Advent'fers went
 Successively the secrets of the Maine.
 Th'Inhabitants of AFRICK, That frequent
 Her SOUTHERN CAPE, and never saw CHARLS WAYN,
 Were seen by These: leaving behind each Isle,
 And Continent, which Both the Tropicks broule.

73.

With this so high Resolve, and fixt therein,
 Our Nation quell'd, and triumpht over Chance:
 Till I, now ending what Those did begin,
 The farthest Pillar in thy Realm advance.
 Breaking the Element of molten Tyn,
 Through horrid storms I lead to thee the Dance;
 From whom (to carry to my King) I ask
 Only a sign that I have done my Task.

74.

This is Truth (King) For, for so doubtful gain
 So inconsiderable a Content,
 As (were it other) I could hope; so vain
 A lye, and formal, I would scorn t'invent.
 No, on the restless Bosome of the MORN,
 To set my Rest up, I would first consent
 Forever; and by Pyracy to get
 An unjust living out of others swet.

So

75.

So that, O K I N o ! if my great *Veritie*
 Thou hold (as 'tis) for single and sincere ;
 Dispatch me to my *Prince* with brevitie,
 Hold me no longer from my *Country deare*.
 But if the scruple still remain in thee,
 Ponder the *Reasons* I have render'd *Here* ;
 I lay them in thy piercing *judgements scale*
 Secure : " For great is *Truth*, and will prevail.

76.

The King markt all along the *Confidence*
 Which D E G A M E ev'n proved his discourse.
 A full assurance of h's *Innocence*,
 A perfect credit did this speech inforce.
 He weighs the copious *Words*'s magnificence,
 Th'authoritie with which they fetch their source :
 Thinks now the C A T U A L L deceived is ;
 But He is *brib'd* : and so he thinks amis,

77.

Added to this, his avaritious Eye
 Upon the gainful Trade of P O R T U G A L L
 Makes him obey ; and rather to comply
 With the brave *Captain*, then the *Moorish gall*.
 In short, he bids D E G A M A presently
 Get him aboard his *Fleet* ; and, without all
 Suspect of harm, whatever *Merchandise*
 To send ashore to sell, or truck for Spice.

78.

In fine, he bids him send of every thing
 That in Gangetic Kingdoms is not met ;
 If ought that fits them from that *Land* he bring
 Where the *Land* ends begins the ocean great
 Now, from the awful presence of the King,
 Illustrious G A M A parteth ; to intreat
 The C A T U A L L , That of the Ports had charge,
 (His own from shore) to order him a *Barge*.

79.

A *Barge* he prays from this illustrious Lord :
 But this is more, then he is well content
 (As ruminating mischief) to afford :
 Pretending this and that impediment.
 Yet (as in order to his going abord)
 Far from the Royal Court with *Him* he went,
 Where he (unnoted by the King) may write,
 To *Avarice* what malice did indite.

80.

He tells him, yonder afar off, that He
Hath imbarcation fitter for his turn ;
Or that to morrow it may better be,
If he till then his going will adjourn.
Now did abused G A M A plainly see,
By this *put off* unto another morn,
The great one too is in the *Moorish plot* :
Which t l. that instant he suspected not.

81.

This C A T U A L was *one* (and *first*) of Those
That were corrupted by that crooked *Sect* :
And whom the S A M O R I M (that lov'd him) chose
Th' Affairs of all his Empire to direct.
In *Him alone* those devils now repose.
To bring their plotted Treason to effect.
He (who consents to break his *Master's* faith)
Steps not an inch beside *their chalked path*.

82.

To be dispatcht D E G A M A begs, and prays,
But begs in vain, in vain he pray's lets fall :
Protests th' *Embargue* ; now will this please (he says)
The noble *Successor* of P R I M A L.
Why these *Impediments*, why these *delays*,
When he should fetch the *Goods of PORTUGAL*?
Since, what commands the *Sov'reign of a Land*,
None hath authority to countermand.

83.

The bribed C A T U A L small reck'ning made
Of this *Protest* : rather in spightful mood
Some never-heard of *Treason* (to be waigh'd
Out of the Stygian dam) within did brood.
Or, how he may imbrew his cursed Blade
In those detested veins, confid'ring stood :
Or, how the *Ships* he may blow up, or burn.
That they may never into S P A I N E return.

84.

That's it (ev'n that they never see S P A I N E more)
For which the M o o r s infernal *Fuuta* bribe :
That so they may not wealthy I N D I A 's shore
Unto the King of P O R T U G A L describe.
In fine D E G A M A goes not : the R E G I D O R E
Forbids, in favour of that barb'rous *Tribe*.
Nor without his permission can it be :
For a stop laid on all the Boats had He.

To

85.

To all the *Captain's* importunities,
 The *Pagan* bids him in a word, command
 (For the more ready truck of Merchandise)
 To have his *ships* brought close up to the Land.
 It is the way of *Thieves*, and *Enemies*
 (He says) at distance with their *Fleets* to stand.
 "No sign so sure of one that *Ill* intends
 "As to suspect ill dealings from his *Frends*.

86.

Wife *G A M A* understood by half a word,
 The Cause the *C A T U A L* did ne'er desire
 To have the *Ships*, was, that with *fire* and *Sword*
 He *openly* might wreake on them his. *Ire*.
 'Twas time (he thought) he *now* himself bestir'd,
 That he assemble *now* his Wits intire.
 His *Fancy* musters, to defeat all plots :
 All things he fears, and all things counterplots.

87.

As of a *Mirrorr*, the reflected light,
 Of burnisht *Steel*, or *Cristal* without stain,
 Which struck by *S o l* (as if in fell despight)
 Strikes the next *man* it meets, or *Thing* again :
 And (mov'd by nimble Hand of some young *spright*)
 About the House, who is in gamesome *vain*)
 Skips on the *Floor*, the *Roof*, the *Wall*, the *Chaire* ;
 And has you *here*, and *There*, and *ev'ry where*.

88.

So shot the wav'ring *Fancy* to and fro
 Of circumspect *D e G A M A*; imagining
 That possibly the Boats, *C O B L I O*
 Might to the shore (as he had order'd) bring.
 Back to the *Navy* (if that were) to row,
 He sends to Him forthwith advertising ;
 On *Him*, or *That*, lest ought attempted be
 By the *M o o r s* cruel *Infidelitie*.

89.

Such should be *All*, who in *war's* Trade profound
 Would imitate and match illustrious men,
 Fly like the *Needle* all the *Compass* round,
 First divine *Dangers*, and prevent them *then*,
 With martial skill try ev'ry depth, and ground,
 And for the *Foe's* one fence play shew *Him* *ten*,
 Believe all *is*, that *may be* : For (in briefe)
 "To say, I thought is ugly in a *C a t t e l*.

90.

The M A L A B A R protests, that he shall rot
 In prison, if he send not for the *ships*.
He (constant, and with noble *Anger hot*)
 His haughty *menace* weighs not at two chips.
All, that base *malice* dares or *do*, or *plot*,
 When her black trailing bowels forth she rips,
 Alone hee'l bear, e're he will dis-ensure
 His King's *Armada* which he hath secure.

91.

All that long *night*, and part he *there* was held
 Of the next day, when to the S A M O R I M
 He means again to go: but was withheld
 By a strong *Guard* plac't in the entry dim.
The Pagan (seeing how he still rebell'd,
 And fearing lest the *King* should punish *Him*,
 In case he knew, as know he must e're long,
 If this restraint proceed, the barb rous wrong)

92.

Bids him then send for, and expose to sale,
 Not *some*, but *all* the *Merchandise* he brought;
 That men may buy and truck in *open scale*:
 "For where *free Trade* is barr'd there *war* is sought,
D E G A M A (though he pierce through this thin *veile*
 And plainly views the *Evil* of his *Thoughts*),
 Consents therab: because he well doth see
 That with his *Goods* he buys his *libertie*.

93.

Th'agreement is, that *Boats* the *Pagan* find
 Such as are fit to Land the *Merchandise*,
 For to send *his* the *Captain* doth not mind
 To be *embarqu'd*, or *sunk* by *Enemies*:
 To fetch such *Spanish wares*, as *Vend* in Y N D,
 Are soon dispatcht, the *Indian Almadies*.
The Captain to his *Brother* writes, to lade
 The *Goods* with which his *Ransom* must be payde

94.

Landed they are: which wondrously doth please
The C A T U A L's infamous *avarice*:
 Therewith doth D I E G O stay, and A L V A R E Z: their *gold* will yet
 With pow'r to truck, or sell them at a price.
 That *more*, then K I N G, *Bray's*, *Homer*, or *All the fable*,
 Upon a soul infected with that *Kiss*,
 A *Bribe* can do, the *Pagan* heer doth show:
 Who, for the *Goods* did let *D E G a m a* go.

For

95.

For *These*, he lets *Him* go : before he quit
 The *Pawn*, on which he *now* hath layd his hand,
 Meaning a better penny thence to git
 Then if he kept the *Captain* still on Land.
He (*Scapt out of the Trap*) thinks it no wit
 On t' other side, to come within command
 Again : but (*safely got aboard his Fleet*)
 In his own *Nest* takes sleeps secure, and sweet.

96.

At leisure then he walks upon his *Decks*
 To see what *Time* and *Patience* will bring forth.
 No *Ruler* hath he *there* to make him vex :
 Imperious, brib'd, without or *shame*, or *worth*.
 Now let the judging *Reader* mark what *Rex*
 The *Idol Gold* (which all the World ador'th)
 Plays both in *Poor* and *Rich* : by *Money's* Thurst
 All *Laws* and *Tyes* (*Divine, and Humane*) burst.

97.

Slain by the *Tracian King*, to seize a vast
 Intrusted Treasure, *P O L I D O R O* was.
 When stern *A C R Y S I U S* thought his *Daughter* fall,
 A *Show'r* of *gold* did pierce a *Tow'r* of *Brass*.
 The yellow *Bracelets* of the *Foes*, did cast
 Such tempting beams on the *T A R P E I A N L A s s*,
 That she, for Those, the *Tow'r* of *R o m e* unbarr'd:
 Who brain'd her with the *Bribe* for a reward.

98

This strongest *Forts* subverts, and overthrows :
 Makes *Kindred*, *Kindred*; and *Friends*, *Friends* betray.
This noble-men ignobly doth dispose :
 Delivers *Captains* to their *Foes* a Prey.
This blasts of pure *Virginitie* the *Rose*:
 Trampling on *Fame* and *honour* by the way.
This bribes ev'n *L I B R A E L L A R T S* (*it's pow'r is such*)
 Makes *J U D G E M E N T* have no *sight*, *CONSCIENCE* no *touch*.

99.

This, in unheard of *Sences* *Text* doth take :
This makes and unmakes *Laws* in the same case :
This perjures *Subjets*, and *This K I N G S* doth make
 Stoop to the *Lure*, like *Eagles* from their place.
 Ev'n golden minds (of those That *All* forsake)
 For *G O D*) this *Antichrist* doth debase
 To vilest mettle : with this *Difference* though,
 That still *These* glister with a *holy* shame.
 End of the eighth Canto.

Ninth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

Long in the *City* the Two *Factors* lay,
Without dispatching off the *Merchandise*.
So many rubbs are scatter'd in their way
By the false **I N F I D E L S**, that no man buys.
All, **These** design thereby; is to delay
I N D I A's *Discov'fers* There (whom *they* call *spyes*)
Arriv'd till they the Fleet of **M E C H A** see,
With which this *other* overwhelm'd may be.

2.

At the far end o'th'**E R I T H R E A N S E A**
Where (calling it by his dear *Sister's* name)
The goodly *City* of **A R S I N O E**
(Which afterwards to be call'd **S U S Z** came)
Was founded by **E G Y P T I A N P T O L O M E**,
The Port of **M E C H A** lies: which hath it's fame
From **M A H O M**'s superstitious *Lavatory*,
Promising *Heav'n* through watry *Purgatory*.

3.

G I D D A the *Port* is call'd, in which did meet
The *Trade* of that **R E D S E A** and flourisht most:
The *Gain* whereof was not a little sweet
To **E O Y P T**'s *Soldan* who then rul'd that *Coast*.
From *hence* to **M A L A B A R** a warlike *Fleet*
Of **I N F I D E L S** the *Indian Ocean* crost
Each yeer, in that **E M P O K I U M** to find
Health-giving *Drugs*, and *Spices* of each kind.

4.

The *Ships* expected by the **M O O R S**, are *These*,
With which (not onely *great*, but built for *Fight*)
Them, who supplant their *Traffick* in those Seas,
To wrap and burn in crackling flames and bright.
In this Sure *Card* themselves they so much please,
That, all they wish to gorge their *Appetite*,
Is, that the *Strangers* will but stay so long
Till from fam'd **M E C H A** come this *Navy* strong.

But

5.

But the GREAT GOVERNOR of Heav'n and Earth
 (Who, for what He before all Time did doom,
 Likewise decreed fit means, which to the birth
 Should bring the same when the full Time should come)
 Kindled unlikely love on the cold Hearth
 Of a MOOR's breast (MONSAYDES) fending whom
 Before, He to DE GAMA gave advice
 Of All, and for his payns had PARADICE.

6.

This man (of whom the MOORS had no suspicion,
 Being one himself, but on the contrary
 To all their secret junta's gave admission)
 Did to the Captain this foule play descry.
 He visits oft the Fleet, and repetition
 Makes of his visits oft, though far it lye:
 To heart he lays the danger it is in,
 Through the black Project of the SARACIN.

7.

He tells the cautious GAMA of the Fleet.
 Which from ARABIAN MECNA comes each yeere.
 And how those Courarey men do thirst to see t,
 As a sure Engin to destroy him there.
 That it comes stuft with Soldiers, and in It
 Doth horrid Thunderbolts of VULCAN beare:
 So that confid'ring, how his own is brusht.
 It may thereby be overpowr'd and crusht.

8:

DE GAMA, besides this, considering
 That now the time it self calls him away,
 And that for better answer from the King
 (Who loves the MOORS) he may till doomsday stay:
 Sends one ashore, the Factors summoning
 To come aboard forthwith; and, lest that They
 Be stopt, if their intent perceiv'd should be,
 Commands them do it with all secrecie.

9.

But long it was not e're a rumour went
 (And it fell out to be a rumour true)
 That the two Factors were to prison sent,
 'Cause from the City they by stealth withdrew.
 The Captain, seeing which way the world went,
 Seiz'd (by Reprisal) without more ado
 Some, That were then aboard his ship, lin'd well
 With Precious Stones which they desir'd to tell.

I O.

Grave *Citizens*, and wealthy were *These* all ;
 Well known, and well allide in **C A L I C U T** :
 Therefore, to see them bound for **P O R T U G A L L**,
 Into an *uproare* did the *City* put.
 For streight to work the sturdy *Sea-men* fall :
 The *Capstone* roles, their *sev'ral* strengths set to'
 In *sev'ral* manners : *some* the *Cable* halling,
 With the *Bar* others their hard *bosoms* galling.

II

This, hangs by the *main-yard* ; and now untyes
The flowing Saille, with a great *cry* displayd :
 When to the **S A M O R I M** with greater *cryes*
 Is told how hastily the **C A P T A I N** waigh'd.
Their Wives and *Children* (trust up in this wise
 That are) a noyse, as they were murther'd made
 In the **K I N G**'s hearing ; screaming they should lose,
These their dear *Fathers* : their deare *Husbands*, Thoſe.

I 2.

The *Lusitanian Merchants* ; with the *Ware*,
 (There's no delaying) freely he remands,
 Although therat the **M o o r s** do stamp and stare,
 Or else his *own* must visit uncouth Lands.
 With all *excuses*, to make things look faire,
 Sends to his King. **D E G A M E** (who understands
The Restitution, better then the *Cringe*)
 Returns some **B L A C K S**, and gives the *ships* their swinge.

I 3.

He *coaſts* it homewards, fully ſatisfy'd
 That he in vain ſolicits with *that* King
A peace and friendſhip, to be ratify'd
 By mutual Trade, as he propos'd the thing.
 But, having now that noble Land defcry'd
 Which lay much hid under the *Morning's wing*,
 For his deare *Coutry* with this *news* is bound :
 Carrying ſure ſignes of that which he hath found.

I 4.

He carries **M A L A B A R S**, retain'd by Him
 Perforce, of *Those*, who the ſtopt *Factors* brought
 Aboard from the inforced **S A M O R I M**.
 He carries burning *Pepper*, which he brought ;
Nutmegs (the which their own dry'de flow'r's up trim)
 From **B A N D A** ; the black *Clove* (for which is ſought
M O L U C O'S *I S L E*) and *Cinnamon*, through which
C E Y L A N is noble, beautiful, and rich.

All

15.

All these provided by the diligence
 Of good M O N S A Y D E , whom he carries too :
 Who fir'd with Evangelick influence
 To have his name writ in C H R I S T ' s book doth sue.
 O happy A F F R I C A N ! whom P R O V I D E N C E
 D I V I N E , out of *infernal darkness* drew ;
 And, so far from thy *Country*, found a way
 To thy *true Country* to reduce thee, stray.

16.

Thus vanish from the spicy Territory
 The happy *ships*, whose *Proms* directly stand
 O F G O O D H O P E pointing at T H E P R O M O N T O R Y
 (South-Bound of N A T U R E fixt by her own Hand);
 Bearing the evidence and welcom story
 T O L I S B O N of the *oriental Land* :
 Once more committed to the rude annoy
 Of *Seas* uncertain betwixt fear and joy.

17.

That they are going to their *Country deare*,
 To their dear *Parents*, and *Aboards* at last,
 To tell their wond'rous *Navigation*, there,
 The various *Nations* seen, and *Dangers* past ;
 That now the *Harvest* of their *Toyles* is neare,
 The *Fruits* of their *Adventure* ripe to tast ;
 Is such a *joy* as cannot be *express*
 By their faint *Tongue* pent in their narrow *Brests*.

18.

But C Y P R U S ' s *Queen*, who by the King of H E A V N
 Was made the L U S I T A N I A N ' s *Patroneſſ*,
 And for a *Guardian Angel* to them giv'n,
 To whom she many years hath prov'd no leſs ;
 Glory, for which they have so bravely striv'n,
 Amends for their so well indur'd distress,
 Means them by way of *earnest* beforehand ;
 And in sad *Seas* the *Pleasures* of the *Land*.

19.

Having a while revolved in her thought
 The world of *Sea* which they have back to pass,
 The world of *Woes*, that God on them had brought
 In A M P H I O N I A N T H I E B ' s twice-born that was :
 It is her purpose, *joys*, so dearly bought
 With *Griefs*, to fill them in an ample glass ;
 To cook them some *delights*, find them some *nest*,
 Where in the rolling Empire they may rest.

20.

In fine an *Inn* of pleasure by the way
 To bait and strengthen ty'd *Humanity* :
 To give her gallant *Sea-men* (not their *Pax*,
 But) the use here of fair *E T E R N I T Y*.
 She means to tell't her *Son*, and well she may ;
 For, with his *shafis* it is, she makes the *high*
G O D S, stoop to the *base ground* : and, with his *fire*,
Unworthy mortals to bright *Heav'n* aspire. *

21.

This well digested, she resolves in fine
There, in the middle of the *briny frost*,
 To have in readiness an *Isle Divine*,
 With flow'r's on green inameled and imboft :
 For she hath many in those *Seas*, which joyne
 To that *blest Land* which our *first mother* lost ;
 Besides those sweet ones in the *Midland Seas*,
 Impounded by the Gates of *H E R C U L E S*.

22.

There will she have th' *Aquatick maids* prepare
 To these rare men their graces to impart ;
 All that are honor'd with the name of *Faire*
 (The *glory* of the *Eye*, *Bane* of the *Heart*)
 With *Balls*, and *Banquets blithe* and *debonayre* :
 For she inspires into their brests the *dart*
 Of secret love, that *they* with all their might
 Of their *Gallants* may study the delight.

23.

Such once her *Project*, for the man she bare
 To *T R O Y*'s *A N C H I S S* neer to *S I M O I S*'s flood ;
 To get him *welcome* in that *City* fair
 Which in the compas of an *Oxe-hide* stood.
 Her *boy* she seeks (for, without *Him*, her rare
Beauty is nothing) *C U P I D* giv'n to blood :
 That, as to *Him* of *yore* she recommends
 Her *saying son*, so now, her *saying Frends*.

24.

She yoaks those *Birds* unto her Coach of gold
 Which sing their own sad *Dinge* with long white necks :
 And those, into the which was turn'd of old
P E R I S T E R A, That gather'd flow'r's by pecks.
 The flying Goddesses *These* in Rings enfold,
 Exchanging kisles with lascivious Beaks.

She, where she passes, makes the *Wind* to lye
 With gentle motion, and serenes the *skye*.

Over

25.

Over Idalian Mountains now she hung,
The winged Boy residing in that Land,
To get an Army up of Bow-men young.
For a great War which he hath then in hand
Against the rebel W O R L D ; where late have sprung
Much Weeds, as he is giv'n to understand :
Loving those things, wherewith 'tis richly stor'd,
To be made use of, not to be ador'd.

26.

He sees A C T E O N hunting, so inclin'd
To that mad sport, and brutal exercise,
That a deform'd wild-beast to follow (blind)
The Beauty of a humane Face he flyes :
And (to torment him with a Fair Unkind)
Shews stript D I A N A to his gazing eyes.
Now, let him take good heed he do not prove
A Prey, ev'n to those Hounds he doth so love.

27.

He sees the great ones of each Land, that none
Have Publike Good so much as in their Eye :
Sees they love nothing but themselves alone ;
Which is part Intrest, and part Philautye.
Courtiers he sees (men That besiege a Throne)
How for true Doctrine they vent Flattery.
'Tis husbandry these like not in a King
To weed the Flow'rs out of his Corn in Spring.

28.

He sees, how Those that oye a vowed love
To Poverty, and Charitie to Men,
Love Riches onely, and to floate Above,
Pretending Justice, and a Conscience clean.
They tell the People, what doth Them behove ;
O B E D I E N C E , in the deed, the Tongue, the Pen.
Laws they set up in favour of the C R O W N ,
Laws in the People's favour they pull down.

29.

He sees, in fine, none love that which they should
But onely what complies with some vain lust :
Therefore his hands can be no longer hold
From punishments that may be sharp, yet just.
His Captains prickt, his Soldiers are inrol'd
Fit for a War which undertake be must,
With the misgovern'd World : whereby to quell
All that persist against him to rebel.

30.

Swarms of these little *Hov'ers* (newly flown)
 At several works, busie as Bees, are all:
Some whetting *Arrow-Heads* on *bloody Hane*,
Others the shafts of *Arrows* shaving small.
Working they sing, and sing of *love* alone,
 And then that *Love* it is *Seraphical*:
 In *Parts*; and in the *burthen* all do joyne;
 The *Ditty* excellent, the *Tune* Divine.

31.

On the immortal *Anviles* (where their Arts
 They use, the *stealed points* to forge, and fit)
 Instead of *Embers* there are burning *Hearts*,
 Which bring their *Bellows* with them (paneing yit):
 The *streams*, with which they temper their *steel'd darts*,
 Tears, which from miserable Lovers fit:
 The spackling *flame*, the never-quenched *fire*,
 (Which burns, and not consumes them) is *desire*.

32.

Some of these *Archers* exercise their *Hand*
 On the hard *Bosomes* of the *Vulgar* rude;
 The *bord Ayre his'st* (by this we understand
 The *fighings* of the wounded *multitude*);
 For *Surgeons*, *Nymphs* to *Cure* them ready stand,
 With *Sov'reign Virtue* to this end indu'd:
 Who, to the *Hurt* not onely life can give,
 But make, ev'n them that ne're were born to live.

33.

Some of these *Nymphs* are faire, and some are not,
 According to the Nature of the *Wound*:
 Into the *blood* if once the *Taint* be got,
 Oft ugly *Treacle* gives the *Patient* found.
 There are, whom *Spells* and *Philters* do besot,
 Nay'd to their *Seates*, they wif not how and bound:
 Where this is, Love hath us'd against frail'e *Hearts*
 Unlawful weapons, shooting *poyson'd darts*.

34.

From these raw *Soldiers*, out of *rank* and *life*,
 A thousand rash, and fenceless *Darts* are sped:
 A thousand fenceless *loves* are born the while
 In the low People, to be pittied.
 Ev'n amongst Those in *highest Forms*, of *vile*
 And *horrid Love* are thousand *patters* read:
 BIBLIS, and MYRRÆ, for one sex; for t'other,
 Th'ASSYRIAN SON, and the JUDEAN BROTHER.
 And

35.

And you (Great Lords) by Shepherdesse's meane
Under the yoke of Lov'e have oft been brought,
And you (great Ladies) with rude Clowns uncleane
In VULCAN's subtle Netz have oft been caught:
Some, watching the dim fall of the Serene;
Some, pitchie Night, o're Tiles, or Walks to vault.
Though for these fordid fires (if right we did)
More then the Sun the Mother should be chid.

36.

But the swift Coach now softly on the Green
The white Swans (ballanc't in their Harness) put;
On which DIONE (in whose Cheek is seen
The Snow-mixt Rose) sets light her milky foot.
The Archer meets her with a jocund meen
Who shoots at HEAV'N, and doth not miss the But.
With Him in Squadron his Sub-CUPIDS move,
To do their Homage to the QUEEN OF LOVE.

37.

she (not to spend the pretious time in vain)
Snatching her Child up, confidently said;
Dear Son, in whom, and whose strong Arm, I reign;
And the Foundations of my Pow'r are laid;
Son, in whom all my strengths always remain;
Who feardst not Them; That made great Jove afraid;
I have a special bus'nus to be done,
In which I greatly need thy pow'r my Son.

38.

The LUSITANIANS, harast out, behold!
Who are my Care of long Antiquity;
Because my Friends (the Fates) to me had told,
Where'er They go, my worshipt name should fly.
And, for they imitate my ROMANS old
In all Heroick Actions, therefore I
Resolve, for them to do a Guardian's duty,
And raise the Posse of the Realm of Beauty.

39.

And, since the malice of the God of Wine
Spun them new troubles upon Indian-ground,
When from the furies of the swelling Brine
They crept out weather-beaten, and half-drown'd,
Therefore in middle of the Sea (in fine)
Which they their bitter enemies have found,
And neer that INDIA, I would have them breathie,
And of their Labours the first-fruits receive.

40.

As wanton *Fishes* then therein are strook,
 So do *Thou* strike the fair **N E R E I D E S** ;
 That on these **L U S I T A N I A N S** they may look
 With *amorous* eyes, who carry home the Keys
 Of their discover'd World. Sick with the Hook
 Let them on shore an *Isle* ; an *Isle* (in *Seas*
Immense) which *I* have deckt with all the Flow'r's.
 Or **Z E P H Y R U S** breathes out; or **F L O R A**, pow'r's.

41.

There with a thousand *dishes* delicate,
 With oderiferous *Wines*, and *Roses* sweet,
 In crystal *Palaces* immaculate,
 In *lillie sheets* (they whiter then the sheet)
 In fine with thousand joys past Vulgar rate,
 Let the obliging *Nymphs* their *Heroes* meet
 (wounded with *love*) and yield up *Nature's* treasure,
 To be all ransackt at the *Victor's* pleasure.

42.

In **N E P T U N E**'s *Realm* (to which I owe my birth)
 A fair and manly *Off-spring* would I have ;
 To serve for *pattern* to the Bastard-Earth,
 Which with rebellious Heart thy *pow'r* doth brave :
 That men may know, From *Thee*, the Foe of mirth
Hypocrisie, nor *walls of brass* can save.
 Ill can it be resisted on the *Land*,
 If in the *Sea* burn thy immortal *Brand*.

43.

She had not ended when the *Wag* her Son
 Prepares himself to do as he was told :
 Calls for his *Iv'ry Bow*, ingagr'd upon,
 Whose *Arrow-points* are tagg'd with heads of *Gold*.
 Ravish't with joy the **C Y P R I A N P A R R A G O N**
 Sets the *Boy* by her, in her Coach, which troll'd,
 The rains enlarged to those *Birds*, whose *Song*
 The death of **P H A E T H O N** laments so long.

44.

But we do want a certain necessary
 Woman, to broke between them **C U P I D** said ;
 Whom, though to *Him* she had been oft contrary,
 Yet, of his side, he had as often made :
Rash Boaster, who both *Lies* and *Truths* doth carry,
 Sister to *Them* that did the *Gods* invade,
 Who with a thousand *Tongues* spreads where she flyes,
 That which she saw but with a hundred *eyes*.

Her

45.

Her find they out, and make her go before :
 Who with a ratling *Trumpet* doth proclaim
 The *Praises* of the *Navigators* more
 Then of all else she e're vouchsaft to name.
Now in the hollows of the *Rocks* did roare,
 And the hoarse *Waves*, the piercing voice of *Fame*.
Truth she relates, and *Truth* esteem'd to be,
 For with the *Goddess* went *CREDULITIE*.

46.

Brib'd with this *Praise*, this excellent *Report*,
 The *Gods* (whom *BACCHUS* so inflam'd had erst
 Against these gallant men, in *NEPTUNE'S Court*)
 With passion for them are a little pierc't.
The female Breasts (that quit with less effort
 The prejudices they receiv'd at first)
 Now call it an ill *Zeale*, a cruel mind,
 Which to such *Virtue* made them prove unkind.

47.

The bloody *Boy* strikes while the Iron's hot.
 Shafts, follow shafts, the *Sea* roares with his shoots.
Some, through the fickle *Waves* point blanck are shot :
Some, hit on *Rocks*; nor, to be rocks, it boots.
 Down drop the *Nymphs*, each hath her death wound got,
All dart out burning sighs from their heart-Roots;
 No *Face* yet seen: "For Shafts, which *Lov* & *lets* flye,
 "Kill in the *Eye* as sure as in the *Eye*.

48.

With doubled force the *Ladd*, that tam'd was never,
 Makes the two *horns* meet of his Iv'ry *Moon*.
 More, then of *All*, he aims at *THETYS*'s Liver:
 For more then *All* hath she against him done.
Now not *one* shaft is left in *all* his *Quiver*,
 In all the *Sea Nymph* left alive not *one*:
 Or if (being hurt) they *live*, it is for *This*,
 That they may feel how sweet such *dying* is.

49.

Make room, ye azure Billows of the *Deep*:
Loe! *Venus* comes, and brings the *Med'cine* with her!
 The pregnant *Sayles* on *NEPTUNE'S* surface creep,
 Like her own *Swans*, in *Gate*, *out-chest*, and *Father*.
 That their *desires* like *equal* pace may keep,
 And neither to great *Lov* & complain of either,
 The *Mens* bold fires shall press chaste *HYMEN*'s bands;
 The *Female-Blush* do *BEAUTIE'S QUEEN*'s commands.

50.

All the faire Quire of the N E R E I D E S
 Is now prepar'd, and in a lofty Dance
 (After their loving custome) through the Seas
 To th' Isle by V E N U S shew'd, at once advance.
 The skilful Goddess there erudiates These
 In all she did, when Lov^e her Breasts did lance.
 They, whom the Son had conquer'd, are not nice
 To listen to the Mother's sweet advice.

51

The lofty ships went cutting the vast Sea
 In their long Voyage to their Countrey deare,
 Least that, they had, should fail them by the way,
 Prolling about for water fresh, and cleare.
 When (to their suddain joy) at break of day
 Th'inamour'd Isle doth to them all appeare.)
 Streight M E M N O N's mother, delicate and faire,
 Spread all her sweetnes through the purged Ayre.

52.

They see Aloofe the Island fresh, and green,
 Which V E N U S carries floating on the Main,
 Just as the Wind does their white sayles; and seen
 The ships are from the Isle too, but not plain.
 For, left by Them o'reshot it shold have been,
 Making her Wish, and Preparations, vain;
 (What cannot V E N U S A C I D A L I A do?
 She mov'd it plum in the Armada's view.

53.

But fixt it; when she saw, They saw, and sought
 The Island with their Keels: so, on the Floods
 Was D E L O S fixt, when forth L A T O N A brought
 A P O L L O, and the G O D D E S S E O F T H E W O O D S.
 Thither through sliced Seas their way wrought
 Where a calm Bay the crooking shore includes,
 Whose glis'ning Sands with interlaced wains
 Of purple Cockles G Y T H E R E stains.

54.

Three goodly Mountains with a graceful pride
 Thrust their majestick Heads into the Ayre
 (With green imbroydred Hangings beautify'd)
 In this gay Isle delicious, fresh, and faire
 From their three Tops three crystal Springs did glide,
 Lacing the Liv'ry their rich Margents ware.
 Jumping on Peebles while their Crystals brake:
 Such Musick never Wasser-works did make.

In

UM

55.

In a pure *Valley* which those *Hills* divides,
 As by appointment the three *Currents* meet,
 Shaping a *Table* with proportion'd sides,
 Broad, and beyond imagination, sweet.
 A *Frenge* of *Trees* hangs over it, and prides
 It self, in so cleer *Glass* it self to greet:
Now prancks its *locks* therein, and *now* retires;
Now looks again, and its own form admires.

56.

A thousand gallant *Trees* to *Heav'n* up-shoot
 With *Apples*, odoriferous, and faire:
 The *Orange-tree* hath in her slighty *fruit*
 The colour *DAPHNE* boasted in her *Haire*:
 The *Citron-tree* bends almost to her *Root*
 Under the yellow burthen which she bare:
 The goodly *Lemmons* with their *button-Caps*,
 Hang imitating *Virgins* fragrant *Paps*.

57.

The *savage-trees* (That doe the *Forest* there
 With leavie-*Haire* innoble and adorn)
 Are, *Poplars* of *ALCIDES*; *Laurels*, deare
 In vain unto the *GOLDEN GOD UNSHORN*;
Myrtles of *VENUS*; the proud *Pine* severe,
 That *CYBELL* for meanner love did scorn.
 The speared *Cypress*, from this *vale* of *Vice*,
 Stands pointing at *CELESTIAL PARADISE*:

58

The fruit *POMONA* gives, *NATURE* bestowes
 Heir lib'rally, and in the kinds all good;
 Better then elsewhere it in *Gardens* growes,
 'Tis heir undrest, unplanted in the *Wood*;
 The *Cherry*, that begs *out-side* from the *Rose*;
 The *Mulberry*, stain'd with *true-Lovers* blood;
 The *Peach*, translated from its *Mother-soile*
 In *PERSIA*, and made better by *Exile*.

59.

Th'ingenuous *Pomgranat* shews his Heart,
 With which Thou, *Rubie*, losest thy esteem:
 From her lov'd *Elme* the *Vine* doth not depart,
Her Clusters loading *Him*, some red, some green:
 And, *Pear* pyramidall, if loth thou art
 To dye before thy time, hide thee between
 The Leaves; for to anticipate thy Fate
 Ten thousand feather'd Minstrels lye in waite.

60.

The fine and noble *Carpets* then (which there
Lye to be trod on by the meanest Plant)
Make those of *P E R S I A*, *courſe*; and *pleasanter*
These of the gloomy Valley *All* will grant.
N A R C I S S U S, there, over the water cleere
Hangs his sick head, who what he had, did want.
There flaunts the *Grand-child-Son* of *C Y N A R A S*,
For whom Thou, *P A P H I A N Q U E E N*, cryſt yet, alas!

61.

It was not easie to be understood
(The ſelf-fame colours ſeen in *Skyes*, and *Bow'rs*)
Whether *A U R O R A* lent the *Flowers* blood,
Or borrowed complexion of the *Flow'rs*
There, *Z E P H Y R U S* and *F L O R A* painting stood
The *Vi'let*, with the *Pale* of *Parmons*;
The *Flow'r-de-lis*, with *blew*; the lovely *Rose*,
Just ſuch, as in a *Virgin's* cheek it blows.

62.

The *Lilly*, white; in whose pure ſnow the print
Sits of the *Morning's* Tears: and *Marjoramē*:
The doleful *ay*, read in the *Hyacint*;
A Flow'r L A T O N A's ſon loves for the name.
F L O R A bets high. *P o m o n a* knows no ſtint,
She Vyes with *Flow'rs*, with *fruits* This ſees the *Game*:
Nor *Flow'rs*, and *Fruits*, are *All* that place affords;
The Earth hath *Beaſts* besides, and the Ayre *Birds*.

63.

Along the *Lake* the snowy *Swan* did ſing,
Him P H I L O M E L A answers from a *Bough*;
A c t e o n drinks out of the crystal *Spring*,
Nor fears the shadow of his *horned Brow*.
Here the close *Hare* (to whom her fear gives wing)
Starts from her *Form*; or, from a *Brake* the *Row*:
The wanton *Sparrow*, there, to his dear *Nest*
Bears in his *Bill* the little *Chirpers* feast.

64.

The ſecond *A R G O N A U T* now diſembarke
From the tall *ſhips* into an *E D E N* green.
There, in this *Iſle*, this *Foreſt*, or this *Parke*,
The fair *Nymphs* hide, with purpose to be ſeen.
Some touch the grave *Theorba* in shades darke,
Some the ſweet *Lute*, and gentle *Violeēn*:
Others with golden *Cross-bows* make a ſhow
To hunt the *Bruiſs*, but do not hunt them though.

Thus

65.

Thus counsell'd them *their Mistress*, and her *Ari's*:
 That so, the more their own desires they Master,
 And seem a flying prey to their sweethearts,
 It might make them to follow on the faster.
Some (who are *Conscious* that their skins have darts,
 And put their trust in *naked Alabaster*)
 Bathe in *Diaphane* streams, their *Roods* by-thrown,
 And ask no *Ornament*, but what's their own.

66.

But the bold *Striplings* setting on the sand
 Their nimble feet, which long'd to touch the ground.
 (For not a man of them but came a land
 To see what *Savage Game* might there be found)
 Dreamt not to finde Game ready to their hand,
 In that sweet *Forest* (without snare, or Hound)
 So *Debonayre*, so tender, so benigne,
 As was there hurt by means of *ERICINE*.

67.

Some (who with *Guns* and *Cross-bows* make account
 The *Royal Stag*, and *Lordly Buck*, to slay)
 Through the sharp *Bushes* resolutely mount,
 And lofty *Forest*; where no *Foot-path* lay:
Others in *Shades* (which *PHEBUS*'s *Arrows* blount)
 Walking, or resting, while the *Heats* away
 By those sweet *Brooks*, which (stumbling as they past
 Over white *Peebles*) to the *Sea* did hast.

68.

When suddainly, thorow the *Green-wood* leaves,
 Variety of *Colours* they descry;
Colours, which soon the judging eye perceives
 Are not of *Roses*, or fresh *Flow'r's* the *dye*:
 But, of fine *wool*; or *That*, the rich *worm* weaves:
 Of which *Lova* makes his *Lure*, and *Sawces* high;
 Of which their Garments *Humane* *Roses* make,
 To make the *Bird* sell for the *Feathers* sake.

69.

Amaz'd *V E L O S O* with a lowd voice cry'd;
Strange Game (my masters) in this *Forest* rise:
 The ancient *Poets Tales* are verify'd,
 And this *Isle*'s sacred to the *D E I T I E S*.
 Nay, what to *humane-fancy* is deny'd
 To hope, or comprehend, see with your *Eyes*!
 And see, what *wonders*, what great *blessings* then,
 The *world* and *Nature* hide from *vulgar* men!

70.

Chase we these *Goddeses*; it shall be seen:
 If they be *Real* or *Fantastical*.
 This said (more swift then *Bucks o're Pastures green*)
 Through the rough *Brakes* and Woods darted they *All*.
 The *Nymphs* went flying the thick boughs between,
 Yet not so *Swift*, as *Artificial*.
 Skreeking, and laughing softly in the close,
 They let the *Greyhounds* gain upon the *Dogs*.

71.

One's golden *Tresses* up the wind did blow,
 The light coats of *Another* as she fled:
 The *desire*, kindled by the *naked Snow*,
 Upon the dainty *Prospect* (*greedy*) fed.
 This falls on purpose, and whilst she doth go
 To rise (with *kindness*, more then *Anger*, red)
 He that *pursues*, falls over her; like one
 That rubs the *Mistress* when his *Bowle* is gone.

72.

Others (who *Game* in other Parts did seek)
 Chop on the *Goddeses* that bathing were.
These suddainly begin a fearful shreek
 As if they wonder'd to see *Mortals* there.
Some (sliding through the *Laund* their Bodies sleek,
 As who should say; *shame* less, then *force* We fear)
 Scud to the *Cops*, exposing to the *Eye*
 What to the *greedy Hand* they did deny.

73:

There *is*, That (hiding with a *Veile* of *Glas*
 (D I A N A-like) if not her *Lims*, her blushes)
 Sinks where she stands: There *is*, That (on the *graſs*
 Snatching her *Cloaths* that lye) shoots through the *Rushes*.
 Amongst the Rest, an eager *Lad* there *was*,
Rayments and all, into the *Rash* that brushes
 (For, whilst he stript, he feard to lose the *Game*)
 To quench in water his tormenting *flame*.

74.

As a rough *Water-dog*, to fetch and seek
 That's us d, and wait upon his *Master's gun*,
 Seeing him lay the *Steel-Cane* to his *Cheek*,
 Aym'd at a *Duck*, or *Teal*, to him well known;
 Before the *blow*, into the *stream* or *creek*
 (Sure of the *Quarry*) doth impatient run,
 And, barking, swims: The *Lad* so, from the shore
 Swam to the *Nymph* whom *Love* had shot before.

Another

75.

Another (LONARD) whom *Books* adorn,
Stout, noble, handsom, amorous, and young ;
On whom GOD CUPID had not cast *ane* scorn,
But *all* his gall into *his* potion wrung ;
So that he well might think, he was not born
To any luck in loving ; yet, among

His *faults*, 'twas *one*, that *on* he still would play
(As *Gamblers* use) in hope 'twould turn one day:

76.

'Twas here his fortune, in pursuit to fall
Of fair EPHYRE. (*Lovia's* own *sister-Twin*)
But *one*, who would give dearer then they *All*,
What *Nature* gave to *Her* to give *agin*.
On *Her*, *He* (spent with running) lowd doth call.
O *Cruelty*, lodg'd in too fair an *Inn*,
If to thy *Shrine* (quoth *he*) I'm vowed whole,
Stay for my *Body*, since thou hast my *soul* !

77.

All (out of breath, and weary) *Nymph* divine,
Are yielding to the pressing *Enemy*.
Through Bryers and Thorns *Thou* onely still fly'ſt *Thine* :
Who told thee, I am *I*, that follow thee ?
If thou were't told it by that *star* of mine,
Which, wheresoe're I fly, *shoots* after me ;
Ah ! do not credit *That* : For when as *I*
Did so, thou canſt think how it would lye.

78.

I tire with tyring *Thee*, my *spirits* wast ;
And if thou *fly*, thereby to flye my touch,
I can assure thee (fair one) *stay* thou may'ſt,
And yet I ne're the neer, my *star* is ſuch.
Stay, if thou please ; and ſee but (if thou *ſay'ſt*)
The *flight* of *hand*, the which my *Fate* (so much
In vain deplor'd) will finde at laſt, to rearre
A Wall, between the *Sickle* and the *Eare*.

79.

O flye me not ! So may *Time* never flye
Thy *Beautey* out of fight. For, do but turn ;
Daſht with the beams of thy *Majefick Eye*,
No *sawy* fire in me will dare to burn.
What *KIN*G could break the force of *destiny* ?
What *ARMY* conquer it ? and *mine* hath sworn
To thwart *me* ſtill. Yet *stay* : I'm happy than :
And thou ſhalt do what *KIN*GS, nor *ARMIES* can.

With

80.

With my malignant star doest *Thou* take part ?
 To help the stranger is not nobly done.
 Carriest *Thou* with thee my Grief-loaden heart ?
 Send it me back, and thou wilt faster run.
 That *Soul* of mine, grown heavy with long smart,
 Hang'd in those *Tresses* which out-shine the *Sun*,
 Does it not clog them ? Or, since it came there,
 Hath it chang'd mood, and weighs but for one *Here* ?

81.

With this *hope* onely thy white feet I trace,
 That either *Thou* her weight will not indure,
 Or *she*, by being in that heav'nly place,
 Will change her *luck*, and better *stars* procure.
 And, if that change, flye never-such a pace,
Love can hit flying I am very sure ;
 And, if he hit, Thou't stay ; and, on this score,
 If thou do stay, of *Heav'n* I ask no more.

82.

The fair *Nymph* now fled not so much to sell
 The *Jewel* dear, for which the *Lad* purſu'd her ;
 As, the sweet *Tunes* to hear, that from him fell,
 And amorous *laments* with which he woo'd her.
 Her *Eyes* (now bath'd in *smiles* and *tractabell*)
 Turn'd upon *Him*, who with his *charms* subdu'd her ;
 All melted in pure *love*, languidly *sweet*,
 She lets her self fall at the *Victor's* feet.

83:

O what devouring *Kisses* (multiply'd)
 What pretty *whimp'ring*, did the *Grove* repeat !
 What flatt'ring *Force* ! What *Anger* which did chide
 It self, and laught when it began to threat !
 What more then this the blushing *MORNING* spy'd,
 And *Venus* (adding *Her's* to the *NOON*'s heat)
 Is better try'd, then guess'd, I must confess :
 But *Those* who cannot try it, let them guess.

84.

For first with all the *Rites* of *wedlock* joyn'd
 Were the lov'd *Sea-men* to th'AQUARIK POW'R'S :
 What gentle *Tongue*, and what white *Hand* could bind,
 The *Nymphs* had added in those *sacred Bow'r's*.
 And now their *Lovers* heads they crowned (kind)
 With *gold*, and *Laurel*, and abounding *Flow'r's* :
 Promise, to keep them company for ever ;
 Whom life, or death with honor, shall not sever.

The

85.

The Chief of them (whom all the rest went after,
 And did obey in all things her behest,
 Of U R A N U S and Holy V E S T A Daughter,
 As by her Face was easie to be guest,
 Filling with wonderment both Earth, and Water)
 Th'illustrious Captain, worthy of the Best,
 With grave and Royal Ceremonies took:
 Shewing her Greatness in her Pompe and Look.

86.

H I M (whom she first acquainted with her name,
 Then, in a kind exordium mixt with state,
 Gave him to understand she Thither came
 By the immutable decree of Fate;
 To Him of the promiscuous Globe and Frame
 Of the vast E A R T H , and O C E A N , to relate
 Parts undiscover'd, by Prophetick Spirit:
 Which He alone, and his brave S P A N I A R D S merit)

87.

Taking up with her by the hand, she led
 Unto a Mountain's top, high and divine;
 Where a rich Pyle erected the proud head,
 Of crystal all, with massive gold and fine.
 Here all the live-long day they rioted
 In full delight, and sports to sports that joyn.
 Within the Palace she enjoys her love:
 The others theirs within the flow'ry Grove.

88:

Thus, the fair Bevy, thus the Valiant Crew,
 Divide the How'rs by innocent, by chaste
 Delights, and such as Mortals never knew,
 In recompence of so long labours past.
 And thus the need, to such high Actions due
 Of noble Prowess, ev'n the World at last
 Pays (in despight of Envy) with the sound
 Of a great Name; which Time, nor Place shall bound.

89.

For these fair Daughters of the O C E A N ,
 T H E T Y S , and the Angellick penſil'd I S L E S ,
 Are nothing, but sweet Honour, which These wan;
 With whatsoever makes a life not vile.
 The privileges of the M A R T I L M A N ,
 The Palm, the Lawrell'd Triumph, the rich spoile;
 The Admiracion purchac't by his sword;
 These are the joys, this Island doth afford.

90.

So those false Godships which **A N T I Q U I T T E**,
 To all illustrious Men a zealous Frend,
 In Starry Heav'n's created, to which shee
 Made them on towring wings of **Fame** t'ascend,
 For honorable **Act's** they did, for free
 And noble Suff'rings (**VERTUE**'s path, the end
 Whereof, is smooth and pleasant like our Isle,
 Though it self craggie, steep, and full of toile.)

91.

What meant they, but an **Immortality**
 Giv'n by the **World** for Actions Soveraign,
 To such as **ARTS**, or **ARMS**, advanc'd t'a high
 And **heav'nly** pitch, being born of **humane** strain?
 For **JOVE**, **APOLLO**, **MARS**, and **MERCURY**,
ÆNEAS, **ROMULUS**, the **THEBANS TWAIN**,
JUNO, **DIANA**, **CERES**, **PALLAS**; All
 Dwell (as you doe) in brittle **Earth'en Wall**.

92.

But **FAME** (the Trumpet of deeds great and good)
 Gave them new Names and Titles on the Earth;
 Gods of the whole, and Gods of the half-blood,
 Gods by Adoption, and Gods by Birth.
 If ye love **Fame** then, if make **These** ye wou'd,
 (As Men) your patterns, though (as Gods) your **Mirth**,
 Fly Sloath; by which the **Soul** e, which Heaven gave
 To be the **Body**'s **Queen**, becomes its **Slave**.

93.

Curbe, with a Bit of **Iron**, **AVARICE**;
AMBITION curb, to which y're too too prone;
 And curb the black and detestable **Vice**
 Of **TYRANNY**, and base **OPPRESSION**.
 " For these **vain Honours**, this **false Gold**, give price
 " (Unless he have it in **himself**) to none,
 " Better deserve them, and to goe without;
 " Then have them undeserved, without doubt.

94.

Either in peace promote **impartiall Laws**,
 That so great **Fish** devour not the **small Fry**;
 Or (armed) tear out of the **Great TURKS** jaws
 The **Christians** prey, on which he stretcht doth lye.
 The **Kingdoms** greatness, by this means ye'll cause;
 Nor lessen, but augment, your **own**, thereby.
 In **Riches** merited ye will abound;
 And with true **Honor** have your **Temples** crown'd.

And

95.

And to your K I N G ye so pretend to prize,
 Ye shall bring honour; now, with Councils grave:
 Now, with your Swords, which will immortalize
 You, as they have done your Fore-Fathers brave.
 I ask you not Impossibilities:

"He That will, always can. Then, each shall have
 A H E R O 's place: or (if that more may move)
 Be Denizen'd into this I S L E O F L O V E .

End of the ninth Canto.

Tenth Canto.

STANZA 1.

B ut now the Larissean Lasses Frend
 (Who for a wealthier Lover did foregoe
 The God of Verse) his setting Steeds did bend
 O're the great Lake of silver M A X I C O ;
 So l's burning Rays F A V O N I U S did suspend
 With that cool breath which makes, where it doth blow;
 Be calmed Fesamines erect their heads,
 And naked Lillies sit up in their Beds:

2.

When the fair Nymphs and Lovers, two abreast,
 Now Frends and well contented, hand in hand
 Towards the Palace bright their steps address't,
 Which upon Pillars of pure gold did stand;
 To a most splendid and O p i p e r o u s Feast
 All summon'd thither, by the Queen's command
 Who had prepar'd it for them, to repaire
 Consumptive Nature with delicious Fare.

3.

There, in rich Chaires of substance crystalline
 They sit by Two's and Two's, Gallant and dame.
 At th'upper end, in other of gold fine,
 Sits the fair G O D D E S S with renown'd D a G A M E
 With viands delicate in sauce divine
 (Such as to C L E O P A T R A 's Board ne're came)
 Are heapt the dishes of red burnish't gold
 Part of the Treasure which their seas infold.

Cc

The

4.

The fragrant Wines not onely are above
Falernian Liquor of Italian growth,
 But that choice-Nectar sent about by JOVE
 When Rebel Gyants felt I M M O R T A L E wroth.
 In Di'mond-Cups (tempting to mirth, and love)
 The Ruby sparkles : bubbles the curl'd froth.

With the powr'd spring. Thus, of their Lovers true
 The greatest Foe, the watry Nymphs! subdue.

5.

A thousand pleasant Arguments they touch,
Still-langeths pas, quick witty Repartees,
 'Twixt dish and dish; whereby, without too much
 Of Those, to whet the appetite to These.
Musical Instruments not wanting (such,
 As to the damned spirits once gave ease
 In the dark Vaults of the Infernal Hall)
 Joyn'd with a SIREN'S Voice Angelical.

6.

The fair Mus sang, and with her shrill Accents
 (Which from the lofty Battlement rebound)
 In equal harmony the Instruments,
 Keeping just time, their softer Notes confound.
 A suddain Silence curbs the Winds, indents
 With the hoarse waves to whisper under ground.
 And the bruit Creatures in their Houses (made
 By Nature's hand) asleep are sung and playd.

7.

With a sweet Voyce she raises to the skies
 Rare men to come into the world, whose cleare
 Ideas were beheld by P A D U E N 's wife
 In a Diaphane and Phantastick Sphere,
 Which in a Dream J O V E shew'd to his shut Eyes;
 And after, He, by Prophecy appeare
 Made it humid Realms: where this Nymph (took
 Therewith) got the brave story without book:

8.

Matter for Buskin'tis, and not for Stock,
 In the V A S T L A K E that which the Mermaid heard;
 Beyond what POPAS knew, or DEMODOKUS,
 This King A E M I D O S, This Queen DIDO'S Bard,
 Now, my C A L I O P E, I Thee invoke
 To my last Labour: begging, for reward
 Of all I write (which I'm vain-prideous)
 I may come off with a good ring i' th' end.

9.

I sink into the *Vale of years*; and, past
 My *Summer's* pride, to *Autumn* speed amain.
 And my *Wit* (more then *years*) M I S P O R T U N E S blast;
 Which *Wit* I own not now, nor boast my *Vein*.
Sighs blow me to that *Port*, where all must cast
 The *Anchor* never to be weigh'd again.
 Yet, great *Queen* of the *Mus e s*, grant that I
 May close my *NATION's Poem* e're I dye.

10.

The *SIREN* sang, how from the *Tagan* shore,
 Through *Seas* first open'd by *Dé Gama*, now
 Should *Navies* come; which all within the Rore
 Of *Indian Seas* shall to that *Empire* bow:
 And how each *Pagan King*, who the sweet *Lore*
 And *yoak* those *Guests* will bring, shall from them throw;
 With *fire* and *sword* by their brave *Arm* so bit
 Shall be, that they shall yield to *Death*, or *It*.

11.

She sang of *One*, who (being dignify'd,
 With the *High-Priesthood* of all *M A L A B A R*)
 Because, the knots of *Friendship* he had ty'd,
 He would not break with men so singular;
 Shall let his *Fields* and *Cities* be destroy'd
 With *fire* and *sword*, and all the rage of *war*,
 Before him, By the potent *S A M O R I M*:
 So hateful shall those *strangers* be to *Him*.

12.

And sings, in *B E T H L E M* there, how shipt shall be
 The Sov'raign remedie of this *Disease*;
 The great *P A C H E C O* knowing not, that He
 Carries with *Him* the *Pelian Lance* through *Seas*.
 But the *Sea* shall; when, to such great *Guests* she
 Unus'd, shall feel his *weight*: The *groaning* *Trees*
 Of his *proud ship* shall know't, which two foot more
 Shall draw of water, then it did before.

13.

But, treading now the *Oriental Strand*,
 And left, the *Pagan King* of spoyl'd *C O C H I M*
 To syd, of *P O K T I N G A L S* with a small Band,
 Upon the salt and crooked *River's Brim*;
 Rout shall he, at the pass of *C A M B A L A N D*,
 Th'infernal *N A Y R E S*, That *there* set on *Him*:
 Turning with fear the burning *O R I E N T* cold,
 So much done with so little to behold.

14.

The SAMORIM shall raise an Army new;
 The Kings shall come of BIPUR and TANORE
 From Highlands of NARSINGA; what they'll do
 For their chief Lord, making large Brags before.
 All the arm'd NORTH he shall assemble too,
 Which lyes 'twixt CALICUT and CANANORE,
 Of both Religions, 'gainst the True that band,
 The Moors by Sea, the PAGAN Powr's by Land.

15.

And once more All defeats on Land and Mayn
 The bold PACHECO, Thunderbolt of War,
 The multitude unnumberd of the slain
 Amazing all the Realms of MALAR.
 The undespering Emperor again
 Shall haft to try his Fortune militar;
 Rating his Men, pouring vain pray'r and tears
 To his vain Gods That have nor eyes nor ears.

16.

Four Troops shall passes now no more defend,
 But burn the PAGAN'S Houses, Towns, and Fanes;
 The Dog (inrag'd to see they make no end
 Of laying flat his goodly Towns) ordains
 His Men, whom he doth prodigally spend,
 PACHECO's then divided in two Lanes,
 To charge between them. He together brings
 His Jaws, and makes two Pincers of his Wings.

17.

In person then the SAMORIM shall come
 To see what's done, and reinforce his men.
 Daſht (by a shot which through the Aire doth humme)
 In his high Chair with blood he shall be then.
 That Force, nor Policy can overcome
 This Warriour; now he shall to see begin.
 Treasons, and Poisons base he shall invent;
 Which Heav'n (PACHECO's keeper) will prevent.

18.

That a sev'nth time he shall return, she sings,
 To fight the brave unconquer'd PORTINGALL;
 Whom no Toyls tyre, who dreads no dreadfull Things,
 Yet this a little discompose him shall.
 To horrid battail the fell Tyrant brings
 Engines of Wood, dire and unusuall,
 To board the Caravels upon the Mayn,
 Which he till then shall have assay'd in vain.

19.

Mountains of Fire shall on the water float
 The little *Navy* to consume with flame.
 The great *P A C I F I C O* (like himself) this hot
 And fierce *Bravade* shall in a trice make vain.
 No *Master* in the *Art of War* (That got
 Never so high upon the wings of *Fame*)
 With all his *Palms* can neer this *WORTHY* come:
 Pardon me noble *G R E E C E S*, and nobler *R O M E*.

20.

For with a hundred men, or little more,
 Unto the end so many Battails fought;
 With such high *Stratagems* unseen before,
 On *Warlike-Hoasts* so many wonders wrought;
 Seem either *Fables* dreamt by men that snore,
 Or that *celestial Quires* (with *Pray'r*s down brought)
 Their *Champion* in those *Exigencies* Ayd
 With *Wit, Sleight, Force*, and courage undismayd.

21.

He, who in *Marathonian Fields* of old
 O're vast *D A R I U S*'s pow'r's victorious was;
 Nor *He*, who, with three hundred *S P A R T A N S* bold,
 Of fam'd *T H E R M O P I L E S* maintain'd the *Pass*;
 Nor *R O M E*'s young *C O C L E S*, who at bay did hold
 All the proud *T u s c a n* pow'r, till cut he has
 The *Bridge* behind him: nor old *F A B I U S* is
 Or wise, or valiant, when compar'd with *This*.

22.

But at this point, her high and ratling tone
 The *Nympb* abasing, made it hoarse and sad;
 And with low *Voyce* (drown'd in her *Tears* did moan
 Of so strange *Valour* a Requital bad.
O B E L I S A R I U S (said she) That art *One*
 Who by the *M u s i c* will still in price be had;
 If *M a r s* himself affronted were in *Thee*,
 Here is a man that may thy *Comfort* be.

23.

Here thou a *Rival* hast, as in thy *Deeds*,
 So in their cruel and unjust *return*;
 In *Thee*, and *Him*, misused *V E R T U S* bleeds:
 In *Thee*, and *Him*, doth begging *V A L O U R* mourn:
 Both Bulwarks of your *K I N G S*, Both of your *C R E E D S*:
 Both dye in *H O S P I T A L S* ragged and torn.
This those *Kings* do, whose *justice* is their *will*;
 Their *Evidence* what *M A L I C E* shall instill.

This

24.

*This those Kings do, who (with smooth Tales misled
Of Flatterers, by whom asleep th'are sung,
Give the Rewards by A j a x merited
Unto the fraudulent U l t i s e s's tongue.
But 'tis reveng'd at full, when, hand o'rehead,
They deal their Boons those S y c o p h a n t s among :
By whom, of their ill choice they will be made
Ashamed first, and afterwards betraide.*

25.

*But Thou, That such a man couldst leave, to S c o r n
And W a n t, O K I N G unjust in this alone !
If Thou, to build his Fortunes were't, not born ;
He was, to give to Thee a potent Throne.
And (credit me) whilst P h e b u s's locks unhorn
To light the Earth and Heaven shall be known,
Like that Sun glorious shall P a c h e c o be,
And Thou in this Eclipse thy Majestie.*

26.

*Another, loe ! (proceeding in her Song)
Comes, with a Regal Title, and his Son ;
Who, on the Sea shall do such things e're long,
As by no antient R o m a n were out-done.
They Both, shall win by armed Hand and strong
Wealthy Q u i l o a , and shall sack it, won :
Placing therein a mild and loyal King
For a false Tyrant, whom they out shall fling.*

27.

*Also, the City of M o m b a s s a (Crown'd
With sumptuous Houses, and aerial Spires)
Shall by them Both be levelld with the ground,
For an old fault which a new rod requires.
But, afterwards, upon the I N D I A N S O U N D
(Cover'd with Ships and Artificial Fires
T'o rewhelm the P O R T I N G A L L S) with Oare , and Sayle,
Alone the young L o r e n z o shall preuale.*

28.

*The C A R A C K S of the potent E M P E R O R E
(Peopling the scorched Ayre with Iron Ball
Which from the burning Brals, like Thunder, roare)
Tear shall he, C a n v a s , R u d d e r , M a s t and all.
His grapping-books thrown resolutely o're
Her lofty Decks, H i m s e l f their Admiral
Shall enter first ; and clear, with Lance and Sword
Four hundred M o o k s she will have then aboard.*

But

29.

But **G O D** (whose secret *doom* is over *All*,
Best judge, of what's his service, and *Man's* good)
Shall bring him *then*, where *Wis* nor *Prowess* shall
Have pow'r to stop his *Foes* prevailing *Flood*.
Neer **C H O U L** (where cheaply yet he shall not fall :
The purpled *Sea* there boyling *cre* with *blood*)
He will be forc't, to leave his life behind,
By *Fleets* of **E G Y P T** and **C A M B A Y A** joyn'd.

30.

There shall *ennumerable* *Enemies*
(Who, with great force alone, great *Virtue* tire)
The Wind that fails, *Danger* that multiplies,
Upon the *Sea*; against him *All* conspire.
Now from their *Graves* let all the *Antients* rise,
A pattern to behold of *noble* ire:
They shall behold another **S C E V A**, skill'd
How to dye piece-meal, but not how to yield.

31.

Rob'd of a *Thigh* (which an unlucky shot
In splinters with it through the ayre shall beare)
Still does he use his *Arms*; These fail him not,
Nor his great *Heart*, uncapable of *Fear*:
Until another *Bullet* breaks the *knot*
Wherewith his *Soul* and *Body* marryed were.
The *prison* open, she escapes: and straight
Doth find her self in a triumphant state.

32.

S O U L E, go in *Peace*; from furious *W* retire,
In midst of which *Thou* inward *Peace* shalt find.
The **B O D Y**, *Him* who got it will inspire
With high revenge, when he shall see'd disjoyn'd.
I hear a rumbling *storm*, I see the *fire*
Of *Sacres*, *Drakes*, and *Basilisks*, combin'd
With fell and home-destruction to rebuke
The fierce **C A M B A Y A** and black **M A M A L U K E**.

33.

Behold! the *Father* comes *aimad man-like*,
In whom for ma st'ry *Grief* with *Fury* yes;
Whilst at one time paternal love cloth *sthe*
Fire on his *Heart*, pumps *water* from his *Eyes*.
A noble *Anger* whispers him; his *Ryke*
Shall blood his *Foes*, so that the *Tyde* shall rise
In their drown'd *Destallance-deep*: *N r z u* shall bear,
I N D U S shall feel his *Blows*; and *G A N Q A S* heat.

34.

As a Corriall'd Ball, That (practising
For a fierce duel) fences with the oakes ;
Or, at the Trunk of a broad Beech, doth fling
In Thrusts, and with his Horns the Ayre provokes :
So DON FRANCISCO (e're his Fleet he bring
In swoln CAMBAYA's Gulph to desp'rate strokes)
On DABUL's wealthy City whets his Blade,
The Mountain of her Pride a Level made.

35.

Then enters (horrid with her bloody) the Bay
Of DIO : fam'd for Steges, and pitcht-Fields.
The great but Coward-Fleet his look doth fray
Of CALICUT : which Oars for Lances weilds.
That of MELIQUE YAZ (which makes away
More flow) with Bolts of VULCAN he unbuilds ;
To the low bottom of the OCEAN sent :
Cold matrice, of the humid Element.

36.

But that of MIR HOZAM (which with close bords
The rowzed wrath of the Avenger stands)
Shall swimming see, ith' Ocean of their Lords,
Hands without Bodies, Bodies without Hands.
The rage-blind Victors, waving their bright Swords,
Shall seem to tos so many flaming Brands.
What there shall be perceiv'd by Ears, and Eyes,
Will be Smoke onely, Iron, Fire, and Cryes.

37.

But ah ! Of a defeat great MARS might boast
(Bound for his Native-Tagan back again)
The Fame and glory shall he lose almost
By a sad traverse I foresee too plain.
The CAPE OF STORMS (which in it's Desert Coast
His Bones and Memory shall ay retain)
Shames not to ravish from the world a soule
Whole INDIA could not, and EGYPT whole.

38.

By savage CAFRES, there shall that be done
Which dext'rous Enemies could not perform :
And by rude Clubbs (hardned with fire) alone,
What Arrows Show'r could not, Bullets storm.
God's secret judgements are not to be known.
Vain GENTILES (being a Book above their form)
Call it ill FATE, cross Fortune, star maline ;
Being solely, purely, PROVIDENCE DIVINE.

29.

O! What new light beginneth there to bud
 (The SIREN said, and rais'd her Voyce therat)
 From the Melindian Sea, dy'd with the blood
 Of LAMO, OCHA, BRAVA, all laid flat
 By great DE CUNIAS; who through all the Flood
 Which laves the Southern-Isles and shores (but That
 Of MADAGASCAR chiefly) the wide mouth
 Of FAME shall fill, and threat the unknown South.

40.

This light is of those flames and glitt'ring Arms
 Wherewith the stubborn PERSIANS of ORMUZE,
 Spurning the yoke, and valiant to their harms,
 Fierce ALBURQUERQUE afterwards subdued.
 There shall the hissing shafts (like living swarms)
 Turn'd in the Ayre, their shooters Helmets bruize,
 That they may see, with Eyes though he're so dim,
 How GOD will fight for Them, that fight for Him.

41.

The MOUNTAINS then of SALT will not be able
 To keep those Bodies from corruption
 Which on the Coasts shall lye out (miserable)
 Of CALAYAT, MASCAZE, and GERUNZ,
 Until the easie yoke and honorable
 They learn (with all their fiercenes) to put on:
 Forc't by the Conquerours, to pay to Them,
 Rich Tribute of their Pearles of BAHREM.

42.

What glorious Palms do I see weaving There,
 With which his forehead VICTORY will crown
 When without shadow or least touch of fear
 He shall win GOA's Isle of bright renown!
 But then (the Storms obeying) will not bear
 So great a Sayle, and takes that Bonet down:
 To reattempt the thing in fitter season.
 "FORTUNE and MARKS fear Valour joyn'd with Reason."

43.

And (see) he does it; charges undismay'd
 Through walls, through Pykes, through Bullets, and through fire;
 Opens the quilted Squadrons with his Blade
 Of MOORS and PAGANS knit in Leagues intire!
 His gallant SOLDIERS in more blood shall wade
 Then LYONS pin'd, BULLS prickt with love and ire;
 Upon the Feast (as pat as by designe)
 Of EGYPT'S Virgin Martyr, KATHERINE.

44.

Nor *Him* shalt *Thou* (though potent) scape, and flye,
 (Though sheltred in the Bosome of the *Morn*)
M A L A C C A (and the Apple of her Eye)
 Prowd of thy wealthy Dow't as her first-born.
 Thy *poysen'd Arrows*, those *Auxiliary*
C R Y S S E S I see (thy *Pay That* do not scorn)
 M A L A C C A N S amorous, valiant J A V A N S,
 Shall all obey the L U S I T A N I A N S.

45.

More *Stanza's* had the **S I R E N** in the praise
 Of the illuſtrious **A L B U L Q U E R Q U E** sung;
 But she remembers one harsh **A Et**, which weighs
 Him down, though through the world his *Fame* be rang.
 "A great Commander (whom to crop bright *Bays*)
 "On precipitous *Cliffs* his *Fate* hath hung)
 "Should to his *Men* a *Comrade* rather be,
 "Then a *Judge* made up of *Severitie*.

46.

But in a time of *Famine*, and hard *Toyle*,
 Of *Sickness*, *Arrows*, and of thund'ring *Ball*,
 Of *Season sad*, of *discommodious soyle*,
 And the poor *Soldier* patient under *All*;
 It seems to me of *savage Breasts* the stye,
 Of an *inhumane* and *insulting Gall*,
 To make a *Man* for such a fault to dye
 As *Love* and *humane frailty* qualifie.

47.

Incest's detested Brand it shall not be,
 Nor boyst'rous *Rape* upon a *Virgin pure*,
 Nor blot injurious of *Adulterie*,
 But with a *Slave* lascivious and obscure.
 Then whether fir'd with *Zeale*, or *jealousie*,
 Or else to keep his bloody hands in *Ure*,
 Against his own he give his rage the reins,
 With a *black Action* his *white Fame* he stains.

48.

With his **C A M P A S P E A L E X A N D E R** spy'd
A P E L L E S took, and upon *Him* bestows
 Her cheerfully: being not his *Soldier* try'd
 Nor serving at a *Siege* of desp'rte Foes.
 That fowr **A R A S P A S** in the Rays is fride
 Of his fair Charge **P A N T H E A**, **C Y R U S** knows;
 Having protest to be her *Guardian* true,
 And that no ill desire should *Him* subdue.

But

49.

But the illustrious P E R S I A N , seeing love
 Is in the fault ('gainst whom there's no defence)
 Acquits him streight, and onely doth remove,
 Where he may serve him well in recompence.
 The I r o n B A L D W I N (much his Rank above)
 By stealth Espouses J U D I T H ; yet th'offence
 Her great Sire pardons (needing such a man)
 And gives them F L A N D E R S , whence those Earls began.

50.

But her long Song the N y m p h continuing,
 Of S U A R E Z (who his Standard doth display
 On the red coast of A R A B I E) did sing :
 A B A S I A 's hindmost shore, and B A R B O R A
 (Neighb'ring Z E Y L A 's Emporium) fear the Thing
 She feeleth ; nor less then M e c h a , and G i d d a ,
 Filthy M E D I N A quakes, where M A H O M E T
 In his Steel-Hamac lies in a cold swet.

51.

Also the noble Isle of T A P O B R A N E :
 For by that name it was as fam'd of yore
 As by another now 'tis Sovereign
 Of the hot fragrant Bark, of which't has store.
 Of which, she to the S T A N D A R T L U S T A N E
 Shall pay sweet Tribute : when (percht proudly o're
 C O L U M B O 's highest steeple) that shall be
 More fear'd by Her, then by her Neighbours, she.

52.

Through the Red-Sea S E Q U E Y R A a new way
 To Thee, vast Land of P R E S T R J O H N , shall shew ;
 C A N D A C E 's Nest, and Her's, who, to survay
 The Wisdom of great S O L O M O N , did go.
 From C isterns water'd, He, shall see M A C U A :
 Shall see her neighb'ring Port of A R C H I C E :
 And cause new Isles to be discover'd, which
 With Modern wonders shall the World intrich.

53.

M E N E S S E S comes the next, whose sword shall serve
 In A F F R I C K for the wreaths he here shall weare.
 He proud O R M O O Z (That from her faith will swerve),
 A double Tribute shall constrain to beare.
 Thou G A M A too (who wilt it well deserve)
 Which two exiles) the third time thou com'st there
 (An Earl, Vice-Roy, and Admiral) the Land,
 Which thou hast now discover'd, shalt command.

54.

But then that rude *Necessitie* (which none
Can scape, who from a humane womb doth spring)
Arrests thee in thy *Robes*, and painted Throne,
Where thou shalt out the person of thy *King*.
Straight will another **M N N E S** (old alone
In *wisdome*) have the *Sov'reign* managing
Of the *Affairs*: (And *Happy H E N R Y* shall
Behind him leave a name perpetual.

55.

For he shall quell not onely **M A L A B A R S**,
Razing **P A N A M** and **C O U L E T**'s walls,
Incourtring *Cannon*, clapping on *Petars*,
And hurling *wild-fire* in sulphureous Balls;
But (arm'd with *Vertues* past the *Sphere* of **M A R S**),
Quell the **S O U L E**'s *Enemie's* sev'n Generals:
Quell *Avarice*, quell foul *Incontinence*,
In a young man the sum of excellence.

56.

His *Stars* now calling *Him* to tread on *Them*,
Thou, valiant **M A S K A R E N I A S** shouldst succeed:
But (if usurpt on) know, a *Diadem*
It self, thy *brighter honor* will not need.
Thy courage, *Admiration* and *Esteem*
(Although not *love*) ev'n in thy *Foes* shall breed,
If unjust **F O R T U N E** shall deny the *mighty*,
V E R T U E will give the *merit*, **L A W** the Right.

57.

Great *Actions* in the *Kingdom* of **B I N T A N**
Thou shalt perform, **M A L A C C A**'s Foe: her score
Of *Ills* in one day paying, which *That* ran
Into, for many a hundred year before.
With patient courage, more then of a man,
Dangers, and *Toyles*, sharp *Spikes*, *Hills* always hoare,
Spears, *Arrows*, *Trenches*, *Balmarks*, *Fire* and *Sword*,
That thou shalt break, and quell, I pass my word.

58.

Meane while *Ambition*, *Avarice* to boot,
In **I N D I A** setting up with open face
Against **G O D**, (and his *inj'ries*), are a Root
Of *discontent* to thee, but not *disgrace*.
" To trample on *weak Right*, with a *prowd Foot*,
" Presuming on the *pow'r* and *upper place*,
" No *Conquest* is: *He* conquers with *Renown*-

" Who dares be just ev'n though it lose a **C R O W N**,

Yet

59.

Yet I deny not, but S A M P A Y O shall
 Be of rare Valour for all this ; on *Sea*
 Shewing himself a thund'ring G N E R A L L ,
 Which he shall people with Foes Carcasses.
 In B A C A N O R E begins he to appall
 The M A L A B A R , that he may after tease
 (Prepar'd with that rough *Prologue* to submit)
 Bold C U T I A L Z , and his num'rous Fleet.

40

Ev'n that of D I O (so resolv'd and great
 That his at C H O U L will give it self for lost)
 By H E C T O R O F S I L V E Y R A shall he beate,
 And to *peccavi* turn their furious boast.
 The L U S I T A N I A N H E C T O R : who shall get,
 Upon the always-arm'd Cambayck Coast,
 A name, that He doth G U Z A R A T S annoy,
 No les than G R E E K S the H E C T O R did of T R O Y .

41.

C U N I A is fierce S A M P O Y O 's successour.
 The Ship of State he long doth wisely steer.
 Of C H A L E he erects the lofty Tow'r,
 Whilst famous D I O quakes to be so neer.
 The strong B A Z A I N shall render to his pow'r,
 But with much blood ; M E L I Q U E groaning here
 To see a way o're his proud Rampire made
 By the sole dint of Lusitanian Blade.

42.

After Him comes N O R O N I A , whose good Star
 From D I O the fierce R U M E S packing sends :
 D I O , which the through-practis'd Breast in War
 Of A N T H O N Y S I L V E Y R A well-defends.
 Death's Writs upon N O R O N I A served are :
 When a brave Branch of Thine (O G A M A !) bends
 His shoulders to the Government ; the frigit
 Of whose great name shall turn the red Sea white.

43.

Out of thy S T E P H E N 's hand shall take the rain
 One in B R A S I L E before high fame that wan ;
 The great F r e n c h Pyras overcome and slain,
 Who shall be terror of that Ocean.
 Made after Gen'ral of the I N D I A N M A I N
 The no les proud, then fortifide D A M A N ,
 He eaters first : where, having made a breach,
 'Tis clos'd with Flames, and Shafts, his way impeach.

To

64.

To Him C A M B A Y A S King, proud above measure,
 Of wealthy D I O gives the famous Fort ;
 Against the G R E A T M A G U L , mighty in treasure,
 To ayd him his Dominions to support.
 Then doth he in his yet unquencht displeasure,
 The Pagan King of C A L I C U T take short
 That would have past him : with no little losſ
 Sending him home again by weeping croſs.

65.

Destroy shall H e the City R E P E L I M
 Making her King with many quit the place,
 And after by the Cape of C O M O R I M
 Perform a deed that ſhall the Nine diſgrace.
 The Navy Royal of the Samorim,
 That thinks it may to all the world give chace,
 With fire and ſword he overcomes, and breaks.
 In B E A D A L A shall his Blade play Rex.

66.

I N D I A , thus weeded with his S word of Foes,
 He comes to rule with Scepter afterward ;
 Finds dangers none, finds none ſo bold t'oppose.
 All hush, All tremble like a Lark that's dar'd.
 Onely B A T I C A L A alonging shows
 To fare as well as B E A D A + A far'd.
 She's fill'd with blood and Trunks in dead heaps caſt :
 With fire and Ball diſfigur'd and defac't.

67.

This ſhall be M A R T I N , or a little M A R S ,
 From whom his Deeds he'l take, as well as name :
 As stout for execution in all wars,
 As wiſe to play the faireſt of his Game.
 C A S T R O ſucceeds ; advancing to the stars
 Of P O R T U G A L the Standard and the Fame.
 Fit ſuccellour to M A R T I N : D I O 'S Fort
 The one ſhall raife, the other ſhall ſupport.

68.

Fierce P E R S I A N S , A b a f s i n s , R U M E S (who boast
 Their name from R O M E) complexions various,
 And various Modes (for to this Leagueur poſt
 A thouſand Nations keen and furious)
 Heav'n to the world accufe with labour loſt,
 That ſo few men ſhould neſtle in their Houſe.
 In blood of P O R T U G A L L S , by their no faith
 They ſwear, their turn'd up whiskers they wil bathe.

69.

Drakes, horrid Basilisks, Engines of Wood
As bad as either, secret Mines and Plots,
Hath M A S C A R E N I A : with his Men withstood,
Meeting their certain Deaths with willing Throats:
When, in the utmost stres of Flesh and Blood,
C A S T R O (their Freer) his two Sons devotes,
That everlasting Honour they may gain,
And sacrifices to their G o d be slain.

70.

F E R N A N D (this lofty Cedar's highest Bough,
Where with a hideous crack a close Mine sprung
Th'unrooted Wall into the Ayre will blow)
Shall in a sheet of Fire to Heav'n be flung.
A L V A R, when Winter swathes the Earth in Snow,
And hath on-humid Gates cold Padlocks hung ;
These burst, through dangers to seek dangers goes,
And fights the Elements to fight the Fogs.

71.

Loe, now the Father follows with full sail,
And the Remainder of the Lusian force !
He with strong Hand and Head of more avail,
Gives a brave lucky Battail to the M O R E S .
Where no way is, he makes one with his Skail,
And where there is, the Rampions are his dores.
Such that day's Feates, so terrible the Blowes,
They will not stand in Verse, nor lye in Prose.

72.

Then (loe!) he to the great C A M B A Y A N K I N G
Presents himself a Victor in the Field:
Pale Fear into the Face of him doth fling,
And of his furious Horse, which ground shall yield.
Nor H Y D A L C A N shall from the Conquering
Army, with all his might, his Country sheild.
D A B U L sack'd on the Coast, I n l a n d P O N D A
Scapes not it self, by being out of the way.

73.

These, and the like, into all Quarters hurl'd,
(All worthy wonder, and Fame's strongest blast)
Making themselves brave M A R S S in the World,
The joyes of V N U S 's Isle shall fitly tast ;
Trayling triumphant standards through the curl'd
Amphitheater of the Ocean vast :
And they shall find those Nymphs, these furnish't Bords,
Which are the Harvest of Victorious Swords.

Hoer

74.

Heer the N Y M P H ended: And the others All
 Give their applause with an Harmonious noyse; ;
 Congratulating this grand Nuptiall: ;
 Where, look how many Hearts, so many joys.
 THOUGH FORTUNE STANDS UPON A TOTT'ING BAL
 (They all reiterate as with one Voyce)

REKNOWNED PEOPLE You SHALL NEVER LACK,
 WEALTH, VALOR, FAME, till the WORLDS HANGES CRACK:

75.

When now Corporeall Necessity
 Suffic'd with noble Nutriment they had;
 And seen the Acts the Nymph did prophecy
 In Musickall Poetick Raptures clad:
 TH E T Y S, adorn'd with grace and gravity,
 (That she of glory may new guilts add
 To the high bliss of that triumphant day)
 Unto the Happy G A M A thus did say,

76.

The SUPREME WISDOM hath vouchsa'd thee, Knight,
 The grace to see with thy corporeall Eyes
 What the vain Science, what the erring Light,
 Of miserable Man cannot comprize.
 Then, with the rest, up this dark Cops forth-right
 Follow me, strong and constant, stout and wise.
 This having said, shee hands him through a Wood,
 Steep, thick with Thorns, and hard to flesh and blood.

77.

They marcht not long, when of the arduous Hill
 They gain the top; where an inameld Flat
 (In a Field Em'ravld) powdred Rubies fill,
 Making them think old PARADISE was That
 Heer, in the Ayre a GLOZE, (by wondrous skill
 So fram'd with Thorough Lights) they contemplat,
 That th'unresisted Eye the Center sees,
 As plainly as the superficies.

78.

The matter of it did their Eye-sight pose:
 That it confisited yet discern'd they well
 Of orbs, which the Divine Hand did compose,
 And in the middle did the Center dwell.
 Rouling, it sometimes fell, and sometimes rose,
 And yet it never rose, it never fell:
 Throughout one Face, throughout its period,
 Begins throughout. In fine, the Works of GOD.

Infinite,

79.

Infinite, perfect, uniform, self-poiz'd ;
 Brief, like the A R C H I T E C T that made the same.
 Seeing this admirable G l o b e, surpriz'd
 With wonder and desire was our D i s G A M E .
 To whom the G O D D E S S thus, Epitomiz'd
 I shew thee heer the U N I V E R S A L L F R A M E ,
 That thou maist read, in Print and Volume small,
 Whether Thou goest, and shalt goe, and Thine shall

80.

The W O R L D S great F a b r i c k thou doft hear descry
 Heav'ny and Elementall : for just so
 'Twas made, by that All-wisdom, that All-eye,
 Which no beginning knew, no end shall know :
 Which interweaved in each part doth lie,
 And round the fair Work like a Border goe :
 'Tis G O D : But what G O D is, poses Man's wit,
 Nor can short Line fathom the I N F I N I T .

81.

This, which is first, and doth (as in a Nest
 Of Boxes) all the other Orbs comprise,
 Darting such radiant Beames, as Mortall Breft
 Cannot conceive, much leſs behold Mans Eyes ;
 Is call'd the E M P Y R E A N , where the bleſt
 Enjoy that good, the World wants similes
 To cast a shadow of, and which good None
 Can understand, except it ſelf alone.

82

There is no true, no glorious G O D , but There :
 For S A T U R N , J A N U S , J U N O , J O V E , and I ,
 Vain Creatures only, and blind Figments were
 Betwixt Mans pride, and Mans Idolatry,
 To ſtick as Stars in the Poetick Spbere ;
 From whence again w' are borrow'd, by and by,
 For to diſtinguiſh the true Stars in Heav'n,
 To which A S T R O N O M E R S our Names have giv'n.

83.

As likewife because H O L Y P R O V I D E N C E
 (Which shadow'd is by J U P I T E R in Verse)
 Doth by a thousand Ministers dispence
 His Giffts to the ſupported U N I V E R S E ,
 And ſacred Prophets oft impart their ſence
 In myſtick Parables which they reherſe ;
 And tell us Men are favoured by the good,
 By the ill ſpirits hurt, unless withſood :

84.

Now comes THE PORT, who would reaching please,
And pleasing teach, and mix variety ;
And He the self-same Names bestows on These old eldermen eight whose
The HEATHENS. did upon their GENISEs called the robust array
And feigned Gods ; for I can shew with Ease, a good one in mid of
That AGEBLS ev'n in holy Poetry and old and new ways I
Are called Gods ; nor Sacred Writ denyes
That ev'n the ill this glorious Name belyes.

85.

In fine ALMIGHTE GOD (who rules the round
World, by his Second Causes) He commands,
But (to return to open the profound)
And heav'ly operations of his Hands
Within this Spheare, where the pure Soulds abound
In endless Bliss (which sphere unmoved stands)
Another runs so swiftly, and so still,
'Tis not perceiv'd : 'Tis the FIRST MOVABIL.

86.

The motion rapt of this FIRST MOVABIL draws
All the rest after, which with it are linkt.
The hurried Sun from his own beat and laws
Makes Night and day by this RAPT ORB's instinct.
The NINTH moves next, so curb'd, with so great pawse,
That whilst Sol's lamp (which never is extinct)
Ends it's true course aboute the ZODIACK
Two hundred times, This but one step doth make.

87.

Behold the EIGHTH goes under That, imbot
With Sleek and radiant Bodies ! These likewise
Beside the motion rapt with which they post.
Move on their proper Axe with twinkling Eyes.
See with how rich a Belt this orb is crost !
How broad, how glitt'ring with Embroyderies !
Where the twelve Starry Animals do make
The Sun's twelve Houses in the ZODIACK.

88.

Behold in other Parts what knots of Gold
This FIRMAMENT displays ! the DRAOGON there
Behold ! CHARLES-WAYN, and CYNDOSURA cold !
ANDROMEDA, and her old Sire severe !
CASSTOPEA's sparckling eyes behold !
And turbulent ORION, Sea-mens feare !
Behold the SWAN, which dying is not mute,
The HAWK, the DODGE, the SHEEP, and the sweet, LUTE.
Under

89.

Under this great and spangled Canopy,
 Lo, in the S E V' N T H dull S A T U R N takes his place!
 Propitious J O V E inthron'd in the S I X T sky:
Next (Foe to Man) M A R s tides with fiery Face:
 Plac't in the M I D D L E is the WORL'D'S G R E A T E Y E :
 The Q U E E N O F B R A U T Y the T H I R D O R B doth grace:
 Eloquent H E R M E S rules the S E C O N D S P H E A R :
 Three-shapt D I A N A marches in the Rear.

90.

In all these P L A N E T S motions different
 Thou maist perceive, some *speedy*, and some *slow*:
Now climbing nearer to the F I R M A M E N T ,
Now stooping closer to the Earth below,
 As seemed best to the O M N I P O T E N T ,
 Who made the Fire and Aire, the Wind and Snow:
 Those (clos'd within the Heav'ns) each other enter,
 And both the Waves, and Earth: the common Center.

91.

Upon this C e n t e r is the seat of M A N :
 Who, not content in his presumptuous pride,
 T' expose to all Earth's Mischiefs his life's span,
 Trusts it to the unconstant Ocean-wide.
 Behold the various Parts that Ocean
 With interfused dangers doth divide !
 Where various Nations dwell, various Kings reign,
 Who various Worships, various Laws maintain.

92.

See C H R I S T I A N E U R O P E , higher by the head
 In Arms and civill Arts then all the rest !
 See untill'd A F F R I C K , covetous, ill-bred,
 Wanting ev'n things whereof free is possest,
 With her great C A P E (by you discovered)
 Which N A T U R E towards the South Pole address'd
 See all this Neck with People infinite
 Almost, who neither doe nor know what's right !

93.

See the great Empire of M o N O M O T A P E ,
 With naked savage People black and grim;
 In which the good G O N S A L V O shall not scape
 A cruell death for C H R I S T , who dy'd for Him !
 In this blinde H E M I S P H E R E (short of the C A P E)
 The Mettle grows for which pale Mortals swim
 Through Seas of Sweat, and Blood. See that great Lake
 From whence, with Q U A M A , N I L S this way doth make!

94.

Behold the NEGROES Houses, without doores,
Whom both the Poverty of their Straw-nests,
The Laws, and justice of their King secures.
And the black Candor of their Neighbours Brests.
Loe, a vast Army of these bruitish MOORAS,
Like a dark Band of Stares (devouring Guests)

Against SOFALA's batter'd Fort will bend

Their strength, which NATA bravely shall defend.

95.

See there the very Spring, and Head of NYLB,
Which fled (though dearly sought) the ANTIENTS eyes!
See how it laves (spawning the CROCODYLE)
The ABBASIN, who upon CHRIST relies!
See where (a better Fence then Walls) a File
Of Hills they man against their Enemies!

See MEROR, an Isle of ancient Fame:

Which now NOVA the Natives of it name!

96.

In this In-land a Son of Thine great fame
Shall win against the proud CIRCASSIAN;
And DON CRISTOVAL shall be that Son's name:
But against Fate can stand no mortal man.
See, see, that way thy shatter'd Navy came
MELINDE's dear and hospitable stran!
Mark well the RAPTO (Natives call't OSE)
Which at QUILMANCEA rouls into the Sea.

97:

See the Cape call'd of old AROMATA,
But GUARDAFU which now the Dwellers call;
Where the RED-SEA (so famous) doth Embay,
Dy'd with her Bottome's shade! This is the WALL
Or running Boundarie, which ASIA
Divides from AFFRICK; And the principal
Cities, that on the Affrick-side are seen,
Are ARCHICHO, MACHA, and (chief) SUANQUEEN.

98.

See farthest SUEZ, HEROPOLYS of old,
City of Heroes (so do some conceive)
Others, that this was the ALEXANDROS hold:
But EGYPT'S Navies it doth now receive!
The very place great MOSES past, behold,
When with his Rod he did the Waters cleave!

A SIA begins. Her self she doth present,

In limite rock, in Kingdoms opulent.

99.

Mount S I N A I set, and tremble ev'ry limb,
From whence when M o s e s came his face did shine !
See T O R O, and G I D D A, in wealth that swells,
Yet want Spring-water pure and crystalline !
See the Streight's other jaw, having for Brim
The Realm of dry A D A N; which doth confine
With Mountains of A Z Z I R A, which (they tell)
Are all one Rock, whereon Raine never fell.

100.

Behold the T H R E E A R A B I A S, so wide-spread,
All Tawny-Moors, All Thieves therein that dwell :
Whence come the Horses for the Warriors bred,
Of noble Race, Fleet, lasting, terrible.
Behold the Coast by which thine Eyes are led
T'another Gulph (the Persian) there to swell
Into a C A P S, which by F A R Y A Q U E 's name
(Ow'd to the there known City) shuts the same !

111.

See famous D O F A R, which did ever boast
The sweetest smoke to make the Altar steam.
Mark here (where R O S O L E A T your eye hath lost
And barren shores) begins A R M U Z A 's Ream !
It lyes extended all on the Sea-Coast,
And shall fit F A M E with an immortal Theam,
When Turk's fierce Fleet, and blushing Moons dismayd,
Shall see unsheathed C A S T E L B R A N C O 's Blade.

112.

Behold the C A P E O F A S A B O R Y, they call
At present M O S A N D A N who sail that way,
At bottom of the Gulph, which hath for wall
Rich P E R S I A here, There B A R E S T A R A B I A !
Mark well B A R E M , an Island bord'red all
With Pearls, whose colour mocks the springing day.
In the salt waves commanded by her eye
The famous T I G R I S and E U S R A T H e dyes

113.

The noble Empire of great P E R S I A see,
Always on horse-back, always in the War,
Who think it base to have Artillerie,
Or Hands not hardened with the C y m e a r !
But mark the Isle G E R M I N Y, what a proof she
Is of the pow'r of T I M E to make, and her Field to shew !
Of O R M U Z H City (which was once elsewhere)
She now the glory and the name doth bear.

Here

104.

Heer DON PHILIPPE OF MANNES shall
 Approve himself a glorious *Man at Arms*,
 When with a very few of PORTUGALL
 He shall at LARA quell whole Persian swarms.
 Likewise shall SOUSA on their Quarters fall,
 Give them bold charges, give them sharp Alarms,
 And the Reverion of that Sword, whose dint
 Struck fire before, on raz'd AMPAZA's flint.

105.

But let us leave the *Streights*, and *Cape* well known
 Of JASQUES (call'd CARPELLA anciently)
 With all that Land (which Nature doth not own
 By any Act of Liberality)
 Whilom CARMANIA, Habitation
 Of the old ITIOPHAGERS. Now wipe thine Ey,
 And see fam'd INDUS, born in yonder Mountain,
 Near which flows GANGS from a higher Fountain:

106.

See beer, where Nature prodigall hath bin,
 The Kingdom of ULCINUS; and the long
 Bay of JAQUETE, where the Waves flow in
 With speed incredible, as fast out-throng !
 CAMBAYA see, where this Gulp doth begin,
 In wealth and people infinite and strong!
 A thousand Cities here un-nam'd I leave,
 Which shall the yoke of PORTUGALL receave.

107.

See where the celebrated Indian shore
 Runs southward to the CAPE of COMORE
 (Call'd in old time CORRE) which lyes right ore
 Against CeyLAN (TRAPROANE anciently)
 Along this Sea the LUSIAN (who, with more
 Forces shall be dispatched after Thee)
 Lands, Victories, and Cities shall obtain,
 In which they many Ages shall remain.

108.

Behold in various Countreys (plac'd betwixt
 These Rivers) Nations almost infinite
 Some Pagans, some Mahumetans (well mixt)
 To whom the Devil did their Laws indite !
 Behold NARSINGA's Realm, to which is fixt
 A holy Relique of a blessed Wight,
 St THOMAS's body, who was not deny'd
 To thrust his Fingers into JESUSS side!

109.

Heer stood the City call'd MELIORIS,
Beautiful, wealthy, and magnificent;
The Idols ancient she did adore
As still doe those of her prophan descent:
Farr was she seated then from the Sea-shore,
Whenas the Gospel through the whole world sent.

THOMAS came preaching there; and did the same
In all the Provinces through which he came.

110.

Arrived preaching, and administering
Life to the dead, and health unto the sick;
The sea chanc'd hither on a day to bring
A floating Tree, unmeasurably thick.
For a vast Pyle in hand desires the King
To frame a Beame of this prodigious stick,
And makes attempt on shore to drag it then,
By force of Engines, Elephants, and Men.

111.

So heavy 'tis, All these have not the might
To stir the Log that on the Water lies.
But the true CHRIST'S true Nuncio hath a flight
To doe it without trouble, without noyse.
He draws it to him like some Matter light
With a small Cord, which to the Trunk he tyes:
Wherewith a sumptuous House for GOD to raise,
To stand a pattern for succeeding days.

112.

Full well he knew, with lively faith if Hee
Should say unto a Mountain deaf, Remove;
Ev'n that deaf Mountain would removed bee:
As CHRIST once said, and THOMAS now doth prove.
This doe the people stand aghast to see,
The BRAHMINs know it must be from Above:
Seeing his Miracle, seeing his life,
These fear the fall of their prerogative.

113.

They are the Heathens PRIESTS, in whom alone
Envie the bowels of her Gall hath shed.
A thousand plots and Trains they think upon,
How THOMAS may be silenc'd, or be dead.
A horrid ACT performs, as ere was known,
The Chief of These. That wear the Triple-thread:
Which proves "No Fox so bloody, so severe,
" As Hypocritick Virtue to sincere.

114.

He murthers his own Son, and charges it
Forthwith on T H O M A S who was innocent :
False witness brings (There nothing hard to git)
Through which, the Man's condemn'd incontinent,
The Saint (having no way to be acquit,
But by Appeal to the OMNIPOTENT)
Resolves, in presence of the King and Court,
To work a Miracle of the great sort.

115.

He bids the Corps be laid in view of All,
That it may rise and be examin'd There
Touching the question'd Fact, and whom that shall
Accuse, let him be held the murderer.
In name of JESUS crucifi'd, in th' Hall
They see the Youth stand up, record to bear:
Who (thanking T H O M A S for his life) descrive
His Father to have been the Homicide.

116.

This struck such fear, that streight his Christendome
The King receives, and many with the King.
Some kiss the Hem of T H O M A S garment, Some
The praises of the God of T H O M A S sing.
The BRAHMANS swell with such an odium,
Through Envy's now imposthumating sting,
That (thereunto perwading the blind Rous)
They vow to put so bright a Taper out.

117.

One day, as preaching to the same he was,
They feign'd a quarrell 'mongst the multitude
(For CHRIST himself hath sign'd him now his Pass)
To climbe to Heav'n by way of Martyr-hood
A shoure of Stones, which GOD's commission has,
Flyes in his Face: who all their Tempest stood.
One (whose Bloud-thirstiness could not abide
Delay) with cruell Spear did broach his side.

118

GANGERS and INDOOS did Thee, T H O M A S, weep;
Wept thee the Countreys all which thou hadst trod:
But, holy Shepherd, wept thee most thy sheep,
Whom thou didst deck with Faith, (the Cloth of GOD).
Only the ANGELS holy-day did keep
For Thee, whom God did comfort with his Rod:
Laughing, and Singing, These thy Soule transport
With golden sailes to her celestiall Port.

119.

You then, who claim the honor (like this *Saint*)
To be the great *Ambassadors* of *God* ;
(Pray give me leave) why are ye lame, and faint,
When with your *Errand* ye should go abroad ?
If, y're the *Salt of Earth*, and at home taint
(No Prophet being esteem'd in his *Aboard*)

Who now shall salt (I bayte you *Paganism*)
So much of *Heresie*, so much of *Scism*.

120.

But tread we light a bog so dangerous,
Returning to the *Coast* from whence we stray'd.
With this great *City* and illustrious,
Begins the *GULPH GANGETICK* to be made;
NARSINGA, next, lies rich and populous ;
Next *ORYX* a her cloth of gold doth lade ;
Fam'd *GANGES* at the bottom of the *Bay*
To the *Salt Realm* doth silver tribute pay :

121.

GANGES, in which his Borderers dye lav'd ;
Holding it as a certain principle
That (be they ne're such *Sinners*) they are sav'd,
Bath'd in those streams that flow from *sacred Well*.
The City *CATHIGAN* would not beway'd,
The fairest of *BENGALA* : who can tell
The plenty of this *Province* : but it's post
(Thou seeft) is *Eastern*, turning the *South-Coast*.

122.

The *Realm* of *ARRACAN*, That of *PEGU*
Behold, with *Monsters* first inhabited !
Monsters, which from a strange commixtion grew :
Such ill effects oft *Solitude* hath bred.
Here (though a barb'rous misbegotten Crew)
Into her way was erring *Nature* led
By an invention rare, which a *Queen* fram'd,
To cure the *Sin*, that is not to be nam'd.

123.

Behold the City of *TAVAY*, with which
The spatioust *Empire* of *SIAN* begins !
TENASSERI ! *QUEDAS* with pepper rich
For which the praise she from all other wins !
MALACCA see before, where ye shall pitch
Your great *Emporium*, and your *Magazines* :
The *Rendezvous* of all that Ocean round
For Merchandizes rich that there abound.

Ff

From

124.

From *this* ('tis said) the Waves impetuous course,
Breaking a passage through, from *Main to main*,
SAMATRA's noble *Isle* of old did force,
Which then a Neck of Land therewith did chain:
That *this* was *CHERSONESE* till that divorce,
And from the wealthy *mines*, that there remain,
The Epitite of GOLDEN had annex'd:
Some think, it was the *OPHYN* in the Text.

125.

But, at that *Point* doth *CINGAPUX* appeare:
Where the pincht *Straight* leaves *Ships* no room to play.
Heer the *Coast*, winding to the *Northern Beare*,
Faces the fair *AURORA* all the way.
See *PAN*, *PATANE* (ancient *Realms* that *were*)
And long *SYAN*, which *These*, and more, obey!
The copious River of MENAM behold,
And the great Lake *CHIAMAY* from whence 'tis roll'd!

126.

In this vast *Trafft* see an *Infinitie*
Of *Names* and *Nations* to your *WORLD* unknown!
LAOS, in *Land* and *men* That potent bee!
AVAS, *BRAINAS*, in those long *Hills* o'regrown!
In yon far *MOUNTAINS* other *Nations* see
(*GUBOS* they're call'd) and savage ev'ry one!
They eat *Mans* flesh, and paint their *own* in knots
With fire, as ye doe *Romes* with *watering-pots*.

127.

The River *MECON* (which they *Captain* style
Of Waters) see; *CAMBODIA* on his brink!
He overflows the *Land* for many a mile:
So many other *Rivers* doth he drink.
Set times he hath of flowing (like cool *NYLIS*):
The near Inhabitants *brushly* think,
That *pain* and *glory*, after this *Life's* end
Ev'n the bruse *Creasures* of each kind attend.

128.

Upon his soft and charitable *Brim*
The wet and ship-wrackt *SONO* receive shall *Hee*
Which in a lamentable plight shall swim:
From sholes and *Quicksands* of tempestuous *Sea*,
(The dire effect of *Exile*) when on *Him*
Is executed the unjust Decree:
Whose *repercusive LYRUM* shall have the *Fate*
To be renowned more than *Fortunate*.

Hear

129.

Heer, (mark it!) runs the Coast that's call'd CHAMPA,
Whose Groves smell hot of Calambuc wood :
Heer CAUCHINCHINA, and heer AYNA's Bay;
Both One and t'Other little understood,
Heer the great Empire (famous for large sways)
And its vast Wealth's unfathomable Flood)

Of CHINA runs: calling all this her own
From burning Cancer to the frozen Zone.

130.

See the stupendious Monster of a WALL,
'Twixt this and the TARTARIAN EMPIRE set:
A witness to the World perpetuall
Of Regall Pow'r immeasurably great!
The KING these have, was born no Prince; nor shall
Reign after him the Children he shall get:
But one chose by the People of Renown
For qualities proportion'd to a CROWN.

131.

Much of the WORLD being now conceal'd from Yon
A time will come when it shall all be show'd.
But by all means the Islands thou must view,
Where Nature seems most cost to have bestow'd.
This, shadow'd half, which CHINA answers to,
(By which, at distance flanking it,) 'tis Woody
JAPAN is, yeelding the best Silver-mine:
Which th' Evangelick Furnace shall refine.

132.

Through all these ORIENTAL Seas Behold,
Sown infinite of Isles that have no name.
TIDORE see! TERNATE, whence are roll'd to off
(Holding black Night a Torch) thick Plumes of Flame!
See Trees of burning Cloves, that shall be sold
For LUSIANS blood, and water'd with the same!

Heer are those golden Birds, which to the ground
Never descend, and only dead are found.

133.

See BANDA's Isles, inamid curiously
With various Colours which the red fruit paints,
With various Birds, from Tree to Tree that fly,
To take their tribute of the NUTmeg-PLANT.
Behold BORNEO likewise, in which dry
Coagulated Liquor never wants.

From a fat Tree which CANARY they name,
For which this Isle is in the Book of FABLES.

134.

There (look you!) is T I M O R, that feeds the Wood
 Call'd Saunders, Physicall and Odorous,
 See SUNDAY painted at half face, so broad
 That the South-side lies now quite hid from US
 The Natives here (and Those who from abroad
 Travail the Land) of a miraculous
 River report; which, where it slides alone,
 The wood that falls therein, converts to Stone,

135.

In that (which TIME, I told you, made an Isle,)
 Which likewise trembling flames with smoke expell
 Two wonders see, a Fountain that runs Oyle,
 And Balsamum that from Another wels,
 Sweeter then that, A PONI Mother vile
 Weeps in the BLEST ARABIA where she dwels.
 And see, how having these (which none else have)
 Shee with soft silk too, and fine Gold is brave!

136.

See in CEYLAN a mountain whose proud Head
 Above the Cloudy Region doth appear
 The Natives count it holy for the tread
 Of a Man's foot which on a Stone is strown
 In the MALDIVA ISLANDS a Plant is bred
 (Of vertue under-water) which doth bear
 The COCO-APLE, against working Bane,
 An Antidote approved Sovereign.

137.

Against the ROD-SNAKE'S mouth SOCOTRA
 Fam'd for the bitter Aloes behold!
 See other Isles of sandie AFRICA,
 Whose Coast ye shall conquer! Hither call'd
 That Lump is, which Divine PINCHINGA
 Out-smells: of unknown birth, more rare then Gold.
 Behold St LAWRENCE his renowned Isle,
 Which otherwise they MAPADASCAR Isle!

138.

Thus hast thou all the Regions of the EARTH,
 Which by Thee giv'n unto the WORLD is now,
 Opening a way with an undamned Breast,
 Through that vast Sea which none before did plough,
 But it is likewise reason, in the WORLD
 That of a LUSIAN too one Action Thou
 Shouldst understand, who angry with his Son
 Atchieves a great and memorable Thing.

139.

See there another **World**, which from the **North** now new and
Extends it self to the opposed **Pole**,
And shall be one day proud to have brought forth
The **Ore**, that imitates the beams of **Sol**.
Your Friend **C A S T E L** (as guerdon of her worth)
Shall throw the **Collar** on this ragged **Fold**:
Where various **Nations** dwell, various **Kings** reign,
Who various **worships**, various **Laws** maintain.

140.

But **P O R T U G A L** shall have her share there too; Mark't with *red wood*, and **S A N T A C R U Z** call'd than; Descry'd by the first Fleet, *she after you* Shall send, by Tempest thrown upon that strand, Alongst this **Coast** (to find out, and to view The end thereof) shall wander **M A C B L A N**, Who in reality of **Fact** shall be **A P O R T I N G A L**, but not in *loyalite*.

141.

When he shall thus have past above half way Towards the **P O L E A N T A R T I C K** from the **L I N E**, Men of *Gigantick bulk* he shall survey, Inhabiting the parts which there adjoin; And (farther on) that **S T R I C H Y**, which shall for ay Be honor'd with his name. This leads in fine To a new **Sea**, and by a new **Land** brings, Which the South-wind will hide with his cold wings.

142.

Thus farr, O **P O R T I N G A L** ye are allow'd Your Nation's future Actions to survey, Which through the **Sea** by *you* left ope, her proudly desir'd **blazon** And never wearied **Ensigns** shall display. Now then, since ye have found *noe* to the **bowd** *as* assign'd **to** Under Herculean labours, *is* the **way** *to* **Porto** *to* **Mo** *to* **T** To please your **Angels** **Sparks** blight and **fire** avowing *to* That knit immortall **Garlands** for your **Hair**, or **gold** *to* **T**

143. 841.

Ye may embarque (for Wind and Weather fit, *to* **A** *with* **the** **sea** *of* And the **Sea** courts you) for your **Country** dear, *with* **the** **yeo** *or* **baa** Thus said *shee* to them, *and* *shee* **forthwith** quireld of *the* **Right** *to* **The Isle** of **Love**, the **Habour** of **good cheer**: (*go* *to* *the* **west** *with* **W**) Noble **Provisions** they *take* *out* *of* *it*; *take* *out* *of* *it* *all* *ye* *shall* *not* *de* *wa* Take their desir'd **desibutes**, *my* *to* **bear** *to* **resc** *of* *it* *all* *ye* *shall* *not* *de* *wa* Them company: *from* *nothing* *shall* *disorder*, *to* **A** Whilst in the **sea** *the* **sea** *shall* *cup* *this* *course*, *to* **B** Thus

144.

Thus went They ploughing the appeased M A I N
 With always prosp'rous Gale, and always fair ;
 Till sight long wifht, much long'd for, they obtain
 Of that dear Earth where first they suck't the Ay.
 Sweet T A G U S's Mouth they enter once again :
 Where to their King, and Master (whom they fear
 And love) for having sent them, the Renown
 They give, and add new titles to his C R O W N.

145.

No more, my M U S E, no more ; my Harp's ill strung,
 Heavy, and out of tune, and my V o y c e hoarise :
 And, not with singing, but to see I've sung
 To a deaf people and without remorse.
 F a v o r (that wont t'inspire the P e - r's tongue),
 Our Countrey yeilds it not, she minds the Purse,
 Too much, exalting from her gilded Mud
 Nothing but gross and melancholy blood.

146.

Nor know I by what fate, or däller Chance,
 Men have not now that life, and gen'rall gulf,
 Which made them with a cheerfull countenance
 Themselves into perpetuall Action thrust.
 You then, O K I N G ! whom Heav'n reserv'd t'advance
 At this time to the Throne to scour our Rust,
 Behold (mark else what other Nations doe)
 The Best of Subjects doe belong to You !

147.

Behold how cheerfully, a thousand ways,
 Like fearlesse Lions and wilde Bulls they run ;
 Expos'd to watch whole Nights, to fast whole days,
 To fire and sword, the Arrow and the Gun :
 To torrid Regions, and to frozen Bays,
 To M o o r s , and People that adore the Sun ;
 To unknown perils a new World to find,
 To Whales, to shipwrecks, to tempestuous Wind !

148.

To doe and suffer All for You preparid,
 And to obey in the remotest Land
 (Though ne'r so bitter, and though ne'r so hard,
 Without Reply, or stop) what You command.
 With You they'll charge the Devil and his Guard
 Ev'n to the Gates of Hell, did You but standish b'fore their face
 A meer Spectre by, and never seeme :
 But they will make you too Victorious here.

Then

149.

Then warm and glad them with your present Rayes,

Sweetly majestick, and severely kind :

Their shoulders of their heavie Taxes ease :

Thus, thus, the path to Honour you shall find.

Men of Experience to your COUNCIL raise;

If with Experience they have goodness joyn'd :

For such have a more certain Rule to tell

The How, the When, the Where to do things well.

150.

In their respective PLACES count'nance All,

But choose Men rightly qualifid thereto.

Let REV'REND CHURCHMEN to their Prayers fall,

That GOD would bless the Government in you;

And (for the NATION's sins in generally)

To Disciplines and Fastings: for the true

CHURCHMEN (exempted from Ambition's heat)

Seeks neither to be Rich, nor to be Great.

151.

Your NOBLES and your GENTRY highly prize,

For they their boyling blood undaunted spend,

Thereby not only Christianitie's,

But ev'n your Empire's limits to extend:

And He who to a Clyme so distant flies

Your Royall Service duly to attend,

O'recomes two Enemies; the Living first,

Excessive Toile the second and the worst.

152.

Great Sir, let never the astonisht GALL,

The ENGLISH, GERMAN, and ITALIAN,

Have cause to say, the fainting PORTUGALL

Could not advance the GREAT WORK he began.

Let your ADVISERS be experienc'd All,

Such as have seen the World, and studied man:

For, though in SCIENCE much contained bee,

In speciall Cases PRACTICK more doth see.

153

PHORMIAN (an elegant Philosopher)

You may have read how HANNIBAL did foole;

When, in his presence, of the ART OF WAR

He made a long Discourse by Square and Rule.

No, no, the brave PROFESSION MILITAR

Is not learnt, SIR, by Fancy in the Schoole,

Dreaming, contemplating, to spelling held;

But seeing, sweating, fighting in the FIELD.

154

But I, who speak in rude and humble Rhyme, much less have run w^t me? Not known nor dreamt of by my L I R G E at all; an daffidaw gwynn. Know yet from mouths of little ones sometime as heys to knyffell vies? The praise of G R E A T O N E S doth compleatly falshewell and I I want not honest studies from my Prime, O may os twynswyl to hold Nor long Experience since to mix withal; a swynd ymbygnewl allyn. I want not Wit (such as in this you see) o en an newl that the Three things, which rarely in Conjunction be, all out goffed

155.

An Arm (to serve you) tray'd in War have I, o en a svibor for vredlent A soul (to sing you) to the Muses bent: b i l l y a l d y i n obit, floods infl Onely I wan acceptance in your Eye, m i n o a n C o d y a v a t R Who owe to V E R T U a fair encouragement. I r a d b i n g o o O s t I If H E A V'N afford me, This; and you, some high t a N e d i o l) La And brave EXPLOYT; worthy a monument of Verse, m i n p y p e b i c k Thoughts presage By what I see now in your tender Age:

156.

Making MOUSET A T L Alas tremble at your sight, s a s o l i m l More then at that of dire M a n u s a's Head; d e l y o d h a p o t o t o l Or putting in A M P L E U S I A N F I E L D S to flight ion velerly The MOORS in Fez and black Morocco bred; m i n f i v e o d I'll gage my M use (then in esteem and plight) o n e o n a w h a You in such manner through the W O R L D shall spred, o n e o n a w h a That ALEXANDER shall in you respire, o n e o n a w h a O Without envying the M E O N T A N LYRE, o n e o n a w h a

F I N I S.

